PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

02242

FEB. 1976 $1.25

SEXPIONAGE:
HOW RUSSIAN AGENTS NEARLY PUT NATO TO BED

NARCOTICS AREN'T NEW:
GRANDMA HAD A HABIT

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW:
WHAT MAKES STEVIE WONDER WONDERFUL

FLESHING IT OUT:
THE POETRY OF ONE-NIGHT STANDS

THE BOY LOVERS:
WHAT OLDER WOMEN SEE IN YOUNGER MEN

SPY HIGH:
WACKY WEAPONS THE PENTAGON WISHES IT HAD

Belgium 63 FB/Denmark 12 Kr. inkl. moms/Germany 6.50 DM/France 9 NF/Israel 7.80 Israeli P... 1500 Lire/Japan 7.50 Yen/Finland 7.50 F.kr/Netherlands 4.90 Fl./New Zealand $1.40/Norway 12.25 N.kr./Austria 44 Sch/Switzerland 8 fr... 9.75 kr. inkl. moms/Australia $1.25

Highest mileage or lowest

The Honda Civic CVCC® got the highest mileage of any car in EPA estimates for manual transmission models: 43 mpg highway, 32 mpg city, 36 mpg combined.*

The conventional engine 4-speed Honda Civic Sedan costs less than any new car in America: $2729.†

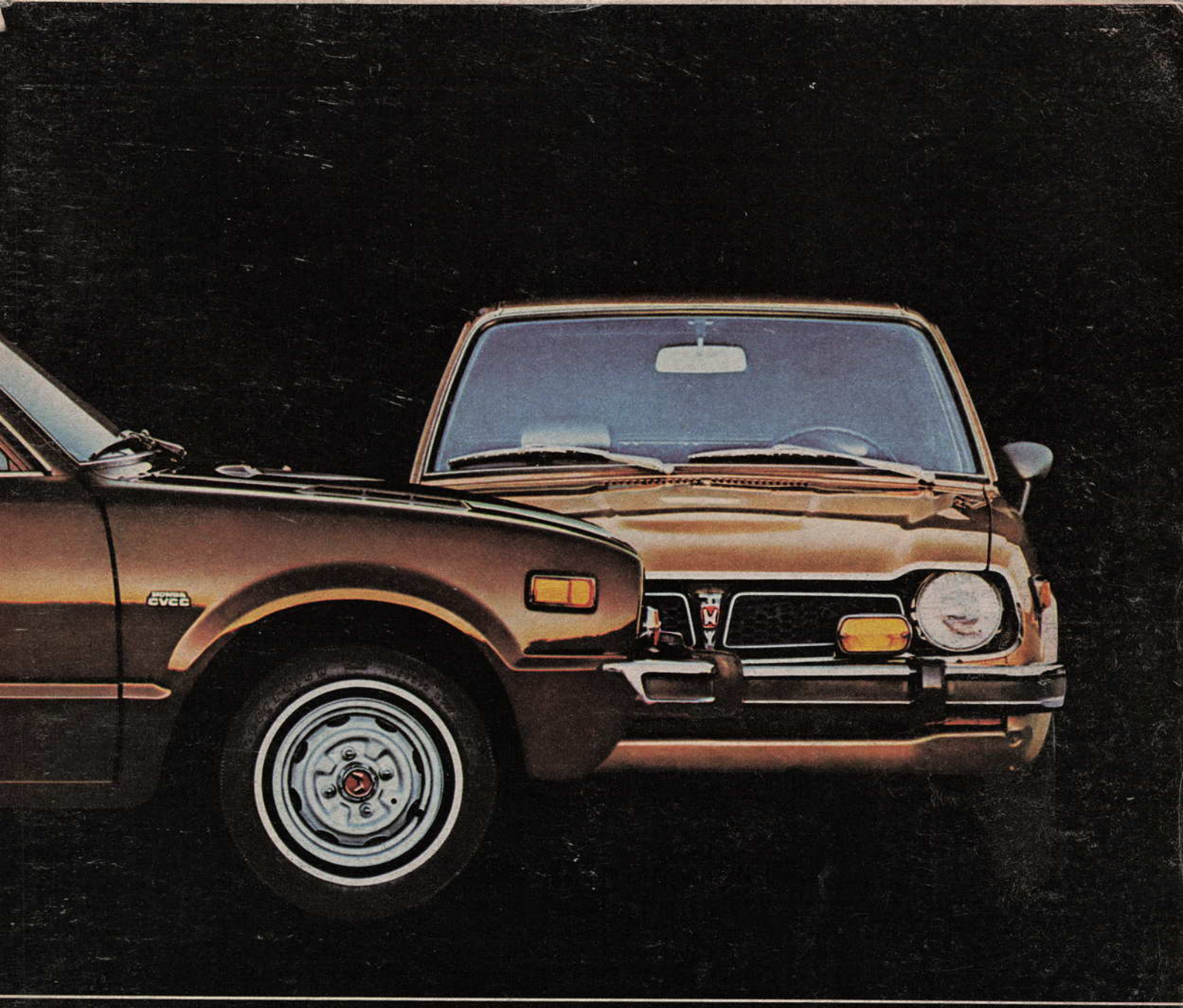
We can explain how we did it in two words: brilliant engineering.

The most obvious example of brilliant engineering in our CVCC model is our Advanced Stratified Charge Engine. It runs on regular, low-lead or no-lead gas. It doesn't need a catalytic converter. And it's amazingly responsive.

The engine is mounted sideways up front by the drive wheels. So there's more weight where the traction is – to help keep a Honda Civic moving under difficult driving conditions.

Honda Civic Sedans and Hatchbacks have MacPherson strut independent suspension at all four wheels. There are also two independent braking systems with self-adjusting power-assisted front disc brakes.

There's brilliant engineering applied to the interior of the Civic, too. We designed the passenger compartment first, then built the rest of the car around it. So the Civic seats four adults, with room for luggage, too.



price. The 1976 Honda Civics.

And finally, there are those very impor-
ant things about cars these days: mileage
nd price. We have the highest and the lowest.

There are nearly 600 Honda Civic dealers
who want to show you what brilliant engin-
eering can do for you. Test own a Honda Civic
oon. It's an unforgettable experience.

Civic 1237cc (Not avail. in Calif.)	Price**	EPA Mileage Estimates* Hwy.	City	Combined Hwy. & City
Sedan (4-Speed)	$2729	41	28	32
Hatchback (4-Speed)	$2939	41	28	32
(Hondamatic)	$3099	30	24	27
Civic CVCC 1488cc				
Sedan (4-Speed)	$2979	42	32	36
Hatchback (4-Speed)	$3189	42	32	36
(Hondamatic)	$3349	33	25	28
Wagon (4-Speed)	$3419	37	26	30
(Hondamatic)	$3579	32	24	27
5-Speed (Hatchback)	$3469	44	31	36
Avg. Sedan/Hatchback (4- & 5-Spd.)		43	32	36

VCC, Civic and Hondamatic are Honda trademarks.
1976 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

as Mileage Guide 9/75. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on
e type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and
ptional equipment. Combined mileage based on Federal Highway Admini-
ration estimates: 55% city driving, 45% highway driving conditions.

ased on a comparison of manufacturer's suggested 1976 retail prices.**

lanufacturer's suggested retail price plus tax, license, transportation charges,
ptional equipment not shown, and dealer's preparation charges.

HONDA CIVIC
What the world is coming to.

THE ULTIMATE HIGH

IMPOSSIBLE without the use of **UNICURE.**

SIMPLICITY, man ❤ woman, touch, sight, sound, smell.

"PREVIOUS HIGHS" now just second best. Experience a sensation of sensuous stimulation, while shower or bathing together, sponge with sudsing softness adding untold pleasures to your hungry, sensitive skin, while the aroma of cinnamon arouses your senses to childhood memories of heart shaped candies.

AH!! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE! . . . later by the fireplace massaging one another with Unicure Conditioner, now to relax and sip a glass of champagne, mesmerized by the texture of your new velvet, pampered skin by **UNICURE.** (lubricating power creates instant penetration, no unwanted odors, no mess, just happiness).

LEW-PORT INDUSTRIAL PARK
YOUNGSTOWN, N. Y. 14174

PROFESSIONALLY RETAILED ONLY

PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men / FEBRUARY 1976

World-wide sale: **5,350,000***

EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

EXECUTIVE ART DIRECTOR: JOE BROOKS
MANAGING EDITOR: KEN GOULDTHORPE

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: KATHY KEETON
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR: RICHARD SMITH
SECRETARY-TREASURER: ANTHONY J. GUCCIONE

EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT: IRWIN E. BILLMAN

CONTENTS

			PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction		8
FORUM	Correspondence		12
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	29
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Patrick Owens	35
SCENES		Meridee Merzer	36
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	38
WORDS		Karen Thorsen	39
SOUNDS		Vernon Gibbs, Nick Tosches	41
THE ASSAULT ON NATO	Article	David Lewis	44
GRANDMA WAS A JUNKIE	Article	Richard T. Griffin	48
TRAFFIC JAMMER	Pictorial	Photos by Jeff Dunas	51
FLESH, PLEASURES OF THE	Fiction	Erik Tarloff	58
SPY HIGH	Satire	Scot Morris/Wayne McLoughlin	61
MAID TO MEASURE	Pet of the Month	Photos by Bob Guccione	67
SCHUSS!	Fashion	Ed Emmerling	82
STEVIE WONDER	Interview	Ken Kelley	88
MY FUNNY VALENTINE	Pictorial	Photos by Stan Malinowski	93
THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service		107
RENAULT 5	Car of the Month	Joe Kelleher	108
COUPLES	Survey		115
DO TEENAGE BOYS REALLY GET OFF ON OLDER WOMEN?	Article	Rod Philip	119
GROOM AT THE TOP	Service	Ed Emmerling	134

PENTHOUSE, 1976, U.S. Volume 7 Number 6, published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB. Tel. 01-385-6181.

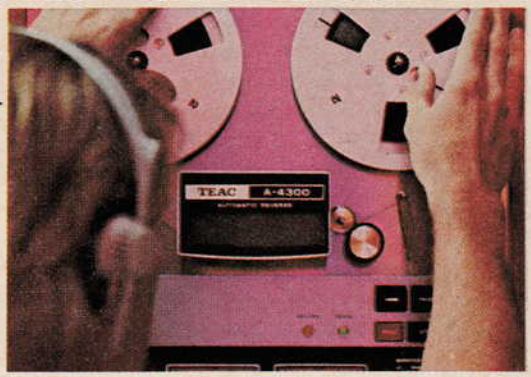
Entire contents copyrighted © Penthouse International Ltd. 1976. All rights reserved. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Editorial offices as above. All reasonable care taken but no responsibility assumed for unsolicited editorial material. Postage must accompany it if return required. All rights reserved in material accepted for publication unless initially specified otherwise. All letters addressed to Penthouse or its editors assumed intended for publication. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semi-fiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. Single copies $1.25 in U.S., Canada and AFO ($1.75 December issues). **Subscriptions:** U.S., Canada, AFO — $10.00 one year, $18.00 two years, $26.00 three years; elsewhere — $15.00 one year, $25.00 two years. Back issues (based on availability) may be purchased at: $1.75 U.S., Canada, AFO; $2.25 December issue. Address changes etc. to Penthouse, 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Farmingdale address.

Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, Tel. (212) 593-3301; *Midwest:* Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *West Coast:* J. E. Publishers Representative Co., 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069, Tel. (213) 659-3810; *Southeast:* J. E. Publishers Representative Co., 4445 Alpha Road, Suite 110, Dallas, Texas 75240, Tel. (214) 387-2424; *U.K.:* Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley St., London W1H 7DH, Tel. 01-262-0331 — Telex 919865. Printed in the U.S.A. Distributed in the United States, Canada, and all U.S. territorial possessions by the Curtis Circulation Co., 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006, and distributed throughout the rest of the world by Magazine Division, New English Library Ltd., Barnard's Inn, Holborn, London E.C.1. Penthouse and the Penthouse key are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., New York © August 12, 1969 Penthouse International Ltd.

*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

You make a tape with time and thought. Carefully chosen selections recorded in the sequence that most pleases you. The musical coherence and perception is yours, a personal expression. And when the time is right to share



that experience with someone you care for, having to stop and turn the tape over can break the mood you worked to create. Interruptions like that don't happen with the A-4300. You can enjoy continuous music on both sides of a tape with the automatic reverse function. And with automatic repeat, a favorite tape will play as long as you like. Whether you want the music up front or in the background, the A-4300 can give you solid music for the better part of an evening.

Check out the A-4300, and listen to it for as long as you like. Just call (800) 447-4700* for the name of your nearest TEAC retailer. In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400.

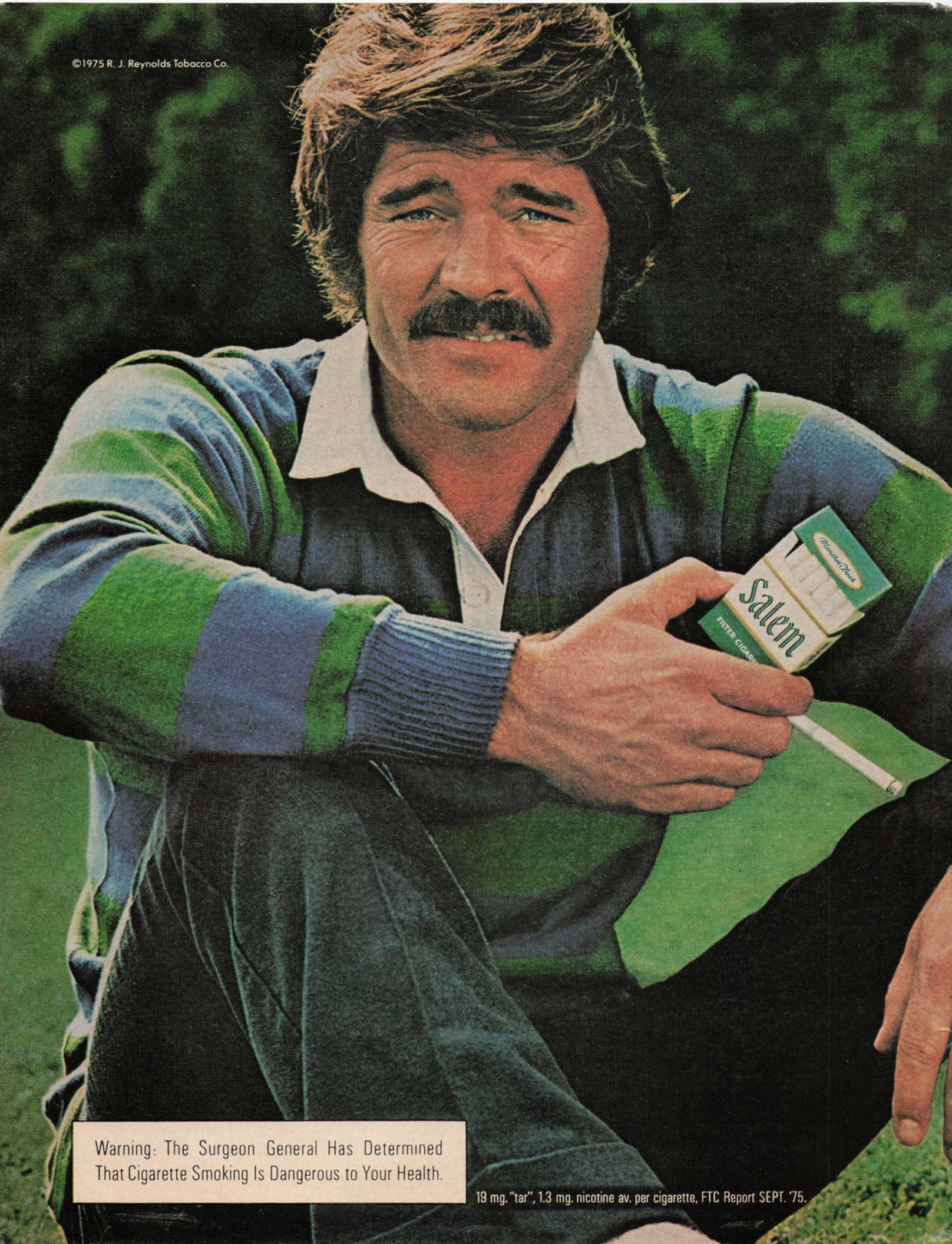
TEAC

The leader. Always has been.

TEAC Corporation of America
7733 Telegraph Road
Montebello, Ca. 90640
©TEAC 1975

when you don't want the music to stop

TEAC A-4300

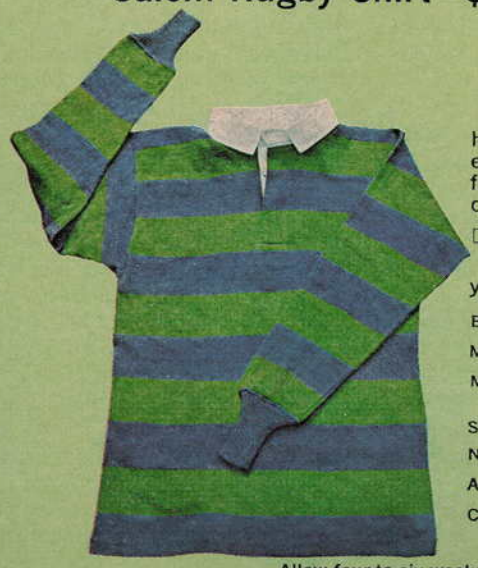

©1975 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Salem
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

I get what I want from smoking. Enjoyment.

Here's why. It's this box of Salem.
It comes through with what I want.
Taste that's really good. Fresh menthol.
And a crush-proof box that can take it.
Everyone wants to enjoy smoking.
The difference is, I do.

Salem Box.

Salem Rugby Shirt—$24.00 Retail Value for Only $13.99



Mail To: Salem Rugby Shirt Offer
P.O. Box 308
Mt. Kisco, New York 10549

Please send me _____ authentic rugby shirts of 100% heavyweight cotton. It's today's sportswear look, yet tough enough for actual rugby competition. I've enclosed $13.99 for each shirt (value to $24.00). No proof of purchase required. I certify I am 21 years of age or older.

☐ small (34-36) ☐ medium (38-40) ☐ large (42-44) ☐ X-large (46)

Send check or money order (no cash or stamps), or use your credit card.

BankAmericard Acct. # _____

Master Charge Acct. # _____

Master Charge Bank # (4 digits above name) ____ ____ ____ ____

Signature _____ Credit Card Expiration Date _____

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow four to six weeks for delivery. Offer expires September 30, 1976.
Offer limited to U.S.A. Void where prohibited or regulated.
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

RICHARD T. GRIFFIN

ERIK TARLOFF

DAVID LEWIS

STAN MALINOWSKI

KEN KELLEY

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

HOUSECALL

Even though recent congressional investigations might indicate that the CIA enjoys a comfortable cold-war lead in covert operations, dirty tricks, assassinations, and intrigues, it is wise to remember that the Russians have never been second-rate spies. In *The Assault on NATO*, **David Lewis** proves the point with a trenchant report on the twenty-year campaign waged by the Soviet Union to crack NATO security. This excerpt from his forthcoming book, *Sexpionage* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1976), reveals how the Soviet's own espionage agency, the KGB, used billions of dollars—and numerous agents and double agents—in a system of blackmail, double-dealing, secret-swapping, and other cloak-and-dagger capers so complex that even the KGB became confused. Nevertheless, the story told here is a chilling tale involving "groups of saboteurs . . . planted in each NATO country to destroy vital installations in the event of war between the NATO and Warsaw Pact countries." All in all, a major piece of investigative reporting from a journalist whose career has taken him from the twisting streets of Algeria's Casbah to the top of Lord Nelson's cocked hat in Trafalgar Square—all in search of a story.

In fact, about the only place Lewis hasn't been is back to the nineteenth century, but in lieu of a time machine, *Penthouse* can put you there by way of **Richard T. Griffin**'s article called *Grandma Was a Junkie*. Now, while the current widespread use of marijuana, LSD, amphetamines, barbiturates, and tranquilizers may lead us to think that our generation's ingestion of drugs is unique, Mr. Griffin (whose grandfather's first wife died from an overdose of morphine and whose great-great-grandmother was addicted to laudanum) pointedly reminds us of the long-forgotten drug epidemic of a century ago. In those days, a cowpoke couldn't ride six hours in any direction without finding an opium den, paregoric was as common as aspirin is today, and people OD'd on medicines prescribed by the faithful family doctor.

Happily, not all panaceas need be chemical—for some people sex is just as powerful, and novelist **Erik Tarloff**'s tale of wry eroticism, *Flesh, Pleasures of the*, is a case history in point. Subtle and incisive, the story takes the realm of promiscuity and turns it inside out by means of a brilliantly conceived courtroom dialogue the likes of which might make Perry Mason blush. Swinging singles will never be quite the same again.

The music world was *never* quite the same again after **Stevie Wonder** arrived on the scene. He didn't need to see in order to chart his path from slum kid to superstar in thirteen short, supercharged years. Stevie recently signed a seven-year contract with Motown for a $13-million guarantee, the highest ever paid to any musician. "When I sing about 'God' in my music, I am really expressing a beautiful spirit inside me," he says in a candid interview with **Ken Kelley**, a regular *Penthouse* contributor, and we know what he means. His feelings about his childhood, the changes brought about by fame and fortune, and where his music is today serve to illustrate what makes Wonder wonderful.

What makes loving wonderful—at least for some matrons—is explained by **Rod Philip**, the author of *Do Teenage Boys Really Get Off on Older Women?*, a dissertation on the penchant some ladies have for the younger generation. "You get a chance to relive your own youth by having a boy for a lover," he quotes one of the older women as saying. It seems that mature experience is not simply the prerogative of older men, after all. What's good for the gander. . . .

Speaking of which, it would behoove any Viet vet to take a gander at the *Penthouse Vietnam Veterans Adviser*, which provides essential addresses of the governmental departments handling the whole range of problems and issues that face the survivors of our late, unlamented war. And, in order to help us smile over the absurdities of the military mind, artist **Wayne McLoughlin** and colleague **Scot Morris** bring us *Spy High*, a hilarious parody of the Pentagon's obsession with new weapons systems. In an age when armament design is rapidly outstripping the imaginations of science-fiction writers, they introduce us to a gamut of gimmickry that is enough to make generals break out in goose bumps.

In a more human vein, our fashion pages zero in on the latest in skiwear, which is really something to schuss about. If your winter plans include skiing, getting there is half the fun, and **Joe Kelleher**'s review of our Car of the Month, the Renault 5, should give you a few ideas on getting your gear to the slopes practically, painlessly, and with a little imported panache.

As for the rest of this Valentine issue, what better savant than our own **Xaviera Hollander** to dispense heartfelt advice spiced with humor? And indeed, what better spice than our fantastic ladies of the month? To wit, a nineteen-year-old angel who's enough to bend anyone's halo; a Muncie maiden transplanted from the rich earth of Indiana to the lush life of California, and a duo of damsels in duress as envisioned by photographer **Stan Malinowski**, a frequent contributor to these pages. So eat your Valentine hearts out—or should we say, eat your Valentine's heart out? Either way, *bon appétit!*

Start something

VODKA • DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • 80 AND 100 PROOF • SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

with Wolfschmidt.

A screwdriver, a bloody mary, a martini.
Or anything else you have in mind.

Wolfschmidt
Genuine Vodka

Bell & Howell Schools announces two ways to learn new skills in electronics without ever going to class or giving up your job!

Pick the one

Here are two fascinating home-learning adventures that say, "Don't envy the man with skills in electronics... become one!"

If you had to drop everything and go off to school to learn new skills in electronics, there's a chance you might not do it. But Bell & Howell Schools' excellent home training has already proved to tens of thousands that you don't have to drop anything... except the idea that classrooms are the only place you can learn!

You can keep your job, your paycheck and your way of life *while* you're learning. Because these programs allow you to pick the training schedule that best fits in with your other activities. It's *that* convenient.

I. AUDIO/ELECTRONICS

The first learn-at-home program including 4-channel technology. Explore this totally unique sound of the 70's as you experiment with testing equipment and build a sound center featuring Bell & Howell's superb quadraphonic equipment!†

Learn about 4-channel sound—without a doubt the most impressive technical advancement in sound realism in years. A development by which separately-recorded channels literally wrap a room in sound.

And now, for the first time, you can also discover this latest achievement in audio electronics with a fascinating learn-at-home program that explores the whole area of audio technology including 4-channel sound reproduction. A program that could lead you in exciting new directions with professional skills and technical know-how.

You actually build and experiment with Bell & Howell's high-performance 4-channel audio center ...including amplifier and FM, FM-Stereo tuner.

Understanding today's audio technology requires practical experience with high caliber equipment. And with the Bell & Howell amplifier and tuner, you've got the technological tools you need to gain the knowledge and skills that could open up opportunities for you in the audio field. Of course, we cannot offer assurance of income opportunities.

The sophisticated amplifier gives you the circuitry you need to conduct the comprehensive experiments necessary to master audio technology. Like signal tracing low level circuits, troubleshooting high power amplifier stages, and checking the operation of tone control circuits.

You'll investigate the technology behind this amplifier's full logic, 4-channel decoder and learn how full logic decoding produces outstanding front to back separation.

The tuner you build has both superior performance specs and state-of-the-art features such as: all solid state, FET front end for superior sensitivity, crystal IF filters for wide bandwidth, and a superior stereo multiplex circuit for excellent stereo separation.

You cover the full range of electronic fundamentals.

But make no mistake. This learn-at-home program is not just about 4-channel sound. It covers the full range of electronic fundamentals leading to understanding audio technology. So when you finish, you'll have the occupational skills to become a full-service technician, with the ability to work on the full range of audio equipment such as tape recorders, cassette players, FM antennas, and commercial sound systems. Get complete information on this unique program by checking the appropriate box on the card—mail it today!

†Cabinets and speakers available at extra cost.

you want!

Simulated TV test pattern.

II. HOME ENTERTAINMENT ELECTRONICS

Gain new skills in Home Entertainment Electronics in an unusual learn-at-home program that includes the new generation color TV you build yourself!

This is the first program of its kind to include the study of digital electronics. And what better or more exciting way to learn about it than to actually build and test a 25" diagonal color TV employing digital electronics?

You'll probe into the digital technology behind all electronic tuning and channel numbers that appear on the screen. An on-screen digital clock that shows the time to the second. You'll also gain a better understanding of the exceptional color clarity of the Black Matrix picture tube, as well as a working knowledge of "state-of-the-art" integrated circuitry and the 100% solid-state chassis.

As you build this remarkable, new generation color TV, you'll not only learn how advanced integrated circuitry works, but how to detect and troubleshoot problems in any area.

Sound good? Then mail the postage-paid card today for more details.

Whichever program you choose, you'll get to build and experiment with your own electronics laboratory.

"Hands on" working experience with the latest equipment is the key to Bell & Howell Schools' home training. That's why in both programs we start you off with a set of equipment called the Lab Starter Kit, including a fully-assembled volt-ohm meter designed to help you experiment with and better understand basic electronic principles. So you don't just read about electronic principles, you actually make them work!

Next, in step-by-step fashion, you'll assemble Bell & Howell's exclusive Electro-Lab® electronics training system. It includes a special design console that enables you to assemble test circuits. A digital multimeter for accurately measuring voltage, current and resistance. And a solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope which will allow you to analyze the functioning of tiny integrated circuits. Putting these instruments together will give you experience in wiring, soldering and assembling. Then, further on, you'll use the lab equipment for experience in electronic testing, troubleshooting and circuit analyzing.

We try to give more personal attention than other learn-at-home programs.

Both of these programs are designed so that you can proceed through them smoothly, step by step. However, should you ever run into a rough spot, we'll be there to help. While many schools make you mail in your questions, we have a Toll-Free Phone-In Assistance Service for questions that can't wait. Bell & Howell Schools also holds In-Person "Help Sessions" in 50 major cities at various times throughout the year. There you can talk shop with fellow students and receive additional help from instructors. These personalized programs cannot guarantee you a job in electronics, but do equip you with important occupational skills. The knowledge you pick up will help you look for a job—or advance in the one you already have.

Mail the postpaid card today for full details!

Taken for vocational purposes, these programs are approved by the state approval agency for Veterans' Benefits. Send for full details today.

"Electro-Lab®" is a registered trademark of the Bell & Howell Company.

748R2

If card is missing, write:

An Electronics Home Study School

DeVRY INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

ONE OF THE

BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS

4141 Belmont, Chicago, Illinois 60641

PENTHOUSE®
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965
BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

THE CORPORATION
Bob Guccione **(chairman and president)**
Irwin E. Billman **(executive vice-president)**
Kathy Keeton **(vice-president)**
Anthony J. Guccione **(secretary-treasurer)**

EDITORIAL
Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; *Managing Editor:* Ken Gouldthorpe; *Senior Editors:* Peter Bloch, Gerard Van der Leun; *Fashion Editor:* Ed Emmerling; *Assoc. Editor:* Robert Hofler; *Senior Copy Editor:* Walter Campbell; *Assistant Copy Editors:* David Bertugli, Judith Sonntag, Katherine Spielmann; *Editorial Assistants:* Stephanie Cooper, Marjorie Gershon, Lyn Osburn, Edward Rundquist; *Contributing Editors:* Robert Angus, Richard Ballad, Art Ford, Roger Greenspun, Xaviera Hollander, Norman Hoss, Henry Morgan, Fred Mullally; *Dir. Book Society:* J. Winston; *West Coast Editor:* Herbert Margolis; *Assoc. Editor:* Toni Biggs

ART
Exec. Art Dir.: Joe Brooks; *Assoc. Art Dir.:* Frank DeVino; *Designer:* Lynda Moss; *Staff Photographers:* Jeff Dunas, Earl Miller

ADMINISTRATIVE
Associate Publisher, Kathy Keeton; *VP/Advertising Administration,* Woody Katsoff; *VP/Promotion Director,* Alma Moore; *VP/Circulation Director,* Richard Smith; *VP/Administrative Services,* Jeri Winston; *Midwest Advertising Manager,* Chris Higham; *Merchandising Consultant,* Rhoda Agriss; *Controller,* John Holland; *Production Director,* John Evans; *Advertising Production Director,* Toni Wagner; *Editorial Production Manager,* Robin Sheingold; *Newsstand Sales Manager,* Al Crespo; *Subscription Manager,* Margaret Hamilton; *Pet Promotions Director,* Linda Rudloff

ADVERTISING OFFICES
New York (Kathy Keeton): Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Telex no. 237128. *Midwest:* Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601. Tel. (312) 565-0466. *West Coast* (Jay Eisenberg): J. E. Publishers' Representative Co., 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069. Tel. (213) 659-3810. *Southeast* (Richard Saunders): J. E. Publishers' Representative Co., 445 Alpha Road, Suite 110, Dallas, Tex. 75240. *U.K. & Europe* (Peter Goldsmith): Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley Street, London W1H 7DH, England. Tel. 01-262-0331. Telex no. 919865

EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069. Tel. (213) 652-8070. *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England. Tel. 01-385-6181, Telex no. 919865

Penthouse Publications Ltd.
(U.K. & European editions)
Dirs.: Bob Guccione *(Chairman)*, Gordon Grimley *(Managing)*, Joe Brooks, Kathy Keeton
Editorial: *Editorial Dir.*, Steve Ashworth; *Art Director:* Max Fairbrother; *Assoc. Editors:* Nevile Player, Andrew Dickson; *Production Executive,* Harriet Blaney; *Contributing Editors,* Kingsley Amis, Frederic Mullally, Stirling Moss
Administrative: *Advertising Dir.*, Peter Goldsmith; *Assistant Advertising Dir.*, Beverley Wardale; *Special Projects Dir.*, Julie Werth; *Dir. of Public Relations,* Molly McKellar; *Circulation Dir.*, John Clarke; *Accounts Manager,* John Herbing

BUREAUS:
Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. *Berlin:* Hans-Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. *Herzlia Pitua:* Leonard Stone, 46 David Hamelech St., Herzlia Pitua, Israel. *Rio de Janeiro:* Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. *Budapest:* Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi [illegible] Budapest 5, Hungary. *Zagreb:* Cedomir Sosic-Cicovic, Strebrnjak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

FEBRUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Jonathan Livingston—*who?*

I have read several copies of your fine magazine and never cease to be amazed at the parade of weirdos and sickies who present their warped views in your pages. What has happened to good, clean fun? I believe my own approach to sex fun is infinitely more preferable than water sports, enemas, and similar deviate practices. My speciality is screwing seagulls.

I have become quite adept at going down to the beach where, with a long-handled net, I trap female seagulls. I immobilize them with a few quick turns of rope, then, holding them right way up, force my way inside. Do not try to screw the bird upside down, or it will try to peck out your belly button! Once the bird is firmly impaled, I release the rope, and the resultant frantic flappings and wrigglings bring me to a powerful orgasm within a matter of seconds. This procedure, which I perform at least twice a week, gives me a feeling of elation and satisfaction which oftentimes lasts for days.

Sometimes, when I am feeling especially excited, I wear my seagull-fucking hat, which is an old solar topee decorated with plastic windmills and streamers of colored paper. When the bird is firmly impaled, I loose its wings and run around in circles flapping my arms and making weird bird cries.

I have a friend who also enjoys this sport. He tells me that it was popular on the German battleship *Graf Spee*; only instead of tying it with a rope, they would shut the bird in a drawer while inserting. I think my method is much to be preferred—especially over some of the sick things your other correspondents get up to.—*Name and address withheld*

All we can say is that one good Tern deserves another.—Editor

He dreams of Gynny

Since becoming a medical student with the attendant long hours and irregular times for relaxation, my libido often overwhelms me at a time when my favorite nurse is not available. One night on the Ob-Gyn service, I was looking for a place to hide from my resident (female) and stumbled into one of the conference rooms set up to teach younger students. There on the desk were four rubber models, each with the nameplate "Gynny." They were set up to teach students how to do a pelvic exam. I examined one with delight, for the realism was unbelievable. Every feature of the female pelvis was right there in front of me in soft lifelike plastic. In no time at all, I had a tremendous erection. Smearing myself with K-Y jelly, I mounted the model and in two or three minutes achieved a fantastic climax. I cleaned her out and promised "Gynny" that I would return as soon as possible.

My return was delayed as was expected for three nights. This time I could hardly wait. I locked the door, but no sooner than I had smeared myself with K-Y than my resident burst in, passkey in hand. She was quite surprised but made no attempt to leave or to chastise me. Instead she locked the door and without a word went down on me. I quickly climaxed, and she soon had me up again. After almost two hours of pleasures (with the intercom paging her continuously), she returned to her work. Since that night three months ago, we have enjoyed ourselves many times in that conference room. Of course Gynny can't complain, and I can't either since my grades have steadily improved.—*S.H., address withheld*

Catching it on the fly

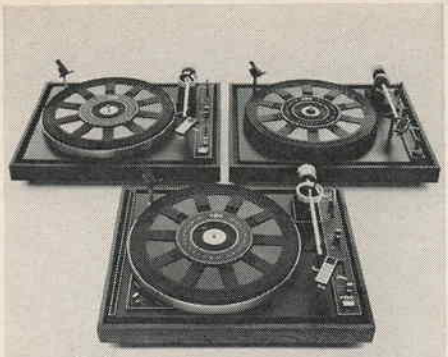
While on temporary duty overseas, a group of fliers were telling of our most unexpected and delightful sexual encounters. One of the best was my own, and I have been encouraged to share it with *Penthouse* readers.

After missing a flight to the base where I was stationed, it was necessary to catch a civilian flight. After being seated we were informed that complications had arisen and that the flight would be delayed for an hour. To compensate, the bar on board was opened, and it was free drinks for all! Little did I know that the greatest "compensation" for my inconvenience was yet to come.

Standing at the bar, I was approached by a young and very attractive woman who had been sitting across the aisle from me, next to a man that I had assumed was her husband. After a few introductory remarks, it was apparent that she was a stewardess who was not only unattached but had the same interest in sex as I have. The big tip-off was the analysis she made of the effect of my marriage on my sexual activities: "Frequency goes up, but variety goes down!" An accurate statement.

Bad weather conditions delayed the flight even more and as a result, I missed my connecting flight to home base. Taking pity on a weary traveler in a strange city, she proffered the use of her apartment for

Try Black Velvet on this weekend.
Until you've tried it, you just can't know how light and smooth a whisky can be. Black Velvet® Canadian Whisky. A premium import. At a slightly premium price. Just enough to separate the men from the boys.
IMPORTED
BLACK VELVET
BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY
BLACK VELVET ® BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY © 1976 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.



"A dream come true."

In just 18 months, B·I·C Multiple Play Manual Turntables have become the sensation of the high-fidelity industry.

Today, they're fast becoming the best-selling turntables in America.

Recently, we received a letter from Peabody, Mass. which explains the B·I·C phenomenon better than we ourselves ever could.

"As an audio salesman (our correspondent writes) **I have the opportunity to compare very closely many different makes of equipment.**

Also, I have the opportunity to get a 'feel' for the attitude of the company towards its customers.

It is B·I·C's total excellence in both these areas that has prompted this letter of congratulations on a fine product and your ability to achieve such quality inexpensively, compared to other manufacturers.

Your turntable is like a dream come true; all the superior characteristics of a fine manual, but which, if the occasion arises, a party for instance, can also be used as an automatic. It is in my opinion and the opinion of most of my colleagues, the best all-around turntable available today."*

Need we say more?

*THIS LETTER IS IN OUR FILES. IN THE INTEREST OF PRIVACY THE WRITER'S NAME HAS BEEN OMITTED. TURNTABLES LEFT TO RIGHT: – B·I·C 960, ABOUT $160 – B·I·C 980, ABOUT $200 – B·I·C 940, ABOUT $110. FOR LITERATURE, WRITE: BRITISH INDUSTRIES CO., WESTBURY, L.I. 11590 – A DIVISION OF AVNET INC. ©1975.

the night. Not wanting to discourage these Good Samaritan tendencies, I accepted.

My excitement increased as I entered her apartment. The only way to describe it is wall-to-wall pussy! I mixed the drinks while she excused herself to shower and freshen up. When she had finished, she suggested that I also take a shower. In the bathroom I found everything laid out for me—robe, towels, toothbrush, and razor. Plus, a message spelled out in matchsticks, gathered from around the world, on the counter: "*I'm Going to Fuck You!*" Needless to say, I took the quickest shower of my life.

After several hours of good fucking, we stopped for a breather. My lovely nymph then suggested that I call my wife and give her my ETA the next morning. I conceded that it was a necessary delay and calling from the bedside phone wouldn't be too much of an inconvenience. But I was not prepared for the next episode. While I was speaking to my wife, my bed partner proceeded to give me a blow job! As I was trying to concentrate on my story, things below were getting out of hand (and into mouth). I managed to end the conversation by saying that I was calling from a pay phone and my money was running out. With that, the "operator" disconnected us, the magic-tongued stewardess continued, and I enjoyed the rest of the night.

Flying home the next morning with a smile on my face that never faded, even as my wife greeted me at the airport, I promised myself that I would never complain about flight delays again.—*J.B., Newport News, Va.*

That middle-aged spread . . .

My mother-in-law has never really seemed to appreciate me very much, possibly because she feels twenty-one-year-old men should work for a living, rather than let their wives support them. I had always been quite turned on when around her, but she never really paid me much attention at all—or so it seemed.

It was a warm summer day, and she had asked me to come over to her house to move a rug downstairs. When I arrived she was out back on the patio sunning herself and having a drink. Now she is no raving beauty, but for a woman in her early forties, she still has a pretty nice body and a good-looking face. Immediately upon seeing her, I was turned on.

She was wearing the only bathing suit she owns, a black, one-piece job, which was not at all revealing. She gave me a drink, and we began chatting. I told her that she was crazy to still be wearing such an archaic form of swimsuit, and I commented that she'd probably look fantastic in a bikini. Much to my surprise, she said if I wanted she would go put on her younger daughter's, and I could see for myself how she looked in one. Of course I agreed to this wholeheartedly.

When she came back out with it on, I got the biggest hard-on of my life. She had big, gorgeous white boobs which hung out both from the top and bottom of the little suit. Her black pubic hairs were also escaping from the bottoms. I told her she was beautiful, and it was easy for her to see how excited I was. She told me to come inside, and I followed her into the living room. She said the bikini was just too tight, so how about helping her take it off since I had practically seen her nude already.

I practically tore the damn thing off her, and then she started kissing me. Long, wet, nasty kisses with her red lipstick going all over and in my mouth. Next she told me to lay back on the couch, and when I did, she started sitting on my mouth. "Eat me! Eat me!" she was whining, and believe me, I was—just when all of this wonderful scene was broken by a knock on the door. It was her church's minister of all people, and even though I know she wanted more, his interruption seemed to awaken her to what she was doing. We never went back at it, and she has hardly spoken to me since. Still, it was the most fantastic experience of my life while it lasted, and I believe more middle-aged women should share themselves with willing younger men.—*Name and address withheld*

But they are, they are. See Rod Philip's article on p. 119 of this issue for details.—Editor

. . . and the teenaged touch

I would like to relate to your readers an experience I was, and still am, involved in. Towards the end of this summer I had a couple of weeks vacation and decided to tie them on to the Labor Day weekend. Luckily, I happen to own a summer cottage about fifty-five miles north of Chicago. The cottage has all the basic necessities plus a few creature comforts such as a stereo, television, plenty of reading material, and a small but adequate supply of wine.

Unfortunately the first day, my angling luck was bad, so I headed back to shore. As I approached my dock, I saw a young woman strolling along the edge of the lake. She watched me tie up, and then she opened the conversation by saying that she liked my boat. As we got to talking, I found out that her name was Carol, and she was sixteen.

A young girl she may have been but she was well on her way to womanhood with a beautiful face, large green eyes, and those pouty, wet lips that can drive you crazy. At five foot eleven, she was, to say the least, statuesque—with long, sun-bleached, blond hair that cascaded over her shoulders and onto a light jacket that did little to conceal her enormous breasts beneath the thin material. And her cute little ass was enclosed in a pair of snug cutoffs which exposed most of it. Added to that were a set of very long, shapely legs and sexy bare feet. Now top it all off with the deepest, darkest, most even tan ever and you have a true goddess.

I did the logical thing: I invited my little

Come to where
the flavor is.
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
100's
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

Anyone can talk impressive specs. We guarantee them.

Unlike many audio manufacturers, we do more than just talk about performance. We guarantee it. Because every RS-676US deck is backed by a guarantee* of the *five* most important specs for any cassette deck.

But what makes this guarantee important is the music you'll hear—and the noise you won't.

You won't hear any *wow and flutter* because we use an electronically controlled DC motor with twice the torque of our conventional motors.

And for greater *speed accuracy* both the flywheel and capstan are extra large. So an E flat will stay an E flat.

You can forget about tape hiss because we improved the *signal-to-noise* ratio with Technics exclusive low noise circuitry and Dolby†.

And we decreased the *total harmonic distortion* to an inaudible level with our high-gain low-noise transistors.

For the kind of *frequency response* that gives you silky smooth highs, even during the highest guitar riffs, the RS-676US has our patented HPF head. Its microscopic gap literally concentrates the high frequencies onto the tape.

And every RS-676US has feather touch controls. Memory rewind-play. FM Dolby. A peak meter check switch. And much more.

Technics RS-676US. Talking about performance is one thing. Guaranteeing it is something else.

*Technics RS-676US is guaranteed to perform equal to, or better than, the specifications (wow and flutter, speed accuracy, S/N ratio, THD and frequency response) stated in the Specification Guarantee Card packed with the product and available at Technics dealers. This guarantee will be honored for 90 days from the date of original purchase if delivered freight prepaid to a Panasonic factory service center. Technics§ will remedy any unit that does not perform to the specifications. Specification Guarantee is in addition to the parts and labor limited warranty.

†Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories Inc.
§Technics is a brand name of Matsushita Electric Corporation of America.

FOR YOUR TECHNICS DEALER, CALL FREE 800 447-4700. IN ILLINOIS, 800 322-4400.

Technics
by Panasonic

Front loading cassette deck—RS-676US.

prick-teaser up to my cabin for a glass of wine. No sooner there than she began paging through an issue of *Penthouse* that had a pictorial on Pia Sorensen. And spotting my camera, she proclaimed that her own dimensions were 39-22-36 and asked me to take some photographs of her. With heart in my throat and camera in hand, I suddenly found that my subject had moved to the bedroom. By this time my hands were shaking so badly I could barely operate the camera. When she took off her top, I almost dropped it; then as she pulled down her cutoffs along with her bikini panties and let them fall, my prick nearly rammed through my swimming trunks. Suddenly, I was being stared straight in the face by the most beautiful blond box ever seen. I kept clicking away as she began to fondle that magnificent set of tits; and as two of her fingers disappeared between her legs, I could hear them manipulating her wet quim. Then my little Lolita began moaning, and her voluptuous body started to shake violently as she came. At the sight of that I could take no more. Setting down the camera and literally ripping off my trunks, I leapt into the bed. Carol held out those two fingers, and I licked the love nectar from them. She guided my mouth to her heaving breasts and told me to bite those rock-hard nipples. As I did, a scream of pain and ecstasy rose from her throat and she cried for me to do it again and again.

After about a minute of this, Carol suddenly twisted around, and I felt her tongue delicately darting in and out of my asshole. She worked her way around to my, by now hard, cock and balls, licking and sucking them while burying one of her long-nailed fingers up my ass. This young amazon was an extremely talented oral lover and time after time she brought me to the brink of ejaculation, only to let me slide agonizingly back. Not until after forty-five minutes of this glorious blow-job did she allow me to explode in her mouth. The load I shot was too much for her to swallow and some of it trickled down her chin and neck. I licked my own tasty come from her face and she rolled over onto her stomach, pointing her beautiful fanny in the air.

Now it was my job to return the favor. My vixen spread her cheeks, exposing a tiny pink hole surrounded by golden hair. I immediately buried my head in her ass and drove my tongue into her warm anus. Suddenly I spotted a bottle of baby oil. My duty clear, I first coated my throbbing dick with the slippery liquid and then her rosy opening. Slowly, but firmly, my prick began entering that taboo passage. The sounds of my belly against her backside and her moans of "deeper, deeper," drove me to inserting my entire cock to the maximum. Again, after we both came wildly, sleep overtook us, and we didn't stir until late the next morning.

My advice, then, to all men is this: find yourselves a healthy, athletic, young girl. They make adoring, tireless mistresses. And worth every dollar it takes to keep them.—*Name withheld, Chicago, Ill.*

At least you could have sent us a picture—Or were you overexposed?—Editor

Fräulein unter alles

Several of my associates and I have just had an experience which we feel we must share with fellow *Penthouse* readers. Our military unit was on a yearly training exercise at a small airfield situated in a remote area. The majority of the unit was at the base camp two miles away while our fifteen-man squad was quartered at the airstrip for maintenance reasons. The first weekend a few of us managed to slip away and make a trip to the nearest town for a booze and pussy hunt. At the local bar, we met a middle-aged, rather plump woman who expressed a keen interest in our small squad and managed to pry out of us our location, and how long we would be there. Since she was on the heavy side, we didn't make too much of an effort to pick her up, and later we returned to camp.

The next night this gal showed up at the airfield hut we were at and had brought several suitcases with her. She said that, knowing how horny we would all become, she would be willing to keep us all sexually satisfied for the remainder of the exercises if we would make room in the hut where she could have a little privacy while she serviced us. What a kinky experience we were in for.

In her curtained-off area, she hung several large, Nazi flags and put on sexy black underwear which she wore for the remainder of the time. She also had a collection of Nazi period propaganda records which she would play whenever one of us was with her. She insisted that she would do anything we wanted as long as we had on combat boots, steel helmets, and pistol belts.

She loved getting it in all positions, and with the Nazi music playing in the background, we would screw her night and day for two weeks. All the time she was humping away, she would cry to Hitler to save her from the ravishing attacks by the American soldiers. Thanks to her, a dull training period became a most remarkable experience. She left with a smile and the promise to see us next year.—*Name and address withheld*

Service encounter

I am an avid reader of your magazine and would like to share one of my experiences that I have not yet read in your Forum.

To begin with I am an appliance service technician, and I have often screwed lonely housewives either for the bill or just because they want a little on the side. You would be surprised at the number of housewives who call for service on an appliance that there is nothing wrong with.

It all started when I received this call to repair a refrigerator that was still under the warranty. This is usually the best kind be-

cause the housewife does not have to pay the bill, and they will call just to get a man out to their house. I rang the door bell, and this woman answered in only a robe that was as thin as a piece of tissue paper. Her erect nipples stood out like a sore thumb so by the time I got to the kitchen, I had a hard-on that wouldn't stop. I asked what the problem was, and she said her husband didn't understand her, and she just wanted someone to talk to. And I said that I meant what was wrong with the refrigerator. She replied that all she wanted was a little sex and, at the same time, she opened her robe to display a very beautiful body. I could not help but reach out and fondle her large breast.

As we walked to the bedroom, she had her hand on my stiff cock. We lay on the bed and played with each other for a while, and then I stuck my cock in her cunt. I almost came at that point, but I held back until she was so worked up that she was clawing my back. Then just as I was about to blow my wad, the door opened and in walked her husband. At that point I jumped off of her and on to my feet—the very moment I blew my wad—and it squirted all over the place. I think that is what really turned him into a nut because he came at me with a chair. I ducked, and he hit the wall. This stunned him enough that I had a chance to grab my clothes and get the hell out of there. I ran to my service truck stark naked and took off like a bat out of hell.

This same woman has called for service on two other occasions, but I don't go. I just write on the invoice that no one was home and turn it in at the end of the day.—*Name and address withheld*

Premature ejection

I don't know if this story is sexy enough to print, but to me it is scary and funny enough to serve as a warning that sexual encounters are not always a bed of roses. In fact they can often be quite thorny.

The other night I was at a local bar that is popular with single people. Some are on the make, and I was this night. When I came in, I didn't see anyone I knew so I got a drink and sat at a table by myself. In a little while, I saw this very attractive girl come in by herself. As she sat and ordered her drink, I saw her looking at me. When she got it, she came over to my table.

After talking for a while, we wound up at her place where she said I had to be quiet because she lived with a couple with a baby. From then it didn't take long for us to get off our clothes, although she insisted on keeping her top on. After some preliminaries, she asked me to go down on her, which I did with some pleasure. But she held my head still and directed every movement of my tongue. After quite a while of this, I could tell she was going to come—when all of a sudden, she jumped up and went into another room. When she got back, I asked her if she was all right. She said she was but that I would have to leave because her husband had woken

Kahlúa. 53 Proof. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico. Maidstone Importers. 116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048.

Xtal makes peace with picky people.

There's something for everyone. Today the "X-rated" XTAL line is one of the biggest and best in the field. Mobile CB equipment of all types including models with 8-track and cassette. Cassette car stereos including the most complete line of in-dash models. Everything in 8-track. So go ahead and be picky. The only thing modest about our "X-rated" line is the price.

Donna Young
(An X-rated movie star, of course)

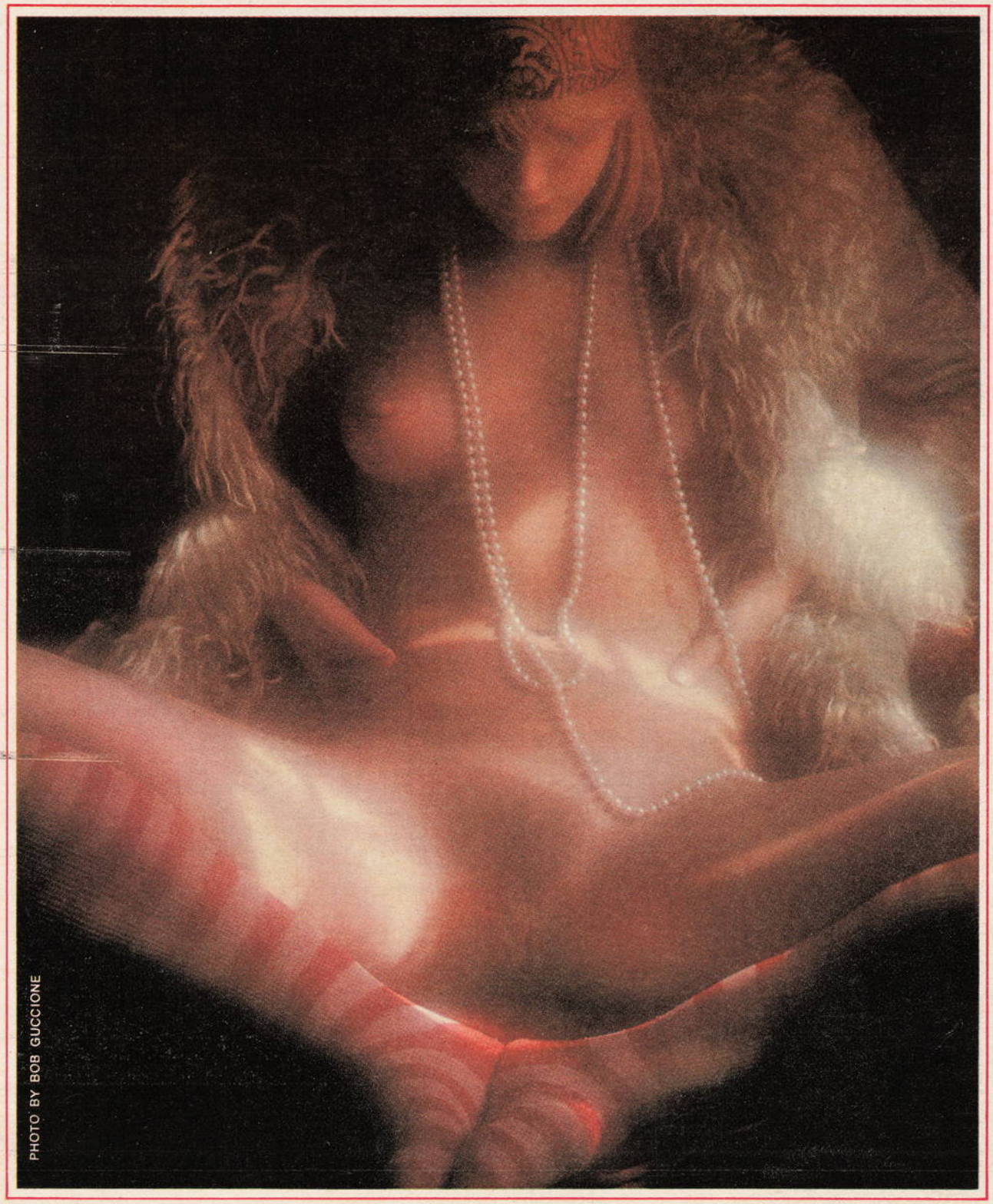
Xtal

XTAL Products, 8749 Shirley Avenue, Northridge, California 91324

ACTION REPLAY

Give her a piece of the action every month for the next year—a subscription to VIVA. Every issue overflows with lovely fashion and beauty features, fiction by some of today's most popular authors, provocative articles exploring such vital issues as rape, psychosurgery, and the dangers of the IUD, and, of course, our beautiful pictorials. Just fill in the coupon and return it to us with your remittance. Make VIVA a part of her game plan—and she'll want you on her team.

A valentine that keeps on coming.



...the whole year round. Month after month of the glories of PENTHOUSE are yours if you subscribe now. A full year of first-rate journalism, fiction and features to keep that special glow alive. And you save $6.00 off the newsstand price. Just return the order form to us and we'll send you a valentine day's gift you won't forget.

Some have God-given hair. Some have Hair Again,® thank God!™

We'll never tell in public which of the above have their own hair—and which ones have the blessings of Hair Again.

For Hair Again is the unique cosmetic surgery process that more and more public figures (political, theatrical and professional—anyone who has to look good) are turning to for the most advanced hair replacement process yet conceived.

A free brochure tells all about Hair Again and how it can change your looks and outlook on life.

But this much we'll tell you now. Hair Again is not a transplant. Not a hairweave. Not a hairpiece. It is a beautiful, full head of hair that's on your head to stay. The best thing that could happen to you if you're balding.

Three stages of replacing hair by the surgical retainer method.

HAIR AGAIN LTD. 14 E. 60th St. N.Y. N.Y. 10022

Fill in the coupon for the free, illustrated brochure that tells how it works and how it has changed people's lives from lost to found. The booklet contains actual unretouched Before and After photographs.

You'll be amazed at how far science has moved in the direction of Hair Again.

Is Hair Again the answer to my prayers?
Please send me your free brochure.

Name (Please Print)

Address

City Zip Code

State

HAIR AGAIN LTD.®

14 East 60th St. Dept. No. 6-3 , N.Y., N.Y. 10022
(212) 832-1234

© Hair Again Ltd., 1975

up. Using all my self-restraint to keep from yelling at the top of my lungs, "What the fuck?" I quickly pulled on my pants and shirt, and without buttoning or zippering, grabbed up my boots, sweater, and the rest as fast as I could and quietly exited out the front door and into the night—*D.J.C., Oakland, Calif.*

Sizing it up

Once again we confront the most painfully inane enigma of the twentieth century: is a big cock better than a small cock? I am one of those few rugged, elite individuals with an average penis. And so even while the *Penthouse* heavyweights argue with the featherweights, those of us in the middle spend our efforts in more constructive activities—like making love.

Sure, I've screwed women who have giggled at my "little wee-wee"; but, funny thing, they either changed after a taste of me, or they left searching for the guy with a vaulting pole between his legs.

My women seem happy enough so it never bothered me that some women like big cocks. It also never bothered me that some persons prefer motorcycle fucking to bareback fucking. If a woman digs big pricks, that's hip. Give her a break, and let her have preferences in more than just methodology.

Both quality and quantity are relative. What I mean is, I'd seem like the ultimate man if I balled a lady who was used to pigmy, premature ejaculators. Enjoy what you and others have.

The only problem really is that some people think it's a problem. What a stupid controversy. Hell, in the time it took me to respond, I could have screwed my pet sunfish Milhouse three times.—*S.J., Columbia, Mo.*

What have you got against Milhouse?—Editor

Tongue tied

I have had over fourteen years of satisfying sex with my wife, who is a great one in bed and who appreciates fellatio, occasional cunnilingus, and has been a willing and exuberant experimenter with me in the use of sex enhancers such as dildos and vibrators. (We most recently tried, and were enthusiastic about, the October Forum contributor's gel toothpaste caper. In the process we discovered an interesting deviation—I bring my wife to climax first then withdraw and proceed with anal copulation. Entry is smooth and painless with a gel-coated cock, and she reports the cool mint feel as the most sensational ass job we've ever had!)

The problem stems from my wife's fantastic ability at tongue kissing. She possesses a large and highly mobile tongue with the capability of extension to almost three inches beyond her lips. She can control the size and shape, from a mouth-filling soft, hot mass to a tip-vibrating rod that can reach and circle the opening in

If you're a company of one, two or five hundred.
The world famous Ambassador Hotels of Chicago should be your pleasure.

We make business a pleasure and pleasure more enjoyable. We're the hotel for the people in this world who care about excellence.

Our old-English tradition of fine service made us famous for accommodating private guests as well as large meetings and conventions.

At the Ambassador you'll find elegance and charm in all our guest rooms, suites and penthouses. We have eighteen meeting centers that are professionally functional and tastefully appointed. And our Guild Hall has catered to the whims of people and companies for banquets of six hundred and fifty. Affairs to remember always happen at the Ambassador.

The Ambassador Hotel is also the home of the world famous Pump Room. World renown for its magnificent cuisine, beautiful atmosphere and world famous guests.

A completely different world. Chicago's newest In-Spot. Our very sophisticated discotheque. "The Buttery".

Milson Street is the Ambassador arcade of Shoppes. It can easily be another one of your pleasures.

Your stay at the Ambassador puts you near everything. The miracle mile of Michigan Avenue with some of the finest stores in the world. Rush Street for extraordinary night life. The fabulous Chicago Loop. And the beauty of Lake Michigan and Lake Shore Drive.

The Ambassador Hotel of Chicago is near to everything, but nothing comes near to us.

The AMBASSADOR HOTELS of Chicago
1300 N. State Parkway
Chicago, Illinois 60610
(312) 787-7200

TOLL FREE RESERVATION NUMBER:
800—621-4233

The Ambassador Hotels Of Chicago

Awaits The Pleasure Of Your Company
1300 N. State Parkway Chicago, Illinois 60610

NAME _____ TITLE _____

COMPANY _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____ PHONE _____

ARRIVAL DATE _____ NUMBER OF ROOMS ☐ Single ☐ Double ☐ Suite

I NEED ADDITIONAL INFORMATION ☐ RATES ☐ BROCHURE ☐ MEETING/CONVENTION PLANS

Blow Up Your Bed [WITH AIR]

INFLATE-A-BED

- For Sleeping
- Camping
- Boating
- Relaxing
- Sunbathing
- A Super Water Raft
- Playing

The Only Guest Bedroom You Store On A Shelf

Inflate-A-Bed—the ultimate in a sleeping experience. It's a luxurious velvet-tufted air coil bed you inflate in minutes with a vacuum cleaner (comes with adapter), or any air pump. Use it as your permanent mattress or store it on a shelf for overnight guests. Use it in a camper, or doze your way across a lake on it (the soft, flocked finish prevents sticking or burning while sunbathing).

Inflate-A-Bed takes the sea-sickness, immobility, and water out of waterbeds, but gives the same relaxing give-and-take feel. The specially patented "air coil" construction, consisting of individual polyvinyl air support coils, supports your body evenly—you don't sink down, and the sides don't fly up as with inexpensive vinyl plastic furniture. No frame or innerspring is needed yet it is more comfortable than a conventional mattress. A Full Warranty is included.

Inflate-A-Bed—incredibly light, incredibly tough (20 mil Poly Vinyl Chloride). It cleans easily with soap and water—the color does not wash out. An exciting new way to sleep, relax, and play. Try one for 2 weeks—no obligation.

Please send me the following inflatable bed(s). If not fully satisfied I can return within 2 weeks for an immediate refund.

☐ Twin Size @ $59.95 ☐ Full Size @ $79.95
☐ Queen Size @ $89.95 ☐ King Size @ $114.95

(Add $4.95 for shipping and handling)

☐ Check or M. O. Enclosed (Ill. residents add 5% tax)
☐ Charge my Credit Card Checked Below:
☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Carte Blanche
☐ Diners Club ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card # _____

Master Charge Bank # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PH-2/76

Signature _____

Send Coupon To:
CONTEMPORARY MARKETING INC.
790 Maple Lane, Bensenville, Ill. 60106
Call Toll Free; 800-323-2408 · Ill. Call: 312-595-0461

my throat. She often brings me to orgasm this way, and she can maintain a continuous kiss for as long as fifteen minutes. Although she won't admit to coming, it is obvious that her tongue-fucking gives her extreme self-gratification. From these encounters, there has slowly emerged a curiosity on my part as to what reaction she could produce in another woman, and over the past year, this curiosity has grown into a consuming desire to watch her mouth-kiss and then go down on a female partner. My problem is I can think of no way to approach the subject so that it would be acceptably received. I know that direct face-to-face proposal would never "sell" with this gal—it has to be much more subtle so as to seem the genesis of the idea was her own.—*Name and address withheld*

Suggestions, anyone?—Editor

Tongue hung

I have a problem which I find so serious that I feel if I cannot resolve it soon, my virility will surely diminish.

I am twenty-five years old, healthy, and am considered by the opposite sex fairly attractive. My problem can best be demonstrated by the following, most recent example:

Six weeks ago I met Sybil at a local discotheque, and we really hit it off well. I found her every bit as desirable as she had found me. One thing led to another, and after two dates, I found myself in her apartment. After a few glasses of champagne, her voluptuous body was more than I could resist. I found my hands slowly undressing her and meeting no resistance. By this time her honeypot was thoroughly soaking, and her nipples were protruding a good half-inch from her creamy white breasts. She unzipped my pants to find my rod ready, willing, and able. After the most marvelous fuck of my life, I held her in my arms and it became evident that she really wanted oral activity. This is where my problem always starts.

I started tasting her honeypot and inserted my tongue; but unlike most human beings, my tongue protrudes about five inches outside my mouth and is three inches in diameter. She began coming and coming and coming. For almost a half hour, she evolved from one luxurious orgasm into another. She completely passed out and was not to be revived for a good three minutes. Now she has lost complete interest in anything but tongue jobs. She means an awful lot to me, but I refuse to be used for only my tongue.—*B.G., address withheld*

That's what you get for sticking your tongue out at people. You may have to get yourself a new lollipop.—Editor

Female forum . . .

I am a twenty-six-year-old, thoroughly liberated female—and happily married. Both my husband and I are regular readers of *Penthouse*, and he suggested that I write this letter as our sexual experiences and preferences seem to be somewhat unique and may be of interest to your readers.

My husband is an incurable leg fetishist; and although that's not the only reason I married him, it is marvelously convenient since I love a person who loves my legs! I am tall, very athletic, brunette, and small-breasted, with just a slightly better than average face. The only remarkable physical trait I have is two strong, perfectly shaped legs, and I learned how to use them to my advantage. I first began to realize that my legs had something going for them when I was about eleven. I was in private school and was something of a tomboy. My calves, thighs, and buttocks were already well proportioned and very solid. One day I twisted my ankle while playing field hockey, and the school nurse kept me in the dispensary for two days. She was about thirty and very pretty—a lot of the girls had a crush on her. The second night I was there, she came in to see how I was doing, and since I was really getting bored, I asked if I could watch TV. She agreed and helped me out of bed and onto the couch in the lounge. All I had on was a shortie nightgown and a robe. Pretty soon she came back with two pillows, put them under my head, and turned on the tube. I thought she was going to leave, but instead she picked my feet up and sat down on the couch, with my bare legs across her lap. She looked at my sore ankle and gently began to massage it. Gradually the massage spread to my calf, my knee and then my thigh—first one leg, then the other. Firmly, but gently, she worked the muscles, her warm, strong hands gliding up my calf, over my knee, over the long muscles of my thigh, and then slowly down the inside again, in one continuous motion. I never felt so secure, and her hands felt absolutely delicious! I could hardly keep still—my thighs and calves flexed and stretched under her strong, demanding hands, and my hips involuntarily began to move. All the while she talked to me in a soft voice, telling me how pretty I was, how strong my legs were, how lucky I was to have such a smooth complexion. I lay back in complete ecstasy, absorbed in all of this sweet attention, when suddenly she bent down and pressed her mouth to my thigh. It was like an electric current shot through me. Startled, I sat up and looked at her. Her face and neck were very flushed, and I could see that she was excited. Abruptly she stood up, made some excuse about having to go to the bathroom, and left me. She was very cold and indifferent toward me for a long time after.

It wasn't long after that I realized I could turn people on with my legs. And I was fascinated by the idea. I began lifting weights, did special exercises, and took two years of modern dance courses, which gave them beautiful muscle tone and definition. I always got plenty of sun, and I

When you start with the best, things can only get better.

When you start your high fidelity system, start with the best. That's Pioneer. Experts agree that your initial choice should be the best model you can afford from a quality manufacturer—rather than a so-called "stereo" component with flashy but meaningless cosmetic touches.

That's why Pioneer has introduced the SX-434 AM-FM stereo receiver—a superb instrument for those who demand performance at a price their budget can afford.

The SX-434 is designed with the precision and quality that are part of the Pioneer tradition, with many of the same features that have made Pioneer receivers such an overwhelming popular choice among knowledgeable hi-fi enthusiasts.

The SX-434 has features like direct-coupled output circuitry for improved power bandwidth and frequency response, full tape monitor and headphone jacks, click-stop bass and treble tone controls, selectable FM interstation muting and loudness controls, FM center-of-channel tuning meter.

Specifications? Exactly what you'd expect from Pioneer. An extraordinary FM sensitivity of 1.9uV. An exceptional capture ratio of 1.0dB. An FM signal-to-noise ratio of 70dB. And 15 watts per channel minimum continuous power, 40Hz - 20kHz, with maximum total harmonic distortion 0.8% at 8 ohms.

The Pioneer SX-434. Under $250*, including the cabinet.

If you want the best in a quality low priced receiver, get the Pioneer SX-434. When you start with the best, your system can only get better.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074
West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248/Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007/Canada: S.H. Parker Co.

PIONEER®
when you want something better

The Pioneer SX-434

*The value shown is for informational purposes only and includes a cabinet with walnut grained vinyl top and side panels. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

America's coolest cigarette and the

Grand Prize:

The $100,000 63-foot yacht "Lucky Lady" *or* $100,000 cash! It's the actual boat used in the making of the spectacular new 20th Century-Fox adventure film, *Lucky Lady*, starring Gene Hackman, Liza Minnelli, and Burt Reynolds.

10,000 Second Prizes:

Two tickets for the picture *Lucky Lady*.

Two things about this sweepstakes are extra cool. One is the great taste of KOOL cigarettes. The other is the 63-foot, $100,000 yacht "Lucky Lady." It's the yacht sailed by Gene Hackman, Liza Minnelli, and Burt Reynolds in the production of the sensational new 20th Century-Fox movie *Lucky Lady*. And the yacht, or, if you prefer, a cool $100,000 in cash, just might become yours if you win the KOOL "Lucky Lady" Sweepstakes. To enter, follow the official contest rules and mail in the entry blank. Then you'll be eligible for the drawing of the winner of "Lucky Lady," or two tickets for the film. Who knows? You may be sailing over cool waters or counting all that cool, green money. It's one of the coolest sweepstakes ever from the coolest cigarette ever. That's KOOL—Filter Kings, Super Longs, Milds and Box.

©B&W T CO.

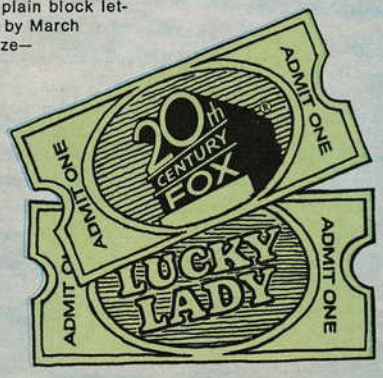
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

new year's hottest movie present...

THE KOOL LUCKY LADY SWEEPSTAKES

KOOL cigarettes proudly presents... THE KOOL LUCKY LADY SWEEPSTAKES.

Official Rules: 1. To enter, print your name, address, and zip code on the entry blank, or on a 3″ x 5″ sheet of paper. Mail to KOOL "Lucky Lady" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 4448, Chicago, Illinois 60677. Enter often, but each entry must be mailed separately. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY! **2.** Each entry must include two empty packs of KOOL, or a 3″ x 5″ piece of paper on which you have printed the words "COME UP TO KOOL" in plain block letters. Entries must be postmarked by March 1, 1976. **3.** Prizes. The Grand Prize—the 63′ yacht "Lucky Lady," valued at $100,000 or $100,000 cash. 10,000 second prizes—two tickets to the film *Lucky Lady*. Tickets are non-transferable and not redeemable for cash. **4.** Grand Prizewinner chooses yacht or cash. The yacht will be delivered to the winner at its berth in California. Payment of Federal, state, and local taxes imposed on the prizewinner and the cost of delivering the yacht to the winner's home city are the sole responsibility of the prizewinner. Prize is non-transferable. **5.** Winners will be selected in a drawing conducted by H. Olsen & Co., the results of which will be final. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All prizes will be awarded. Grand Prizewinner must agree to use of his name and picture for this promotion. **6.** This sweepstakes is open only to residents of the United States 21 years of age or older. Employees of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, its affiliate companies, advertising agencies, H. Olsen & Co., 20th Century-Fox Films, Inc., and their advertising agencies, and their families are not eligible. Void in Missouri and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, state, and local laws apply. **7.** For the name of the Grand Prizewinner, send a separate stamped, self-addressed envelope to: KOOL "Lucky Lady" Winners, P.O. Box 6353, Chicago, Illinois 60677.



KOOL "Lucky Lady" Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 4448
Chicago, Illinois 60677

Please enter me in the KOOL "Lucky Lady" Sweepstakes. I certify that I am at least 21 years of age and have read the official rules.

Name_____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____ (REQUIRED)

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75

wore tight shorts and short skirts whenever possible. By the time I was sixteen, I was getting quite a lot of attention. Grown men would stare at me, and I would get turned on just feeling their eyes on me. I found out early that I could satisfy guys without having to lose my virginity. Whenever I would get in a hot petting session with some dude, I would simply take his cock out of his pants and clasp my thighs or calves around it, and by manipulating and flexing my muscles, I could make him come in no time at all. This is still my favorite technique; nothing turns me on more that to watch a huge penis spurting hot semen all over my muscular legs.

My husband loves to be teased. I wear tight short shorts with the hems rolled up, and heels (never stockings), and occasionally I do leg exercises while he watches. Every time before we have sex, I have him shave my legs, which he dearly loves. Then I put a light spray of perfume behind my knees. Normally, I make him kneel on the floor, and he strokes and kisses my legs, knees, and thighs while I'm standing. This is particularly pleasurable for me, and by the time he reaches my clitoris, I have a shuddering climax. Then I'll take his aching prick between my legs and make him ejaculate. Once I even made him lick my calves clean, which he did quite willingly, and it excited me so much I climaxed again. *—Name and address withheld*

"Get it on, together."

"When it's time for some easy listening, my daughter Nancy and I get it on together with the Sound of Koss. And this year, the engineers at Koss made that sound better than ever with an all new Decilite™ driver assembly. It's the first High Velocity driver element to deliver all 10 audible octaves, and it's featured in the new Koss HV/1a and HV/1LC Stereophones that we're wearing.

"So take a tip from old 'Doc' and get it on together with the new Koss High Velocity Stereophones and a Koss Listening Station. Just ask for a live demonstration at your Audio Specialist. And tell 'em 'Doc' sent you."

KOSS® stereophones

from the people who invented Stereophones.

KOSS CORPORATION, 4129 N. Port Washington Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53212

Koss S.r.l., Milan, Italy • Koss Limited, Ontario.

. . . Forum believer

I read the first letter in the September Forum entitled, "Dull, dull, dull." I never used that word when I first read *Penthouse*, but I did say something like baloney or rubbish.

I am a middle-aged woman who married young, and my family has left the nest. My husband and I took an apartment about two years ago. It was then he began to bring *Penthouse* home. I did not object since I am far from a dried-up person. But I laughed at Forum and said that you had good writers and that these things didn't happen to real-life people. And if they did, you would never print their mail. I have since changed my mind.

We have another couple down the hall that we get together with to play cards and have a few drinks once a week. I'll call them Joan and John. Not too long ago, we got together for a Saturday night game. We played four-handed cards for a while, then the men wanted to watch the football game, so Joan and I played two-handed. We relax when we play and had our shoes off. It was then that Joan began to play footsies with me. I took it as a joke. But she began to rub her toes up and down my legs and even under my skirt and up my thighs. At first I was surprised, then excited as she rubbed my vital spot with her toes. Finally she whispered that it would be better with my panties off. I went to the bathroom and took them off.

When I returned she began again. I helped her by sitting on the edge of my chair and parting my thighs wide. She managed to get her big toe in me and worked her leg until I had a climax. A short while later, I did the same to her.

We share in fixing the food on social evenings, and about a half hour after that, Joan and I went to my apartment together to get some of the food. She was all over me when we got there. She tried hard to get my head down to her, but I rebuffed her several times. Then she found my weak spot—my nipples—and I was sunk. I did it to her, and she in turn did it to me. I have never sucked another woman there in my life, and I never dreamed I would. Now we meet daily and spend quite a bit of time sucking each other. I find it most delightful and always look forward to it.

Now I know I'll never say baloney or rubbish about such things in Forum again. *—Name and address withheld*

. . . in the boxer's corner

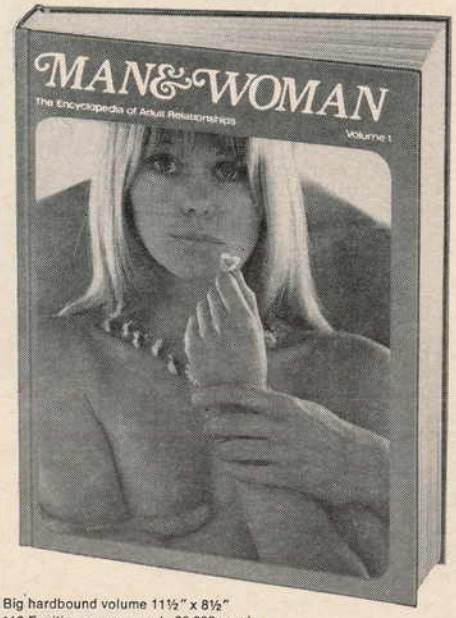
The letter from S.T. (October 1975) about being turned on by seeing her man in a jockstrap prompts me to write about my sexual fetish.

My first sexual experience was with Bob, a guy I met during my freshman year at college. For some reason when we screwed, he insisted on keeping his boxer shorts on and pulling his stiff thing through the large fly opening in the front. I discovered that I was really turned on by the sight of his stiff pink thing and tight sack surrounded by the soft white cloth of his shorts. I was reminded of the glimpses I used to catch of my own father and brother running from their rooms to the bathroom, clad only in white boxers.

When I started having sex with Michael, the man I eventually married, I discovered to my dismay that he wore the brief-type shorts. The fly on briefs, we discovered after some painful experimentation (for Michael at least), will not open wide enough to let the hard prick and the balls hang freely. I went out and bought a supply of boxers for Michael, but he at first refused to wear them, saying that they were uncomfortable, baggy, etc. So we had to devise our underwear game, one we still play. At any time, I am allowed to challenge Michael. He has to drop his drawers and show me what kind of underpants he has on. If he is naughty and is caught wearing a pair of briefs, he gets twelve hard whacks with the belt on his bare behind. Then he has to pull his briefs back up and stand at attention while I tongue him through his little white training pants, which he is not allowed to

Introducing *MAN & WOMAN*

a beautiful and sensitive series on the sexual and psychological aspects of love and adult relationships



And to acquaint you with *MAN & WOMAN* without cost you are invited to accept

Volume 1 Free

with a stop-when-you-please subscription that does not obligate you to buy even one volume

What is "normal" in lovemaking? What are the secrets of a deeply satisfying relationship between a man and a woman? What makes a wife "cold"? Why does a husband lose his manhood and how can he regain it? Is marriage obsolete?

Today there is a new freedom in intimate relationships between men and women and in public discussion of love and sex. Adults of both sexes are demanding that the dark secrets of the past be opened up and exposed to the sunlight and fresh air of loving knowledge.

In recognition of this healthy new freedom in attitudes about love, sex, and human relationships—and available in America only in the last few months—here is a complete set of 26 matched volumes about MAN & WOMAN.

And to acquaint you with the breathtaking scope and honesty of this landmark series—without obligating you to buy even one volume—the publishers would like to send you Volume One FREE.

Browsing through this free sample volume, you will discover for yourself how MAN & WOMAN examines in depth thousands of areas of adult human life—the joys, heartaches, ecstasy, and problems that arise when a man and woman live together closely and intimately.

Prepared by a team of experts in the fields of psychology, medicine, sociology, and philosophy, MAN & WOMAN answers hundreds of provocative and highly personal questions that most people wonder about all their lives but are usually too embarrassed to ask.

Nearly 3000 beautiful, tasteful pictures, mostly photographed in full color, portray with sensitivity yet utter frankness all the intimate aspects of adult relationships.

IMPORTANT: these are not mere "sex books" to be peeked at in secret. They are written and illustrated so tastefully that a husband and wife can sit down and enjoy them together without shame or embarrassment.

The Editorial Advisory Board includes distinguished British physicians, university professors, and marriage counsellors. And in addition to helpful insights into all the physical aspects of lovemaking, each volume deals with hundreds of important psychological problems in relationships. Can a man love two women? What causes a woman's "moods"? What breaks up marriages? How can jealousy be dealt with? Can a man or woman be single yet happy?

Find out for yourself how these books can help you achieve a richer, more fulfilled and contented life. Accept the get-acquainted offer outlined in the coupon.

SOME TYPICAL ARTICLES IN THE SERIES...

HOW PERMISSIVE IS THE PERMISSIVE SOCIETY?
Changing attitudes are calling for fresh approaches to moral problems. Sex before marriage is now common and accepted. But are other changes as great as we think?

POSITIONS FOR THE ADVENTUROUS
Here are beautifully illustrated ways to introduce a new excitement into lovemaking.

CAN A MAN LOVE TWO WOMEN?
Is it possible for a man to be in love with two women at the same time, or must he be deceiving himself?

THE SILENT LANGUAGE
Sexual attraction is communicated not by words, but by "body language." What are these telltale signs?

THE SENSUOUS LOVER
Imagination, initiative, and a sense of adventure are the most effective aphrodisiacs. How can a person acquire the skill that will make him or her a confident sensuous lover?

GIRLS WHO TEASE
Why do they do it? An eminent psychiatrist explains what motivates them and what teasing can lead to sexually and psychologically.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ORGASM
Is orgasm a simple matter of physical stimulation—or is it more? How far do emotions control our orgasms?

THE MAN WHO NEEDS A MISTRESS
The dilemma of a man who feels compelled to seek escape in an extramarital affair.

MUST FRIENDSHIP LEAD TO SEX?
Is there really such a thing as "platonic friendship" between the sexes? Does close friendship between a man and a woman always lead to bed? The answer may surprise you.

- Big hardbound volume 11½" x 8½"
- 112 Exciting pages; nearly 80,000 words
- Over 120 superb illustrations, 60 in full color

Mail coupon worth $3.98 today!

110

MAN & WOMAN **Greystone Press**
225 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003

Gentlemen: Please accept my stop-when-I-please subscription to the twenty-six volume "Man & Woman, The Encyclopedia of Adult Relationships" on the following cancel-at-any-time terms:

1. Send me Volume 1—FREE!

2. If, after examining my free volume, I decide to cancel my subscription, my only obligation is to notify you within 7 days of receipt of the volume. I keep Volume 1 as a gift no matter what I decide.

3. If I do not cancel, send me one volume on approval each month for the next three months and the balance of the Encyclopedia, also on approval, the following two months. I will pay for ONLY ONE BOOK EACH MONTH—$3.98, plus a uniform charge of 62¢ per volume for postage and shipping services. I never forfeit my one-book-a-month payment plan as long as I remit regularly.

4. If not delighted, I may return any volume and owe nothing for it. In fact I may cancel my subscription in two ways—before shipment by sending you a note to cancel—or, after shipment by returning the volume before payment is due. I may cancel at any time—after receiving my free volume—before or after Volume 2, Volume 3, Volume 4—for any reason. You will send no further volumes after my cancellation has been processed. I understand that this FREE OFFER is limited to one adult per household.

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ *Zip* _____

NO-RISK GUARANTEE:
Volume 1 is yours to keep as a gift forever. If you decide to stop, simply tell us. You will never receive a bill for Volume 1—no salesman will ever call—you never have to return Volume 1. And, we will send no more volumes after your cancellation has been processed.

CANADIANS: Mail coupon above to U.S.A. Your subscription will be serviced from Canada.

P176

The BSR Silent Performers.

State-of-the-art belt-drive turntables at today's state-of-the-wallet prices.

For years expensive manual record-players have used belt-drive for smooth, trouble-free—and *silent*—transmission of power. Now, our engineers have integrated a highly-refined belt-drive system into more affordably-priced turntables, with features and performance not available in even more expensive competitive models. We call them the Silent Performers.

The deluxe 200 BAX (shown) has full automatic capability achieved with a gentle yet sophisticated 3-point umbrella spindle. It has a heavy die-cast platter, high-torque multi-pole synchronous motor, tubular "S" shaped adjustable counterweighted tone arm in gimbal mount, viscous cueing, automatic quiet Delrin cam gear, arm lock, dual-range anti-skate, stylus wear indicator, base, dustcover, and ADC VLM MKII cartridge.

The 20 BPX is an automated single-play belt-drive turntable. It has the "S" shaped arm and features of the deluxe automatic model with a precision machined platter and ADC K6E cartridge. (20 BP is identical but without cartridge.)

100 BAX is an automatic belt-drive turntable with a low mass square cross section arm.

BSR

BSR (USA) Ltd.
Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913

remove until he has creamed them. If he is wearing his boxers, he gets a little extra head as a reward. As you can guess, he is wearing his boxers more often now, although he still gets caught sometimes.

I really get turned off by pictures of guys in the bikini type panties which leave nothing to the imagination. Boxer shorts are the greatest invention since the dildo.—*Name withheld, Madison, Wis.*

. . . hair to spare

I have been reading your magazine for a long time now, and each month I wait for someone to write about the following subject. It should be printed because I know a lot of women fit into this group of which I am a proud member. The subject to which I am referring is that of women with an excessive amount of love hair, yes—Pussy Hair! I know that a lot of women with hairy crotches wish they had less hair, but I wish to share my experience with the readers and at the same time hope that girls with this problem can try what I did. And believe me it does work.

At fourteen I had a nice thick bush, and I valued this proof of womanhood until the petting went further than petting. This guy touched me there and suddenly quit, telling me that if he wanted to date a gorilla he would ask one out. This experience hurt me terribly and I never forgot it until six months ago. I am twenty-three, single, and considered quite attractive because I get a lot of invitations for dates. But I always turned them down because sooner or later they would get into my pants, and if they were turned off by what they found out, I could not stand the embarrassment all over again. This self-centered shyness made me a loner until I was "reborn" by accident. One day I was shopping for some pants suits, and while in a deserted part of the store, I bent down to inspect the hem of some suits. This, I later learned, gave a young male clerk an unobstructed view of me under my dress. I felt the strange feeling one gets when someone is watching you, and upon turning around, I saw a red-faced clerk kneeling in the next aisle and realized he had seen me and obviously a lot of my pubic hairs. I had worn some skimpy panties that had a thin crotch, and I knew a lot of the thick hair I have down there was gazed upon. Suddenly I got an enormous desire to show my body to him again so I slowly bent down again and made sure he could see all of my secret. The clerk came over to me, and I could see he was hard. He talked for a while and then asked me for a date, and I accepted. Since he knew I was endowed with a lot of hair between my legs, I knew he would not be surprised and was taking me for what I was. To make it short, we had a wild lovemaking session in his apartment, and this guy could not kiss and lick me enough—especially around the anus and buttocks where I have a lot of hair. He just moaned while doing it, and it really turned me on because I knew he was equally turned on, too. He told me he loved my hairy ass the most.

Since that day I realized that instead of letting some new guy blindly find out what I had between my legs, I would let him get a peek first. I do this very discreetly and in an innocent way so the guy I'm with never knows I did it on purpose. I carelessly leave my legs open for a good look while getting in a car, for instance, or innocently bend over in front of him so he can see that I have a lot of hair in the crotch area.

This has worked out very effectively for me, and I want to share it with your readers and especially girls who have hairy cunts. —*Name and address withheld*

. . . tailor maid

I am the twenty-two-year-old wife of an army medical technician and am writing to tell you of an experience I had several months ago while my husband was stationed at an army hospital. First of all I want to tell you that I love my husband very much, but he doesn't always have enough time to spend with me. So we worked out an arrangement. He lets me go out with other male friends whenever I'm not in the mood to sit home and watch him study for medical boards or whatever, but until this particular incident, no sex was involved. It started one day when this red-haired GI came into the tailor shop where I worked, wanting some patches sewn on his uniforms. Besides loving his red hair, there was something about him that really turned me on. I knew immediately I wanted to get to know him, but he seemed more or less uninterested—at least until he came back a few days later to pick up his uniforms. I purposely set one of his shirts aside, and when he left, I followed, telling him he had forgotten it. We got to talking, and I learned he was only seventeen. He looked a lot older, and I was a bit turned off at first. But when I told him I was married, I could tell he felt a little uneasy, too, and we both started to laugh. Anyway, we made a date for lunch, and I agreed to meet him at the shop where he worked, located behind the post theater.

When I got there, neither of us was feeling very hungry so he offered to show me around. The shop wasn't very big so the grand tour took all of five minutes, ending on the stage of the theatre which doubled as a storage area for the shop. When I noticed a piano at one end of the stage, he offered to give me lessons. I wasn't really interested in playing a piano, but the lessons he had in mind were quite to my liking. I leaned against the piano, and he kissed me very gently on the lips, neck, and shoulders while he unbuttoned my blouse. I didn't have a bra on, and when he started kissing and biting my already erect nipples, I got so hot I wanted him to fuck me right then. And that's what I was expecting when he started to lift up my skirt.

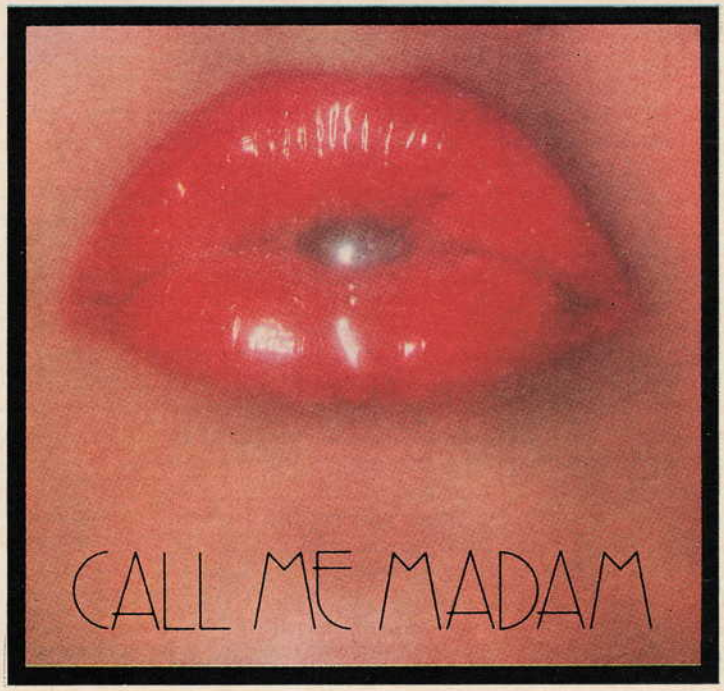
But instead, the kisses and nibbles started working their way down my stomach and to my thighs. Since straight

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

"It was easy to spot her problems with math. We then proceeded with more complicated equations. But that's where math was detoured."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH



I am a twenty-two-year-old college student who decided to find a summer job this year instead of attending school. Although I seriously searched for summer jobs, there didn't seem to be too many available. One day, while working on my car, I stopped at a local auto parts store for some spark plugs, and casually asked about possible summer work. The woman who owned the store gave me serious consideration. After she was convinced that I was mechanically inclined, she told me I could start the next morning. Thrilled to all hell, I raced home to finish working on my car. I soon realized I needed yet another part to finish the job. Back I went to the shop, and again the woman waited on me. I bought my part, but before I could leave, she started talking to me again. She asked if I was skilled in math. I replied that math was my college minor. You see, I am a chemistry major. She then asked me if I'd be willing to work as a tutor for her daughter instead of as a clerk in her store. She told me her daughter was really struggling with math, and maybe I'd have better success with her than the schoolteachers were having. She then called her daughter on the intercom. In a minute this really fine looking teenybopper walked in. She seemed very eager to leave her job in the hot store for a summertime course in math. The three of us agreed that I should give it a try. The next day I reported for lessons at her house. It was easy to spot her problems with math, and in a few days she seemed to have the basics well in hand. We then proceeded with more complicated equations. But that's where math was detoured.

This past Monday she really hit me with a line. She blurted out that she was on the Pill, and that her mother consented to my "being intimate" with her. I asked her how she felt about the matter. She answered by lunging on top of me. Before I knew it her hand was inside my pants on my stiff prick. (Boy, was I happy I had showered that morning!) We fucked, and then talked about what brought such a thing on. She told me that she got turned on because I was so "businesslike" about my dealings with her. I then asked if her mother had really given her permission to screw with me. She then dialed the phone and told me to talk. It was her mother! Since I didn't know what to say, she took the phone from me and told her mother to explain. The mother told me outright that she was happy her daughter was having a good summer "doing the mod things kids do nowadays" at home rather than in the backseat of a car in some drive-in movie. The mother also said that our "lessons" could stay as they were if her daughter's math improved.

Such a summer I've never had! A fine, young, sexy chick with a body like an angel, a terrific air-conditioned house with food and drinks, a subject I like to teach, and sex and more sex with this fine young chick. Can you believe it? All of these benefits with a regular $75-a-week pay. Today we had the ultimate in summer fun; we lay in a tub of cool water performing sixty-nine. When I blew my load, I gushed like Old Faithful. Believe me, she didn't seem like a novice then. She ate my cock like a pro, and I never wanted to take my tongue out of her cunt. Hurrah for education and concerned mothers everywhere!—Professor Stud

How fortunate you were to have bumped into such a liberal mother and such a devoted pupil. But I hope the rest of the future tutors reading this letter don't think that they are all equally equipped with your skills—pedagogic or others. Unfortunately, most young students could use a good teacher before diving into the educational field. I guess they are better off studying than teaching. I myself have often found great pleasure in teaching young students. I have lectured at many universities, and afterwards I have occasionally been asked to give private lessons to

Photograph by Frank Laffitte

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

those seeking some professional help.

With regard to the backseat of a car, don't knock it! It is not the most ideal spot for a relaxed nookie-schnookie session, but even today I sometimes get very turned on when I can manage a quickie in the old backseat. Sex there has the taste of forbidden fruit. The idea that someone might just peep inside or get turned on by the sight of us . . . well, it excites me like a teenager in heat. Even more exciting is to give your fellow a blow-job in the middle of a crowded parking lot or while you're waiting for a traffic light to change. With the possibility of someone seeing you as you suck on your man's rod and he shoves his finger inside you—that is exhibitionism. Fantastic!

UNEVEN BREASTS: THE VARIETY PACK?

One of my breasts is very nice but the other one is four to five inches smaller. It hasn't grown in years, but my left one is still growing! I'm twenty-three now, and it wasn't always so bad. But now you can even tell through my clothes that I'm missing something. I'd say in the past eight months my problem has really gotten bad.

This problem doesn't really bother my husband (he calls me his "variety pack"), but it sure bothers me! I'm certain he would like them to be alike but just doesn't complain for my sake. I asked my doctor about it and he said an operation is the only way to help me. That is, an operation where they open your breast and insert something. I was surprised to learn from him that silicone is now illegal. Xaviera, I've done all sorts of exercises but they've only made my breasts more uneven. I was hoping that you could suggest something.

Is silicone illegal throughout the United States? Is an operation the only way to improve my condition? Could you please tell me something about the operation and approximately how much it might cost? I have a lot of pride but I don't have much money. Please suggest something for me.—M.D.J.

Your letter is one of many I receive regularly regarding not only breast operations, but also a variety of bodily adjustments: correcting protruding chins, sailing ears, stretch marks, fat thighs, baggy eyes, crow's-feet, and ill-formed noses.

There are several types of breast enlargement operations. The old-fashioned way is an injection of silicone into the breast; however, those injections have proven to cause infections and lumps. Regardless of how irregular your breasts may be, silicone is definitely not the answer. There are newer, more sophisticated, and less dangerous methods for improving your breasts. Your doctor may not be a specialist in this field. Please ask any good plastic surgeon what the different procedures are.

CAN SHE COME?

I am now twenty-six years old. Xaviera, I do love my husband because he is kind and attentive. Whether I am actually "in love" with him, I do not know. You see, I have never yet had a climax with any man. I do, however, enjoy intercourse and having my breasts fondled and caressed.

My husband is an only child; he led a sheltered life, and was somewhat spoiled by a doting mother. He is very possessive, and I feel trapped because I have to do everything he tells me to. A genuine and sincere male friend of mine (he is quite a bit older than I) has tried to advise me on how to achieve an orgasm with my husband. Despairing of all other measures, he has told me, "You tell him he had better make you come. This is grossly unfair; he is screwing you physically and screwing you mentally as well." He has told me that because of my very open, good-natured manner I have let myself be used. This friend has even offered to pay for my visits to professional people in the area of sex research. My friend has loved me for quite a while now and is very sincere in his wishes to help me. He has even offered me financial help on several occasions. He is very masculine, patient, gentle, and flattering; he has everything one could wish for in a lover. His sexual enjoyment lies in "bringing a woman to the boil," as he puts it. He loves satisfying a woman.

Whether I have been unlucky in my choice of men or just "used" as my friend says I have been, I don't really know. I still have many years ahead of me. Could an affair with this friend enrich my experience and help me reach my first glorious climax? Must I go through life with ragged nerves and this constant feeling of being an unfulfilled woman?—Mrs. M.

You certainly are confused about your life right now. You say you love your husband because he is kind and attentive. On the other hand, there is this other man whom you praise far more than your own husband. I believe you have answered your own question with this letter. The most obvious solution would be to leave your husband and start a life with this other man. If you do not want to divorce right away, why not separate for a while and give the other man a trial period for several months to see whether he indeed can satisfy your physical and emotional needs?

During this trial period your husband can move back with his mommy and daddy. Who knows? He may tire of being a mamma's boy and you might decide life is preferable with your husband.

THE VANISHING PENIS:
NOW YOU SEE IT, NOW YOU DON'T

In all the years I've been reading erotic literature, I've yet to come across a trick that I've been doing with my penis for over forty years. I'm beginning to wonder if perhaps I'm some kind of freak. With your vast experience in the area of sex, maybe you know of this type of sex play.

Here's the trick: I can turn my erect penis inside out, or perhaps it would be more correct to say outside in. You see, I pull the skin up over the tip and then force the penis into a kind of pocket in my lower abdominal cavity. I can also pop my testicles up inside. The result is that I have nothing showing. I look like a female! I can then pretend I've been emasculated, or that I'm a girl. I've always enjoyed masturbating, so it is very erotic to reach down and pretend my penis is missing. Sometimes I then masturbate this way, imagining this is the way girls do it.

Don't misunderstand me, Xaviera, I'm quite masculine and am a very aggressive heterosexual. I am definitely not homosexual. I have no abnormal interest in transvestism, and I don't think I'm leaning toward transsexualism. In fact, I am turned on by all attractive women and like to think I'm a pretty good lover. But I must say, I've been enjoying the other side of me, too.—A.R.S.

To say that you are quite masculine and very heterosexual is something of an overstatement. You write: "I can then pretend that I've been emasculated or that I'm a girl." Well, how is that for a masculine statement?

I don't think you are a freak of any kind. You just enjoy and love your own body more than anything else in the world. You just cannot get enough of it. I don't believe there are many men who can perform your disappearing act. There are a few men who can perform autofellatio. Maybe you should try that next. You have to be something of a contortionist, but you obviously love yourself so much that sucking your own cock would be the ultimate treat.

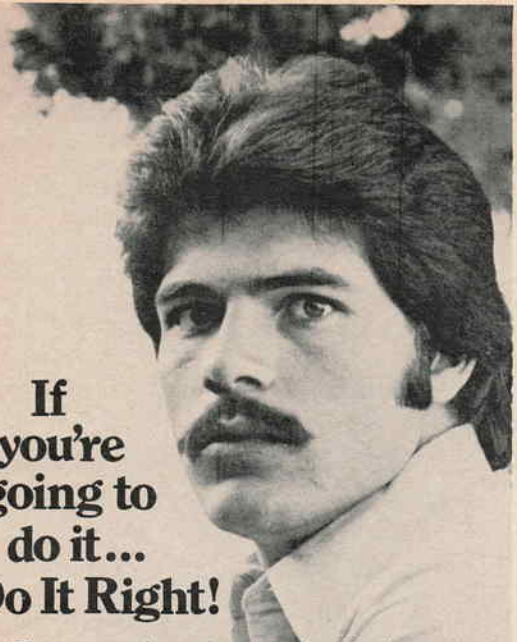
BALLING WITH SOUND EFFECTS

If it weren't for your books and your column in Penthouse, *I'd most likely be the worst lay in the States. Thank you for your explanations regarding why, where, and how. Even though I just turned eighteen, I've been complimented by many lovers on my expertise between the sheets.*

But . . . I do have one embarrassing problem. Maybe you can help me some more. Sometimes while making love, I get air inside of me and it sounds like I'm letting off gas. I'd like to know why it happens and how to stop it. I used to think it was because my ex-boyfriend's penis was small. But my present boyfriend is quite large. In the past two months, it's happened twice with him. Can you help?—Sunny

Since your "cunt farting" has only happened twice in the last two months, there really isn't too much to worry about. I assume you've had sex with your lover many more times than just those two occasions. Cunt farting happens to many women, and has even happened to me once or twice. The reason it occurs has to do with certain positions you take during intercourse. The man inserts his penis inside your vagina and during the movements he pulls it out just far enough so that while penetrating

EGLESFIELD



If you're going to do it... Do It Right!

Throw away those expensive Hair Conditioners, Hair Lotions, Texturizers and Hair Sprays which can coat your hair with oils and resins . . . layer upon layer . . . resulting in a dull appearance and that artificial feel.

Use A Product That Works Naturally.

Style and Condition your hair in ONE Simple step. **Panthenol Plus Styling Conditioner** is a totally new pH balanced formula that works naturally . . . *hair actually absorbs Panthenol*; it will not flake or coat the hair with a sticky film* . . . for instant manageability, lustrous body and real control, and your hair is so natural to the touch.

Acclaimed by Professional Stylists . . . Recommended and formulated for use with Blow Dryers.

CLEANSE AND CONDITION YOUR HAIR NATURALLY . . . Panthenol*. Amino acids, substantive proteins, natural conditioners . . . all scientifically formulated to strengthen and add new body and luster to your hair . . .

Panthenol Plus Shampoo — A rich concentrated formula that conditions while it cleans. Contains no harsh detergents — soap free. Gentle enough for daily use. pH balanced.

Panthenol Plus Balsam Conditioner — A professional treatment . . . works instantly. Eliminates those "fly aways," imparts natural manageability and those tangles are gone. Contains no oils or greases to coat your hair. pH balanced.

Quality costs only pennies more. Your hair deserves the best! Unconditional Guarantee. See and feel the difference in just 7 days or return the unused portion for a full refund.

* Panthenol is converted to Pantothenic Acid, a B Complex Vitamin, which is a vital component of healthy hair.

PLEASE RUSH THE FOLLOWING:

Panthenol Plus Shampoo			
☐ For Normal Hair	(8 oz.)	$3.50	_____
☐ For Dry or Damaged Hair	(8 oz.)	3.50	_____
☐ For Oily Hair	(8 oz.)	3.50	_____
☐ **Panthenol Plus Balsam Hair Conditioner**	(8 oz.)	3.50	_____
Panthenol Plus Styling Conditioner			
☐ Regular Size	(4 oz.)	3.50	_____
☐ Professional Size	(8 oz.)	5.00	_____
All orders processed in 48 hours.	Calif. residents add sales tax		_____
	Postage & Handling		.50
	Total		_____

Enclosed is $ _____ check or m.o. or charge to my
☐ BANKAMERICARD or ☐ MASTERCHARGE

MasterCharge Only Interbank Number _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

panthenol LABORATORIES
Box 2486, Dept. B, 50 Tiburon Street, San Rafael, Calif. 94901

you again, he pumps air inside as well. Your cunt will let out the air in spurts, making sounds like a bicycle pump.

One solution is to change positions or to hold your man firmly inside your body, not giving him the chance to retreat. Usually, cunt farting takes place when the man is on top and leaning on his hands with some space between your bodies.

Another rather embarrassing sound is that high, shrill noise which is produced when two bodies get very sweaty. When a woman has big tits, the squeezing of her hot, wet tits against a guy's chest can cause an even louder and higher tone. Again, this is only nature, and it shouldn't interfere with your sex play.

THE ECSTASIES OF ROMP SEX

Six months ago, I was discussing sex with my girl friend and told her that I was very "liberated." One evening she invited me to her place for dinner, and when I got there, she had two other guys and two other chicks there as guests. I didn't know she was planning a dinner party, and so I said something to her about it. She laughed and said, "Dinner party? What ever gave you that idea? This is an orgy!" She was obviously excited and ready to go and so immediately unbuttoned my shirt, took my shoes and socks off, then pulled off my trousers and shorts as well. I was really super-excited by now. Then she said, "If you're liberated, you'll prove it." Next thing I knew, a girl started sucking my cock, a guy performed anilingus on me while playing with my balls, the other girl pinched away like hell on my nipples (this is a hot turn-on for me), while the other guy stuck his cock in my mouth and proceeded to fuck my face. All during this session, my gal kept shouting, "That's it! Sock it to him! Make him beg for more!" Before it was all over, my girl friend shoved the others away and fucked me!

These little orgies went on for a period of four months, and the problem now is that everyone (including my girl friend) has either moved away or gone back East to school. I really got off on these little scenes and don't know how to find others for a groovy little romp. What do you suggest?—Jay

Your letter was quite a turn-on for me. If it really happened to you, I doubt if you can ever repeat a similar performance. Then again, don't try to imitate what you've already done. Such attempts usually fail because they lose the spontaneity of the first experience.

WOMEN IN LOVE

I have a problem, or should I say, I have a decision to make that only you can help me with. I am a bisexual woman who has been repressing my bisexuality because of my fear of being discovered. The temptation to go to a lesbian bar and pick up some girl has often come to mind, but I always decide against this. You see, I'm afraid someone will see me, and to be frank, the gay life doesn't appeal to me. I've not yet had a sexual experience with a woman, although the desire is there. I would say that my heterosexual life has been average for a twenty-one-year-old college student. I have had two boyfriends in my life; with the first I lost my virginity at age seventeen.

The advice I would like, however, does not concern whether I should go to a gay bar or not. It concerns my relationship with a close friend whom I have known for two years. Ever since we first met, this girl friend and I have been very close. My present boyfriend often complains when I go out with her instead of him. As for my girl friend, she also seems to be heterosexual as we sometimes exchange stories regarding our encounters with the opposite sex. Recently, however, I've had my doubts about that. She has a habit of staring at me and touching me more than my other girl friends do. If we've had a few glasses of wine, it gets worse (or should I say better?). This in itself proves nothing, I know, but it continues to make me wonder about her. Last week something happened that changed everything. We had returned to her apartment after a very wild party. We were completely, utterly, and thoroughly smashed. Since her roommate was away for the weekend and I couldn't make it home, she told me I should stay. We wound up in her bed; she was on top of me. I could feel her long blond hair caressing my breasts when she put her head on my chest. We said nothing for the longest time. I then stroked her hair. Before she fell asleep, my girl friend said, "I really need you." Then I passed out. The next morning I woke up in the other bed; she was in the kitchen fixing breakfast. We said nothing about what had happened.

That was last week. My desire to sleep with her is now enormous, but the question is: was this incident a sign that she feels the same way? If not, and I make advances towards her, I'll lose her as a friend. That I do not want. What do you suggest? Should I try something with her or ignore my feelings?—Sally Z.

You must be a very sensitive young woman to treasure friendship above all else. Your relationship with this other woman could possibly last much longer than any affair you would have with someone of the opposite sex.

To me it is obvious that your girl friend is of the same opinion as you are. It is just a matter of time before the two of you get out of your closets and are honest with one another. Maybe next time you get together it would be best not to be roaringly drunk. A glass or two of wine would help you relax to the point that you could initiate some sex play. I think there will always be a deep emotional tie between the two of you. Obviously the two of you have already gotten to know each other's most intimate feelings and desires. I hope it will result in a long lasting love affair as well as friend-

ship. And if ever it ends, who knows, she may have been the only woman in your life. One day when you are married and have kids you can always look back at a most pleasant relationship with this woman.

SPANK YOU VERY MUCH

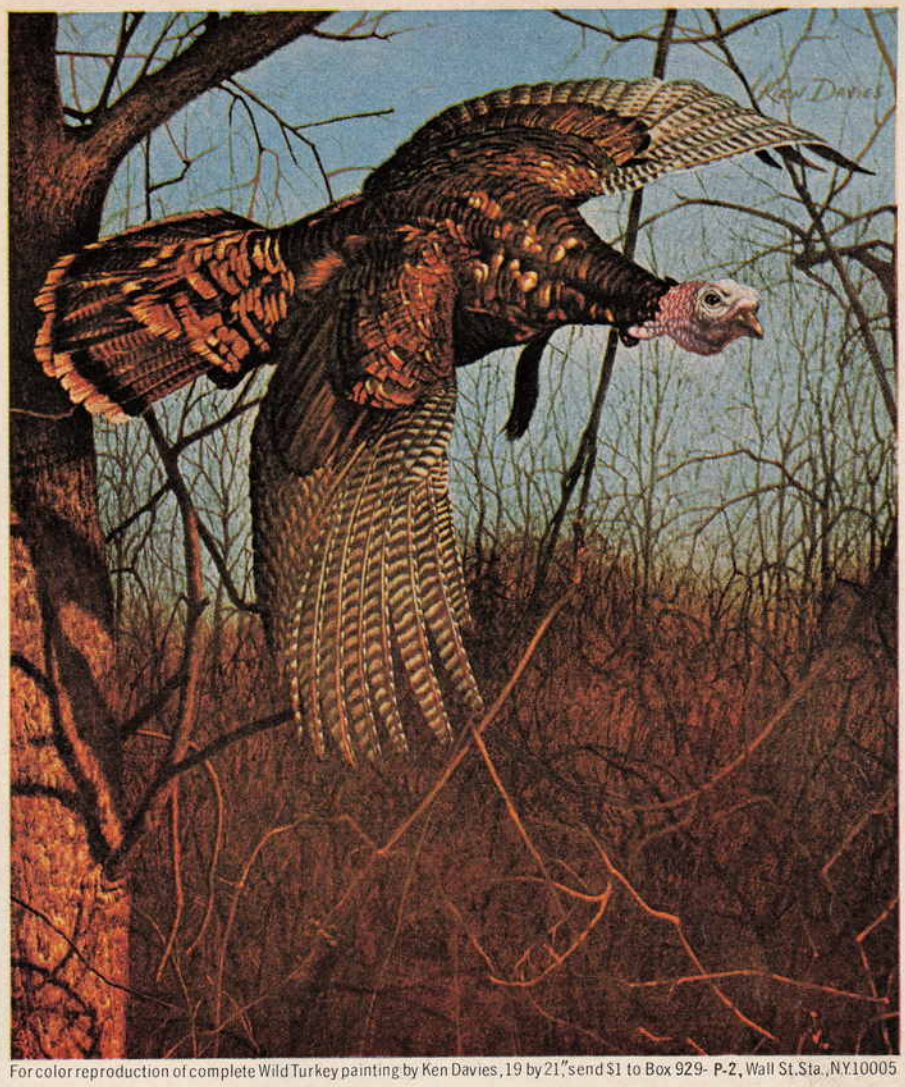
My husband and I are very close, and we engage in normal marital relations quite regularly. He usually prefers fellatio and actually seems to be quite hung up on this form of sex. I perform it willingly since I like to please him. I blow him while he lies in bed or stands on a chair (I prefer that he stand on a chair as I have back problems). He, however, prefers that I kneel submissively at his feet as long as is necessary to bring him off, even though he knows this position is bad for my aching knees.

I obey his directions quickly as he orders me to kiss his balls or tongue his penis and testicles. I am often required to mouth his penis long after he has climaxed. I try not to become irritated by this or these fetishes, but my buttocks have become very sore from his spankings. You see, he likes to spank me while I blow him. I have never been really injured, but it's getting worse and I am humiliated by this kind of treatment. Sometimes he gives me just a few whacks; other times he proceeds for what seems like hours. No expertise on my part has been able to prevent these spankings. Do you know what I can do to alleviate the pain and humiliation of these sessions with my husband?—A.B.

As long as both partners agree to a playful game of spanking, I cannot see any problem. When one of the two is totally turned off but continues, then we can start talking about a serious sexual deviation. Your husband derives a strange pleasure from humiliating you. He enjoys punishing you by spanking, or making you submit to various sex acts that you don't enjoy. If slaves were legal, I'm sure your husband would have a couple of beautiful female slaves around the house for amusement. In case the film *Mandingo* is playing in your neighborhood, you ought to see it with your husband. Afterwards tell him that you are not to be treated like the slaves in the movie. You are a liberated woman who refuses to be submissive and obey every order he gives you.

In case this man cannot be changed, I'd suggest divorce as the only solution. If it gets worse, you might have to call the police. Show your bruises as evidence. If you must save your marriage, tell your husband that he can continue spanking you *if* you can reverse the roles from time to time. I suggest that you tie him down and whip him. What's fair is fair.

In case your buttocks are still painful, there are certain numbing creams which you can purchase at any pharmacy. When applied to the buttocks, it will minimize the pain of spanking. Just don't tell your husband you have applied this cream. Otherwise, he might hit you even harder.

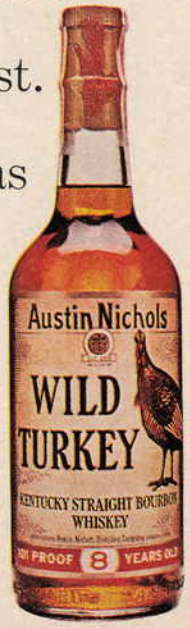


For color reproduction of complete Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19 by 21", send $1 to Box 929- P-2, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

Wild Turkey Lore:

The Wild Turkey is one of the heaviest birds capable of flight. Yet it is unusually fast. The male bird has been clocked at speeds as high as 55 miles per hour.

As America's most treasured native bird, the Wild Turkey is an apt symbol for Wild Turkey Bourbon—America's most treasured native whiskey.



WILD TURKEY/ 101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.
Austin Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

More cigarette vs. your cigarette.

1. Is your cigarette as long and as lean as our cigarette for more pleasure, more style?
2. Does your cigarette draw as easy as our cigarette for more tobacco enjoyment?
3. Does your cigarette smoke slower than a 100 mm cigarette for more smoking time?
4. Does your cigarette come in a burnished brown wrap so it looks as good as it smokes?
5. Does your cigarette sit neat in your hand like it was made for it and fit your face like it found a home?
6. Does your cigarette give you all this yet cost no more than a 100 mm cigarette (which means more for your money)?

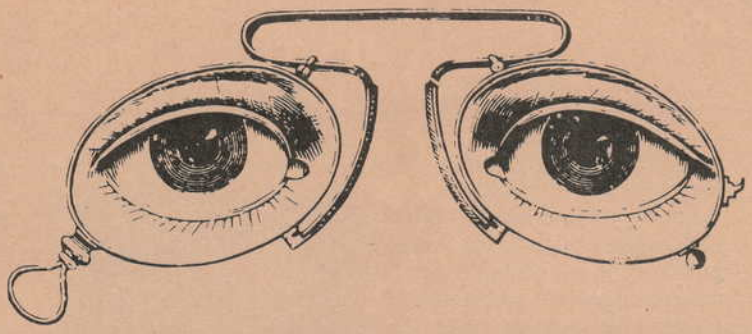
If the answer to all these questions is yes, your cigarette is probably More. Because there's only one cigarette that's so much more. More.

The first 120mm cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

©1976—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

STATES OF NATURE

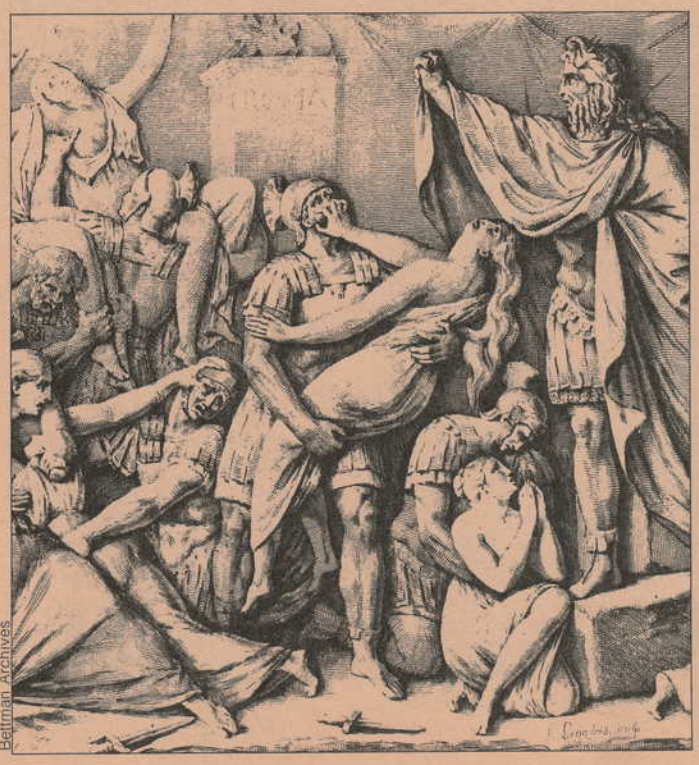
Don't get me wrong—I don't mean Susan Brownmiller any harm. Quite the contrary, but she has committed an atrocity with her book, *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape* (Simon & Schuster), and redress is required. The book's subject—rape—has made many reviewers blind to its obvious flaws and shortcomings. For instance, the *New York Times Book Review*, the most influential critical organ in the world of books, turned its front page over to reviewer Mary Ellen Gale, who wrote, "Her vision is informed and compelling. *Against Our Will* is far more than a feminist polemic despite the passion and power of its language . . . it blends investigative and personal journalism into a demand for justice."

In the daily *New York Times*, reviewer Christopher Lehmann-Haupt apologized for his own feeble efforts at summary: "It [his summary] makes her reasoning sound like rhetoric, her arguments like slogans."

Most other reviews have been as enthusiastic. You'd think, from the way the plaudits have been falling, that this was another epic for the ages, like Darwin on evolution or Malthus on population.

There is one review, however, by Jean Stafford in *Esquire*, that does caution the reader to the wider implications of Brownmiller's book. "What are we going to do about rape?" asks Stafford, and then she emphatically warns us, "Woe to every Tom, Dick, and Harry in this land if Miss Brownmiller becomes commander in chief of this crusade."

The trouble with rape in the long glass of Brownmiller's prehistorical perspective is not primarily that it is a vicious, unspeakable assault by one person on another. No, the real trouble is that women cannot rape back. "Fleet of foot and spirited, she would have kicked, bitten, pushed and run, *but she could not retaliate in kind*."



Bettman Archives

The central thesis of Brownmiller's book, as best I can make it out, is that rape has been a cornerstone of civilization. This valuable proposition, however, is put forward in a fashion that invites suspension of the critical faculties and leaves the reader in a state somewhere between shock and hilarity.

Take, for example, these sentences from Brownmiller's book: "Man's discovery that his genitalia could generate fear must rank as one of the most important discoveries of prehistoric times, along with the use of fire and the first crude stone axe. From prehistoric time to the present, I believe, rape has played a critical function. It is nothing more or less than a conscious process by which *all men* keep *all women* in a state of fear."

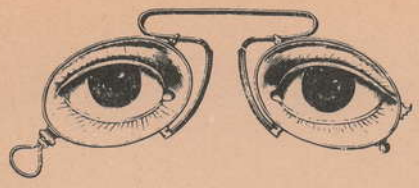
The club that figures so often and, I had always thought, so symbolically in the caveman cartoons is just a stage prop in Brownmiller's sex-saturated prehistoric world. What really got women down—and has kept them there—is that root of all oppression, the phallus. It seems that *all* men consciously set about to oppress women by scaring the daylights out of them with the threat of rape.

Brownmiller certainly can't be accused of not intending to take rape seriously. Her tract runs 404 pages. It contains such gems as this: "Had it not been for the accident of biology, an accommodation requiring the locking together of two separate parts, penis into vagina, there would be neither copulation nor rape as we know it. Anatomically, one might want to improve on the design of nature, but such speculation appears to my mind as unrealistic. The human sex act accomplishes its historic purpose of the generation of the species and it also affords some intimacy and pleasure. I have no basic quarrel with the procedure." Never having suffered what must be the unbelievably terrifying experience of being locked to anyone by any of my parts, I have formed what I believe is a far more affirmative view of Brownmiller's biological accident. In fact, my view might even be called roseate.

As for the anatomical improvements, I am dying for a peek at Brownmiller's engineering sketch pad. You could, I suppose, throw in a pinwheel and an egg timer.

For Brownmiller to contend, as she does, that the relationships of *all* men to *all* women are centrally affected by rape—"It is nothing more or less than a conscious process by which *all men* keep *all women* in a state of fear"—is as silly as to claim that all people still lust for grasshoppers because they used to be a diet staple, or that all men still consciously seek physical ascendancy over all other men.

Brownmiller isn't the first behavioral theorist to concoct a pseudocosmic theory of human relations out of simplistic assumptions about prehistory. Rousseau, Hobbes, and Locke—not to mention Calhoun, Nietzsche, and Hitler—have also played that game. But her view is one of the bleakest: woman was born in chains and man still keeps her there—with his phallus. You can believe that if you want to, but it's a cripple's doctrine.—*Patrick Owens*



SCENES

EROTIC EDIBLES: HOW FOOD CAN BE LEWD

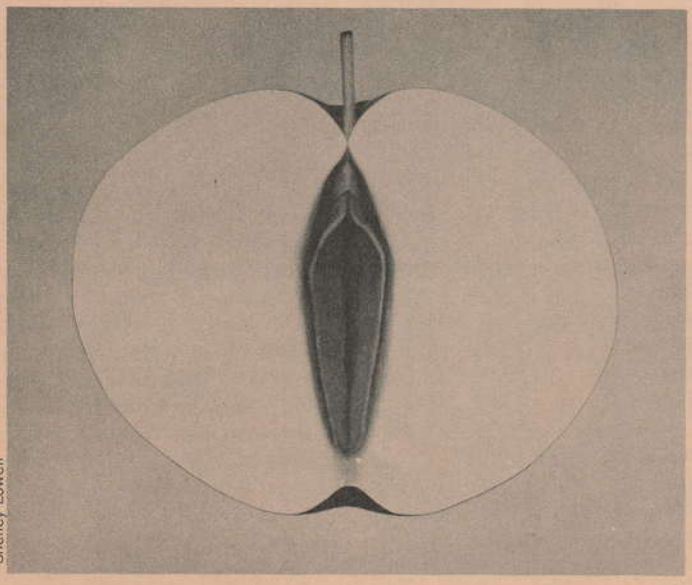
Oral sex doesn't have to be confined to the bedroom; it can come from the pantry, too. That's because edibles can be erotic, very erotic indeed. Licking, sucking, tasting, and slurping belong not just to sex but to eating, too. As many young artists have discovered, food is a sexy medium to work in. They've begun to explore the ways fruits, vegetables, meats, and sweets can leap off the table and into your libido. A visit to the supermarket can titillate—because, most definitely, food is lewd.

Using cavity molds of cocks and cunts to shape and serve up sexy snacks, erotic artist **Doug Johns** (*Penthouse*, October 1975) once held a lewd-food party for thirty friends. "I have molds of both female and male genitals from my genital portraiture collection," Johns explains. "They're about six to ten inches long. We decided to fill them with food. You can do it with almost anything soft—potato salad, chocolate mousse, jello, ice cream. I put water in some of the molds and froze them." The result: an orgy of vulva and penis ice cubes floating in the punch.

But throwing a bawdy buffet just made Doug Johns more ambitious in his plans for commercializing erotic edibles. He's trying to live up to his credo, "If you can imagine it, it can happen." So now Doug has created, and intends to market, the first X-rated box of chocolates. "The chocolates will be miniatures, molded into cocks and cunts and breasts and asses," Johns notes with good cheer. "My basic candy assortment will be twenty or thirty pieces in each box. There's something for everybody." With such sexy sweets, to hell with calorie counting.

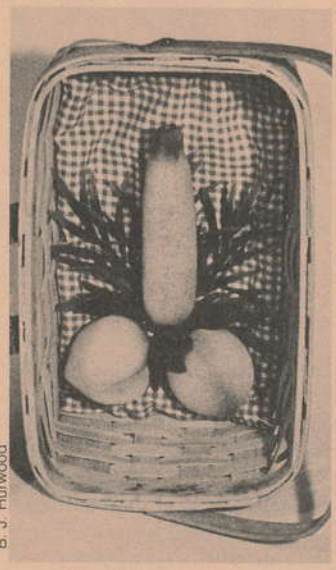
Indecent desserts are also the forte of **Shelley Lowell**. However, her super-realistic lewd food isn't for consumption. Unless you crave plaster of Paris or acrylic paint on canvas. A former advertising agency art director, twenty-nine-year-old Shelley Lowell works in her Brooklyn apartment which cloaks erotica in seemingly wholesome normalcy.

Reposing on a black velvet pedestal in the center of the room is her first erotic edible, a 1966 sculpture called "Slice of Life." It's a wedge of lusciously looking lemon meringue pie, set out neatly on a white plate with fork at the ready. Looks innocent enough, but look again. Double take: the browned peaks of meringue are really tiny breasts and nipples. Food inspires Shelley's wildly erotic associations: "It all started when my mother was eating a lemon meringue pie, and I flashed, 'Ma, there are breasts on top.' I just went from there."



Shelley Lowell

"Rediscovery" by **Lowell**: *"There's a vagina in the apple."*



B. J. Hurwood

Xina's *banana sexuality.*

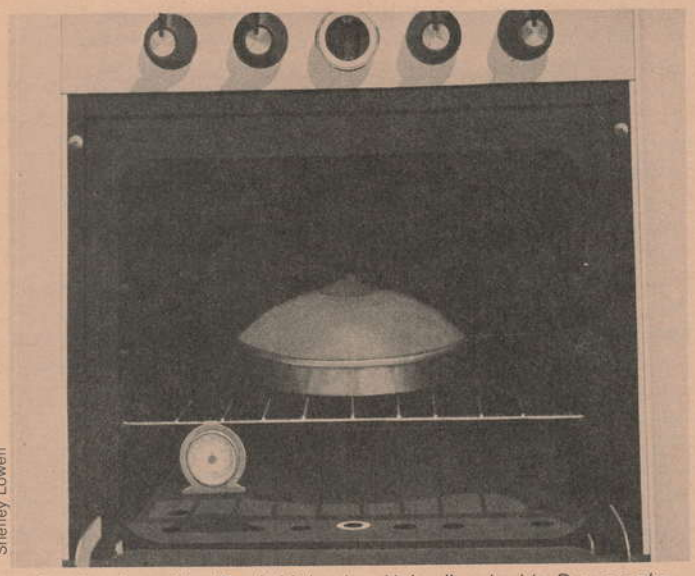
Similarly, the acrylic painting "Rediscovery" stemmed from another flash: "I was looking through this gallery of still lifes. Then it just occurred to me, 'Wow, there's a vagina in the apple.'" And sure enough, "Rediscovery" blows up half an apple to giant proportions. Within the firm white flesh of the fruit lies not a core but a cunt—a vulva painted in lifelike reddish pinks.

Hanging on the sunny workshop wall opposite "Rediscovery" is another acrylic painting, "Don't Make Any Noise, The Cake Will Fall." Fairly radiating fresh-faced purity, Shelley deciphered the enigmatic title, "I was baking in my kitchen, and there was a cake in the oven. My mother did a lot of baking when I was a child. She always told me, 'Don't make any noise; the cake will fall.' I went to my oven and recalled my mother's words—and suddenly I saw a breast where my cake had been." Sure enough, "Don't Make Noise" at first glance looks like an accurate rendering of an enormous open oven with a round cake pan on the center rack. Perfectly innocent. And then you do another Magritte-like double take: son of a gun, the round cake pan isn't sprouting a yellow cake but a plump breast—nicely browned, too. If this "cake" fell, it would deflate from a double-D cup to a meager A. Betty Crocker, eat your heart out.

Shelley Lowell's lewd food masterwork is a 1974 sculpture titled "Gratification." The sculpture's basis is a big old vending machine. "Just like the old candy machines in the subways." Shelley affectionately pats her creation, "It's the real thing, except it doesn't work. God, what a *schlep* it was to get that up here! It took three friends who probably all have hernias from carrying it." A hand-lettered sign on the machine proclaims FOR "QUICK PICKUP" BUY DELICIOUS CANDY. The sign (a remake of the original vending message) becomes ironically apropos when you see what Shelley's machine offers for sale in its windowed compartments. Chewing gum and Snickers are replaced by a varied selection of cellophane-wrapped cocks, vaginas, breasts, and asses (all tasty-looking flesh-toned plaster of Paris).

But don't hold your breath waiting for the installation of a "Gratification" vending machine at your local subway station. Mass transit isn't ready for Shelley Lowell's erotic food fantasies yet.

Some artists prefer phallic symbols to tickle the palate. Bananas, in particular, are a firm favorite, with carrots placing a poor second. Bananas have all sorts of noncaloric uses, as a Manhattan custom milliner who uses the *nom de porn* **Xina** has discovered. Xina turned to soft sculpture for one of her many



Shelley Lowell

Shelley Lowell's *"Don't Make Any Noise:" a double-D cup cake.*

forays into banana sexuality in her "Number 001" series.

The stuffed soft sculpture mounted on a cloth-covered board "is simply a lady having a good time with a banana," Xina says, modestly crossing her legs under a floor-length skirt. "The ruffle and calico backing give it a bedroomy feeling." The lady of the piece is mostly pelvis and thighs, flesh-toned matte jersey stuffed with Dacron, completed by cunningly stitched brown pubic hair. The lady's legs are spread, so that a hefty stuffed yellow banana can thrust up into her vagina. Enough to make Chiquita Banana blush.

"I did it for a friend who has an affinity for bananas," Xina remarks. "This one has a stationary banana, but I've also done a couple pieces where the banana really moves, where it's on elastic. You can sit there and work it any way you like, with an upward thrust or straight in. I like people to get as involved as possible," she comments, absentmindedly pushing a stuffed banana into a sculpted vagina.

Birthday cakes made up entirely of erogenous zones are another Xina specialty. "Last year for my boyfriend's birthday, I made him a tit cake," she grins. "It's basically a three-layer cake—spice, 'cause it's nicer—three layers sculpted and pasted down with frosting." What color? "Flesh-colored frosting. What else?" Xina exclaims indignantly. The nipples in darker flesh tones provided a mouth-watering finishing touch. "It was a lot of cake," Xina remembers.

"After all, it was two big breasts—a pair. How could you give somebody just one boob?"

"When you really start to look at vegetables, you can find a great deal of eroticism," says New York artist **Joan Melnick**. To prove her point, Joan ferrets out from her studio an exquisite pencil drawing in shades of blue called "Onion." The onion in question (a scallion really) shoots up from its bulb, looking for all the world like a massive erection. In Joan's lovingly detailed drawing, you can clearly see the onion's "penis" head, which looks remarkably human.

"It's a phallus onion," the artist says with a laugh. "It blew my mind when I saw it growing there in my batch of onions."

Dana Greene, the artist who shares loft-studio space with Joan, usually concentrates on elegantly erotic classical sculptures. But she's a lewd food gourmet, too. While Joan Melnick softly discussed voluptuous vegetables, Dana drew forth her latest creation from the studio's refrigerator: "Cream Cheese, Cucumber, Broccoli Cock with Radish Veins." "That title just about says it all," Dana grins widely and sets it down on a table. A well-endowed life-size, the edible sculpture was made of a long cucumber slipped over a supporting metal armature (to keep it erect) and slathered with cream cheese. Broccoli florets form surreal green pubic hair, partly camouflaging hefty cream cheese balls. The tip of the cock is carved out of a green broccoli stalk, imbedded in the cream cheese "flesh." Radish slivers simulate veins on the penis.

Dana and Joan admired the sculpture and discussed whether or not to eat it. "Why is it you feel funny about eating the cock?" Dana muses. "It's hard to get people to put a knife to them and cut them up. Maybe it's about destroying the masculinity. Boy, I really would like to take a big bite." Joan gave her a mildly horrified glance.

The cream cheese and cucumber cock looks like it's melting under the studio's bright lights. Before Dana can put it back into the refrigerator to resolidify, the cock goes limp and, plop, the bottom half of the cock's shaft falls right off. Huge dollops of cream cheese hit the plate beneath in a ludicrous castration scene. "Well," Dana sighs, gazing at the wrecked cock, "I guess he can't keep it up very long!"

"You know why food's erotic?" Dana asks. "Because you *eat* it. What's really erotic about food is the eating of it, the way some people lick and slurp." Shades of the famed sexually charged eating scene in the film *Tom Jones*.

"Food is very sensuous," Joan adds quietly. "Just think of whipped cream, bananas, ice-cream cones. Ice-cream cones are definitely erotic symbols. Just look at a group of people at Baskin-Robbins. Some people's tongues lap out; some go around the rim. Some people lick it into a very phallic formation before biting down. Other people lick with little thrusts." In other words, is it theoretically possible to lick, lap, and suck your way into oral sex with a double scoop of Rocky Road?

Joan warms to the subject: "Now a baked potato, when it's opened and oozing with sour cream—that's so genital."

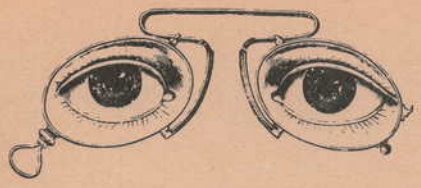
Even washing a whole chicken has its erotic aspects, Dana observes: "Raw chicken skin is just like the skin on balls—the way it's bumpy and slides around."

Which just goes to show that when you think about it, almost any food can be lewd.

Bon appétit!—Meridee Merzer

"Onion"
by **Joan Melnick**.

Allan Tannenbaum



FILMS

ARE WOMEN MAGIC?

In the last of François Truffaut's movies to show here, the marvelous *Day for Night*, Jean-Pierre Léaud plays a young actor named Alphonse who is in love with falling in love and who runs from one male colleague to another asking the single question: "Are women magic?" He gets a variety of answers—"Yes," "No," "At least their legs are magic"—but no one ever challenges the question's meaning. It's a terribly important question for somebody in a Truffaut film to ask. The answer is yes, though the magic may be double, as in black magic and white magic. As for the meaning of the question, that is what the rest of this column is about.

The new Truffaut movie to show here, ***The Story of Adèle H.***, has to do with a woman who is magic. It also deals with a real person. Adèle, younger daughter of the nineteenth-century French poet and novelist Victor Hugo, who in his day was perhaps the most celebrated writer in the Western world, lived her own life in dark obscurity ostensibly caused by an unhappy love affair. While living with her family on the English Channel island of Guernsey, she met and was courted by a young British officer named Pinson. He soon tired of the relationship, but Adèle did not; and when he was posted across the ocean to service in Nova Scotia, she followed him, in 1863, to be near her love.

What followed was a story of Adèle's utterly unrequited passion which consumed her until she went mad, pursuing Pinson to a new post on Barbados, where she stayed, a strange and pathetic figure in rags, until kindly people sent her back to her father. She died in 1915, having spent all the latter part of her life in an insane asylum. She was a prolific composer of music, and she kept a journal—in code—which has only recently been deciphered and published.

Isabelle Adjani as Adèle in new François Truffaut drama.

The movie, which picks up Adèle upon her arrival in Nova Scotia and leaves her after she leaves Barbados, is based upon the journal. In some ways, it is actually about the writing of it. The relationship, futile at the beginning, scarcely exists at the end. She comes to call herself "Mrs. Pinson," but when the man accosts her in a street in Barbados she doesn't even see him, so absorbed is she in her passion that she no longer has a place for that passion's object. But she has the journal, the record of her feelings, and that is largely what interests Truffaut. Adèle belongs among the powerful women of ambiguous purpose who dominate so much of Truffaut's work.

It isn't just a one-character movie. Pinson (Bruce Robinson) figures in it importantly enough—a gambler, a womanizer, not unsympathetic, and as much a victim as a cause of Adèle's obsession. There are others, in lesser roles. But the film mainly belongs to Adèle. A twenty-year-old actress named Isabelle Adjani plays her, and she gives the most astonishing performance I have seen in a film in years. Adjani manages to translate Adèle's feelings into an individual way of thinking, and her thoughts into expressive feelings, so that you are in the presence of an emotional experience that also illuminates the mind.

Adjani is an uncommonly beautiful young woman, and she is quite capable of subverting her beauty for the purposes of her role. Her first interview with Pinson, for example, is all caresses and entreaties. But the caresses become grasping, tearing gestures; and the entreaties turn inward, filling the woman—until we feel not her pathos but her power. One night she spies on Pinson when he goes to visit a mistress of his own choosing. She climbs up outside her rival's window to watch. And as the officer begins to make love, the camera catches Adèle's face, smiling in physical pleasure. It is one of the moments in which the movie lets you know that there is something terrifying about its heroine.

Terrifying and terribly sad. Adèle pursues Pinson, but she actually lives in the shadow of her father and of a favored older sister who died long before by drowning. That she writes—feverishly—her journal and that she thinks of herself, perhaps literally, as having "walked over the water" to join her love in a new land suggests that she has fashioned her life to surpass two other lives, and that even her lonely obscurity may somehow stand for her family's public fame in reverse. She asks for no sympathy, and she accepts none. She exists in her obsession. In light of that obsession she would recreate the world.

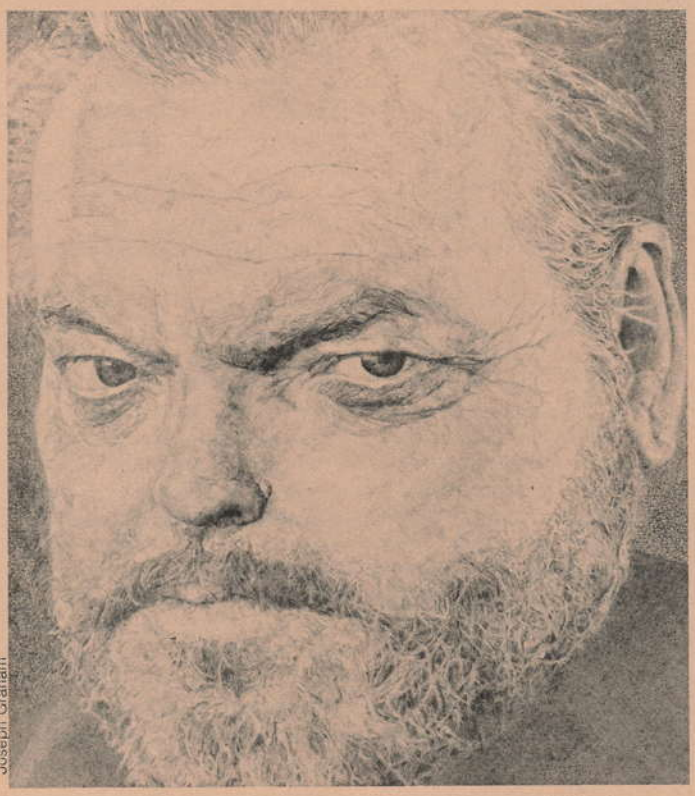
Truffaut handles this material with great economy and directness. Where most of the Truffaut films are lyrical and discursive, this one is secretive and laconic, as if to help protect the wounded mystery at its core. But *The Story of Adèle H.* is absolutely central Truffaut, which means that it is central to the most brilliant filmmaker currently active.

Probably the most brilliant filmmaker thirty years ago was Orson Welles, who had already directed *Citizen Kane* and *The Magnificent Ambersons* by the mid-1940's and was only about to enter the semi-exile and semi-obscurity that has plagued most of his career. Of course he has never stopped making movies, some magnificent, and his latest, which is less than magnificent, may nevertheless be the most agreeable so far. ***F for Fake***, made in 1973, has two directors, Welles and Frenchman François Reichenbach, and a cast of several, mostly fakes. There is Elmyr de Hory, who forges paintings, and Clifford Irving, who forges lives. There is a stunning girl named Oja Kodar, and, by way of her, Pablo Picasso,

an unwilling participant. Certain other figures hover around the edges, like the Hugheses, Howard and Helga.

Welles himself appears prominently in the movie. Dressed in black hat and cape, he is a magician pulling rabbits out of pockets—but more often pulling stories out of thin air. His favorite spot is the editing table, and, as much as anything, *F for Fake* is a film about how a film may be edited into existence. There is even a tour-de-force vignette in this connection, an utterly false story about how the late lecherous Picasso, enthralled by the person of Oja Kodar, is moved to paint twenty-two studies of her which are then used in an art-forger's joke on him. But most of the film is not utterly false, merely suspicious, having to do with the mellow philosophical speculations of Clifford Irving upon the life and works of Elmyr de Hory. A great deal of the substance evaporates in the telling, and how thin it sometimes gets is hidden only by Welles's brilliant pyrotechnics in changing the subject, reassessing the subject, or just splicing something old onto something new. But there are some genuine triumphs of enforced perception—as when the eyes of those two superior phonies, de Hory and Irving, are made to meet in mutual mistrust.

The movie is devoted to ridiculing the idea of authorship, but in fact it is about nothing else except authorship and an author—Welles—whose sleight-of-hand makes his control absolute to the degree that nothing exists except as his voice says it does, and then as likely as not will say it doesn't. On reflection this could prove frustrating. But not in the company of the amiable Orson, or in the parks and cafés of Paris, or on the island of Ibiza, the Irving–de Hory stronghold, or with the ravishing Oja Kodar, who proves women—or at least their legs—*are* magic.
—*Roger Greenspun*



Joseph Graham

Orson Welles, the magician: pulling stories out of thin air.

WORDS

BICENTENNIAL BLUES: PUBLISHING THE PATRIOTIC

A deluge of Bicentennial books is upon us. With a spirit of unabashed patriotism, the publishing business has printed something on everything from Early American politics to crewelwork. Not since they started hyping Christmas in July have you had it so bad. Perhaps there really is a market for the hundreds of current 1776 book titles, but will anybody actually read them? Reverent, commercial, nostalgic, scholarly—what the Bicentennial needs most is a sense of humor.

One way to buck the Bicentennial blues is with Richard Bissell's parody of the American Revolution, ***New Light on 1776 and All That*** (Little, Brown, $6.95). Free from all bonds of scholarly footnotes and accurate quotation, *New Light on 1776 and All That* (a play on that classic satire of English history, *1066 and All That*) traces America's crusade against England and boiled cabbage in a way guaranteed to render all other histories inoperative. From the Boston Massacre ("America's first and most dearly beloved atrocity") to the Battle of Yorktown ("Breathes there an American with soul so anhydrous he has never sprouted tears like a lawn sprinkler at hearing that glorious name?"), Bissell provides play-by-play coverage. Along with a full buckshot bag of crucial historical detail: George Washington's love poems (terrible), Martha Washington's dancing slippers (blue), the number of veterans on the pension list in 1867 (two).

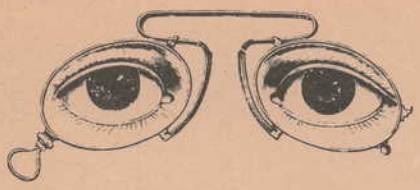
George and Martha also live on in Leonard (*The Mouse That Roared*) Wibberley's similarly titled ***1776 And All That*** (Morrow, $5.95). Here, fantasy and affectionate satire allow American presidents of 1776 and 1976—along with A. A. Gabriel, George

Pin-up from ***Kitsch***.

III, even Voltaire—to debate the pursuit of happiness, democracy, and free will. Heady subjects, but the laughs are buried somewhere under Wibberley's token intellectualism. More disappointing Bicentennial humor comes from Melvin Van Peebles with his ***The True American*** (Doubleday, $6.95). One black man, one white man—hackneyed clichés both—rise from Hell in search of our country's heart of gold. America, the whore, may yet be redeemed, if only Van Peebles's humor were not so predictable.

Some Bicentennial histories focus on one moment in time, some choose to encompass our nation's full life span. ***Star-Spangled Kitsch*** (Universe, $12.95) is Curtis Brown's 200 years of "unparalleled achievements in the cultivation of atrocious taste." Close to 400 illustrations document our nation's creation of everything from leaning towers of pizza to Santa Claus toilet paper.

Our National Passion: 200 Years of Sex in America (Follett, $10.95) gathers facts, statistics, and historical anecdotes—as well as a few myths, fantasies,



and even some fiction—into a series of studious essays, telling all it can about America's favorite pastime. "We are not the first generation to discover sex" it blandly announces, and proceeds to recount all, from Puritan bestiality (one poor lad was hung for buggering one mare, one cow, two calves, two goats, five sheep, and a turkey) to love in the backseat of a '64 Chevy. Chapters cover "Sex and the Puritans," "Sex on the Frontier" ("the miners came in '48/ the whores in '51/ the two soon got together/ and produced the Native Son"), "Sex and the Victorians," "Sex Scandals," "Utopian Sex" (the polygamous Mormons, the celibate Rappites), "Prostitution," "Birth Control," "Pornography," "Sex on Wheels," as well as a review of "Manual Sex"—that's as in pamphlet, not hand-job—from Kinsey to Comfort.

Another vision of history is Britisher Michael Wynn Jones's ***Cartoon History of the American Revolution*** (Putnam, $20), a most serious compendium of the epoch's graphic satire, propaganda, and caricature. Coupled with well-researched historical comment and artistic analysis, the large-format reproductions (over 300 in all) prove that the struggle for independence was waged as much in newspapers and public prints of the day as on the battlefields of Lexington or Cowpens. Too bad that the humor of these cartoons is more obscure than the artistic achievement—but they had that blasted habit of writing captions in illegible sideways balloons. As a result, this work remains more of an original source book than a source of Bicentennial giggles.

Fact books are, in fact, almost overkill during this rehashing of our first two hundred years. ***The People's Almanac*** (Doubleday, $14) guarantees us the "facts behind the facts," 25,000 little-known Bicentennial tidbits, from the fate of Paul Revere's horse to a list of those Americans who didn't win the Nobel Prize, and why. ***Everything You Can Get from the Government for Free*** (Van Norstrand Reinhold, $7.95) lists and cross-lists hundreds of freebies already paid for through taxes, from foreign study grants to foster grandparents or free grazing land. With a magnifying glass, you can even figure out how to prospect for free land with mineral rights and have the government pay as much as 75 percent of the expenses.

Marvel Comics looks at 1776: The Hulk at Valley Forge.

The largest outpouring of Bicentennial facts, however, comes from the self-funded Bicentennial People's Commission (PBC), a four-year-old organization out to turn America's birthday into more than just a celebration of consumerism and self-congratulation. ***America's Birthday*** (Simon & Schuster, $9.95) is their illustrated workbook presenting programs for an alternative Bicentennial celebration, including community, school, and media projects. ***Voices of the American Revolution*** (Bantam, $1.75) is the story of how the Declaration of Independence came to be, "in the fiery words of the founding fathers," aimed at reviving the original revolutionary principles of 1776. ***Common Sense II*** (Bantam, $1.25), a play on Tom Paine's own sparking of the *first* American Revolution, sounds the alarm against today's tyrants, the giant corporations. If the PBC had its way, our country would start implementing a worker-controlled "economic democracy" starting with the elections of 1976.

Of course, for more emotionally charged reading there is great historical fiction. Pulitzer Prize-winning MacKinlay Kantor's ***Valley Forge*** (Evans, $8.95) is perhaps the most human portrait of the American Revolution yet written. Kantor sees far beyond the superficial sensationalism of history. Rather than recount events and immortalize officers, he confides in a tender, almost poetic vernacular the daily ordeals of the rank and file. In cabins and workshops, in kitchens and stables, in the parlors and bedrooms of the most ordinary citizens he finds more revolutionary truth than on any of the most well-known battlefields. Taste, smell, pulse, texture. There are more descriptions of food—or, more accurately, hunger—than of military skirmish or warfare. Valley Forge. Monologues, letters, anecdotes, sketches. Homespun history on a human loom.

Whether on bookshelf or bulletin board, America's fact-mongers are determined to snag you. What more obvious place to list notable facts than within the spares of those ubiquitous Bicentennial calendars. In **Alistair Cooke's America Calendar** (Knopf, $4.95), the journalist and TV host (winner of numerous Emmys as well as the Ben Franklin Award of the Royal Society of the Arts) reminds us in subtle British understatement of somewhat less felicitous dates, the darker side of those "happy fantasies of America as a noble experiment." Most informative and most scathing of all, however, is the **Official National Lampoon Bicentennial Calendar** (Random House, $3.95), chock-ablock with some 600 seldom-told American failures, defeats, and accidents.

Of course, if such a hard look at America's blemishes leaves you thirsting for some red, white, and blue American pablum, there's always **The Mighty Marvel Bicentennial Calendar** (Simon & Schuster, $3.95). It provides portraits of Washington crossing the Delaware accompanied by the stalwart Avengers (Captain America, Hawkeye, Iron Man, Thor, the Scarlet Witch, and the Hulk), it leaves you with this heartening message: "Okay group, one last thought. Have one heck of a 1976, but remember—this isn't the end of the Bicentennial. It just brings us that much closer to the Tricentennial. Hang loose and rotate your face to the front, Marvelite. We're in this *together*."—*Karen Thorsen*

SOUNDS

TOUSSAINT'S NEW ORLEANS: A NEW HOME FOR R & B?

Having exhausted the "Motown Sound" in the sixties, soul music is now dominated by the "Philly Sound"—a triumph of polish and strings. True to its monetary instincts, however, the ever-restless recording industry has already begun making tentative advances toward a new area of R & B conquest in '76. Presently writer-producer **Allen Toussaint** is the object of everyone's attention. Toussaint and his new "New Orleans Sound"—a starkly stripped production style featuring cackling horns and lean, naked rhythms—could well be the next big things for rhythm and blues. Smothered with overbearing strings and electronic tricks, soul could certainly use a lot more of Toussaint's austerity. There's only one problem: Toussaint isn't really *that* interested.

Allen Toussaint: *something new for rhythm-and-blues.*

"The only thing that interests me is that we have enough facilities to turn out what we normally would turn out," Toussaint speaks nonchalantly from the sanctity of a brand-new $350,000 studio in New Orleans. The man's personality has been described as everything from arrogant to withdrawn, but here in the comfort of his plush office Toussaint's demeanor is closer to lethargic. Ever since New Orleans faded as a major musical center in the late fifties (Fats Domino, Little Richard, Lloyd Price, Ray Charles) there have been flurries of excitement as the city appeared to be on the verge of a good comeback. Usually that excitement revolves around Toussaint because he has been the only New Orleans producer to hit the charts consistently with groups like The Band (*Rock of Ages*), Pointer Sisters ("Yes We Can Can"), Al Hirt ("Java"), Herb Alpert ("Whip Cream"), Paul Simon (*Rhymin' Simon*), and Dr. John (*The Right Place, Wrong Time*). The soul trio of **Labelle** had a string of commercially unsuccessful albums before working with Toussaint. His production of "Lady Marmalade" and *Nightbirds* album, however, took them to the top, and their second Toussaint-produced LP, *Phoenix*, is also a smash. Paul and Linda McCartney cut tracks for *Venus and Mars* with Toussaint, and impending visits from Rod Stewart and John Lennon, among other Englishmen, are now rumored. Still, Toussaint insists that New Orleans is just a place to work "comfortably."

"To say that we really would like to become giants, I've never thought of that. On my own I really don't think I care much. There's something about too much profit that bothers me. This is a place where we work *comfortably*."

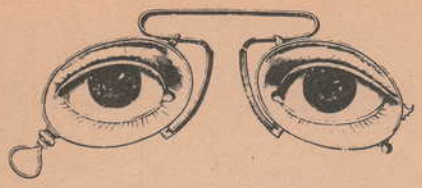
It may sound like so much press talk, but watching Toussaint operate you can almost believe him. He's never been as prolific a producer as Philadelphia's Thom Bell (Spinners, O'Jays) nor does he have the overpowering drive and ego of Motown's Gordon Berry. "I don't know what it takes to make a hit record," he states frankly.

Toussaint's uncertainty is reflected in his own third solo vocal album, *Southern Nights* (Warner Brothers), which received a deservedly cool critical and public response. It was recorded in between production of other singers, and Toussaint was so displeased with the first version that he destroyed the tapes and cut it over. Strangely enough, as his own producer Toussaint attempts studio "tricks" that he'd never try with anyone else. Technically much of *Southern Nights* works, but it is surprisingly uneven, directionless, and above all, Toussaint's singing voice just can't carry it all off. "When I record myself, I don't know who is recording," he admits. "I don't know who he is and what he's supposed to do."

If Allen Toussaint is unsure, some of his artists are even more wary. Labelle was so put off by his low-keyed nonelectronic approach to *Nightbirds* that they decided to produce their follow-up album themselves. But a hit is a hit, and Toussaint gave them something they couldn't achieve with any other producer—a good professional sound.

"A lot of people have been attracted to us because of the success we've had with Labelle," says Toussaint, emphasizing the *we*. "We don't want to turn anyone away, but we are very involved with the things we are already doing." What Toussaint's already doing—for the last five years—is trying to reestablish the **Meters** to national prominence. On all their big late sixties hits ("Sophisticated Cissy," "Cissy Strut," "Look a Py-Py"), the Meters' four-piece rhythm section (bass, guitar, keyboards, drums) worked, and it's still one of the best in the world. In this age of outrageous multiple overdubs and aural coloring, however, a good four-piece funk band just isn't enough, and the Meters sound too thin to receive heavy air play. With their last albums, *Rejuvenation* and *Fire on the Bayou* (Warner Brothers), Toussaint modernized the sound by adding horns, but basically it's the same insistent funk—an almost lethargic lope, closer to reggae than any American city sound. If there is a "New Orleans Sound" it belongs to the Meters, and Toussaint is a bit concerned over their lack of national acceptance. One song on *Rejuvenation*, "Hey Pocky Way," went Number One on the New Orleans charts, and yet received poor commercial ratings elsewhere.

Rather than developing any of the dynamic new talent in New Orleans, Allen Toussaint's energies remain devoted to the Meters, out-of-town artists, and just one recently signed local group, **Chocolate Milk**. With all the talent on tap, New Orleans could in fact become a new musical force to rival the current R & B product. Presently, Toussaint isn't



listening. Granted, New Orleans lacks Motown's drive and Philly's funky polish, but it has its own unique reggae-like beat and a special festive feeling—a feeling tapped from New Orleans' black Indian heritage and those "second-line" marchers who party behind Mardi Gras jazz bands. As expressed in the records of the Meters and now Chocolate Milk, the sound has all the naked rhythmic quality of its origins. The emphasis has always been on rhythm as opposed to the electronic and string earwash of today's popular music. So far, the public has chosen to favor the earwash. With *Action Speaks Louder Than Words* (RCA), Chocolate Milk seems anxious to build on that rhythmic foundation with a jazzy, ambitious approach that just might pay off.

Will New Orleans be the next big thing? If only Allen Toussaint were listening.—*Vernon Gibbs*

HONKY-TONK PURÉE

Honky-tonk, the most profane form of country music, came out of Texas in the mid-thirties. It spread from the beer and punch-out joints of east Texas's oil-boom towns, and within a decade it not only dominated country music, but also produced some of the biggest national hits, such as Al Dexter's "Pistol Packin' Mama" and Ted Daffan's "Born to Lose."

It was a rough music, with a strong rhythmic spine, loud guitars, and scratching fiddles. Its lyrics dealt with sex, drunkenness, despair, and the joys of the neon whorl. Jerry Irby's "Drivin' Nails in My Coffin," the Texas Rhythm Boys' "Benzedrine Blues," Buddy Jones's "She's Sellin' What She Used To Give Away," Hank Thompson's "Wild Side of Life," and Webb Pierce's "Back Street Affair" are indicative titles. It was the devil's music, and preachers railed at it and all the whiskey it sold and all the panties it stained.

Then something happened. In the late fifties, country music started going soft. You heard violins now, not fiddles. Lyrics lost their bite, wilted to feeble rhyme. Country music became the music of dullards, and honky-tonk was elbowed out the door like a churlish drunk at a literary luncheon.

During the last ten years, as country music hesitantly stooped to remove its patent-leather pumps, you could still hear good honky-tonk every once in a while. Ernest Tubb, Lefty Frizzell, George Jones, Jerry Lee Lewis, and others kept the flame. But there were no new honky-tonk voices, no new stars.

Gary Stewart: *an edge of refinement to the devil's music.*

That changed in the spring of 1974, when Moe Bandy, a singing sheet-metal worker from San Antonio, slashed country music across the back with a record called "I Just Started Hatin' Cheatin' Songs Today." Country music was ready for it, almost pining for it: a good stiff shot of raunch. With its whiskey and adultery, with its raw honky-tonk pulse, Bandy's record delivered that shot. It also opened the door for a new breed of honky-tonk singers, and the first man after Bandy to walk through that door was **Gary Stewart**.

Stewart, now thirty-one, had been scrounging about the perimeter of the music business since the age of fifteen. He got a finger in when Stonewall Jackson recorded his song "Red Georgia Dirt" and had a modest hit with it in 1965. Stewart and writing partner Bill Eldridge circulated more songs, and they were cut by established singers such as Jack Green, Warner Mack, Johnny Paycheck, Kenny Price, Del Reeves, Hank Snow, and Ernest Tubb. There were some Top 10 hits: "Sweet Thang and Cisco" for Nat Stuckey in 1969, "When a Man Loves a Woman (the Way I Love You)" and "She Goes Walking Through My Mind," back-to-back successes for Billy Walker in 1970.

None of these songs was any good really. Then as now, Gary Stewart was a singer above all else. A honky-tonk singer, with firm roots in rockabilly. On the basis of his track record as a writer, Kapp, a Decca subsidiary, signed him as an artist. A handful of singles resulted, but nothing much happened. You can hear those Kapp and Decca singles now on the MCA album *You're Not the Woman You Used To Be*. It's good stuff, and the strongest cuts are straight, no-chaser honky-tonk. "Merry-Go-Round" is a pre-Bandy wail of booze-gloam that could have hit big, a couple of years later, in the wake of Bandy's success. "You're Not the Woman You Used To Be," the mournful tale of a lady who's begun cheating on her main squeeze, actually did prove a hit when it was re-released in 1975.

Stewart signed with RCA in 1973. His first RCA release, "I See the Want-To in Your Eyes," did nothing, although a year later Conway Twitty covered it and had a number-one hit on it. Next came "Ramblin' Man," which slithered around at the bottom of the charts for a few weeks. Now things get weird. In March of 1974, Moe Bandy's "I Just Started Hatin' Cheatin' Songs Today" cracks the charts and starts climbing toward the Top 20. By the time it's there, RCA has reissued "Drinkin' Thing," the B-side of Stewart's first single. "Drinkin' Thing," like Bandy's record, is unadulterated honky-tonk, a song of whiskey addiction and unrequited everything. In June it hit the charts, where it made its way to the Top 10. Since then, Stewart has had a continuous string of hits. While both he and Bandy are honky-tonk singers, Stewart's commercial success has been greater.

Listen to *Out of Hand*, his first RCA album. There's something different about Stewart's brand of honky-tonk. There's an edge of refinement to it—Art with a capital A. He's clarified honky-tonk music into an aesthetic, an aesthetic that defines the music instead of vice versa.

Something's going to happen here, though, with Gary Stewart and honky-tonk and country music in general. Stewart is too good, too wise, and too crazy to let them pull the switch and turn him into just another mealy-mouthed country music android. That the country music industry is more at ease with Stewart's honky-tonk purée than with the cruder, more traditional stuff should be a surprise to no one. But it would be a surprise if Stewart doesn't start spiking that purée now that he's allowed in the kitchen. When and if he does, there'll be a real honky-tonk renaissance under way.—*Nick Tosches*

©LIGGETT & MYERS INCORPORATED, 1976.

The proud smoke
Product of a proud land.
Tobacco. It's as proud a part of the American tradition as the Statue of Liberty. At Liggett & Myers, we've made tobacco into a cigarette worthy of that tradition. The rich, mellow, distinctively smooth L&M. Smoke it proudly.
For color poster of New York Harbor without commercial identification, send 2 L&M pack bottoms and 75¢ to P.O. Box 60-1904, Minneapolis, MN 55460. Offer void to persons under 21 years of age. Good in U.S. only, except where prohibited, licensed, taxed or restricted by law. Offer expires December 31, 1976. Allow four to six weeks for delivery.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
L&M
RICH, MELLOW, DISTINCTIVELY SMOOTH
L&M
FILTER KINGS
20 CLASS A CIGARET
L&M
FILTER KINGS
Filter King: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC Method.

OFFICIAL
OFFICIAL

How Soviet spies went after the blueprints for the defense of Europe—with sex, money, and ice-cold cunning.

THE ASSAULT ON NATO

BY DAVID LEWIS

In the red safelight glow of a Bonn darkroom, a technician took a thumbnail-wide roll of black-and-white film from the drying cupboard and carried it over to a viewing box. With a magnifying glass, he swiftly examined the oblong negatives, which had been taken by a Minox camera. It was a routine check, carried out at the request of the Bonn police to catch amateur pornographers who sometimes used the inconspicuous miniature cameras. But what the technician now saw through his powerful lens was far from routine. The first nine negatives contained pictures of documents, and at the top of each document were the words *NATO. Security Classification—Cosmic Top Secret.*

The time was 6:20 P.M. The date, Friday, September 27, 1968. One of the most astonishing spy dramas in the history of Western security was about to be blown wide open. Within the space of only two weeks, a German admiral with nearly forty years' service, who was one of the West's top military planners at Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe (SHAPE), would be shot dead; the deputy chief of the West German secret service would put a bullet through his brain; several other top officials would also die violently; and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) would be seen to have suffered the most far-reaching and humiliating security defeat in its history.

When the startled technician hurried out of the darkroom to report his discovery, Frau Trude Helke, the manager of the photographic shop on Bonn's Sternstrasse, was just locking up for the night. With a few terse words of explanation, he handed her the film and the glass. Frau Helke first checked the negatives and then her pile of order forms to discover the name and address of the customer. It was easily located. The film had been left at the shop the previous Monday and the cost of processing paid in advance. The client had asked that the negatives and a set of prints be posted to him in Belgium. His name was Rear Admiral Hermann Luedke; his address: the officers' quarters, Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe, at Mons. Frau Helke locked the negatives into a drawer and phoned the police. She was put through to an inspector of the Fourteenth (Political) Commissariat, who immediately drove to the shop, where he examined and took charge of the film. Then he called the headquarters of Militärischer Abschirmdienst (MAD, or Military Counterintelligence) and told them what had been discovered. They did some quick checking and found that Luedke was still in Bonn. The admiral, in fact, was attending a banquet that evening at military headquarters. At the very early age of fifty-seven, he was retiring because of ill health, and the banquet was a farewell present from his fellow officers. Three senior investigators from military counterintelligence drove to the building.

In the banqueting hall, Admiral Luedke was listening, with suitable modesty, as General Ulrich de Maiziere, the chief of the defense staff, extolled his personal and military virtues. The speeches completed, Admiral Luedke posed for photographs beside the general. Afterwards, as he prepared to leave, General de Maiziere drew him to one side. "May I have a word with you, Hermann?" he asked quietly. "There is a room over there where we can speak in private."

Bewildered, Luedke followed his superior from the banqueting hall, into an office. The door was closed firmly behind him. With an embarrassed air, General de Maiziere nodded towards three civilians. "These gentlemen are from military counterintelligence, Hermann. I am sorry about this. It hardly seems the occasion for such a thing, but the matter is urgent."

Appearing completely mystified, Hermann Luedke sat down in a red plush armchair and looked from one security man to the next for enlightenment. The roll of negatives was produced, together with a set of hastily made prints, and Luedke was asked if he recognized the various pictures.

The admiral flipped through a group of family snaps and cheerfully admitted he had taken them. Then he came to three photographs of the license plate of his Ford car, frowned thoughtfully, and said that he didn't recall taking those particular shots.

His look of bewilderment changed to one of mild embarrassment when he came to the next batch of prints, which showed an attractive blonde posing partly clothed and completely nude. But it was not until he reached the final nine prints that Luedke's expression dramatical-

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER

ly altered. Before him lay perfect photocopies of documents relating to NATO's headquarters move from France to Belgium. Although a year old, the papers were still classified as top secret. "I never took these pictures," he protested. "I know nothing about them. This is some sort of frame-up. Somebody must have stolen my camera and taken these pictures to incriminate me. It's monstrous."

The interrogation that followed lasted three hours and left the admiral shaken and exhausted. Although the security men were meticulously correct, they were also persistent. Again and again they took Luedke back over his story and frowned doubtfully at the only explanation for the incriminating photographs he could offer—that they had been planted on him.

It was, on the face of it, an absurd claim. The bulk of the film contained photographs that were indisputably snaps of his family. He did not deny that others depicted his car's license plate. Under pressure, the embarrassed naval officer even conceded that he had taken the photographs of the nude girl. But the pictures of documents he absolutely denied.

Finally, the security men packed away their papers and told Luedke that, for the moment, he was free to go. Why they released him—despite their open suspicions that he had been spying—can only be guessed at. Perhaps they were hoping he would panic and incriminate other members of a possible spy ring by making an indiscreet phone call. Or maybe they felt that releasing him would do no harm at that stage of the investigation. One German security man has suggested that their decision sprang from a sense of *Korpsgeist*, the feeling of comradeship between brother officers that exists all over the world, and especially in Germany, coupled with deference for Luedke's high rank. No official explanation has ever been given.

In any event, while the confused and indignant admiral was being driven to his home outside Bonn, the security men held a conference. On the assumption that Luedke had been spying, the vital questions were for how long and with what degree of success. His potential as an agent for the KGB (Komitet Gosudarstvennoye Bezopastnosti, or Committee for State Security, Russia's famous secret service) was vast—Luedke was a man for whom NATO held no secrets. He had been the deputy chief of SHAPE's logistics division, one of the most vital sections of NATO. On this department's efficiency the entire capability of the alliance depends, and Luedke's position at Supreme Headquarters was so elevated that he had been answerable only to the Supreme Commander Allied Powers Europe.

NATO has three secrecy grades that have been adopted by most of the member countries: NATO *Confidential*, NATO *Secret*, and NATO *Cosmic Top Secret*. Any official who is to have access to Cosmic secrets must have been given Cosmic clearance. This involves a screening process that can last up to two years. Under NATO regulations, his personal relations, family background, social life, past career, and education will all be minutely investigated. Luedke, of course, had been given Cosmic clearance several years before. It would have been impossible for him to do his job without it.

Luedke, after all, held one of the most important and responsible jobs in the military alliance. His work included supervising the storage of billions of dollars' worth of military equipment, ranging from Sidewinder air-to-air missiles to F-104 Lockheed Starfighters. He knew the supply routes for the distribution of munitions, rations, arms, and fuel to NATO forces. He knew top-secret details of the Atlantic convoy system, the location of a network of hidden oil pipelines and ninety-day-reserve dumps throughout Western Europe, Greece, and Turkey. He knew the sites of nuclear-missile silos from Turkey to the Arctic. He could pinpoint all the atomic mine fields that had been sown in key border areas and were designed to be detonated by remote control, if necessary, to destroy an invading Soviet army. His division supervised and controlled the complex infrastructure of NATO, dealing with such fixed installations as airfields, signals, and telecommunications centers, military headquarters, radar-warning and navigational-aid stations, ports, and missile sites. In short, almost everything that the Russians could want to know about NATO was to be found in the brain and in the files of Rear Admiral Hermann Luedke.

The next morning, to explain his absence from the house, Luedke put on olive-green hunting clothes and told his wife he was going shooting. As he often spent his free time this way, she had no suspicion of the truth. Luedke then drove down to military security headquarters, where he was interrogated for six more hours. Once again, he protested his innocence and denied any knowledge of the incriminating photographs.

When the officers asked him if they could search his house, he readily agreed, and the next morning—it was Sunday—a group of counterintelligence officers drove out to his elegantly furnished home and conducted a detailed search. Perhaps not surprisingly, they found neither incriminating documents nor spy equipment. Luedke then requested permission to travel back to NATO headquarters in Belgium in order to finish clearing out his personal effects from the officers' quarters in preparation for retirement. This was granted, and that night he drove to SHAPE, arriving early the following morning.

It was not until his office reopened after the weekend, on Monday, September 30, that Federal Prosecutor Ludwig Martin was informed of the case. He decided to leave the matter in the hands of military security, but, in any event, by that time Admiral Luedke had vanished. After clearing out his few belongings from his quarters at SHAPE, he had simply driven away. The only word he gave his brother officers was that he intended to do some hunting. Where he went and what happened after he left Mons remain a complete mystery. He was not, apparently, in the hands of military counterintelligence, nor did he attempt to leave the country. What is certain is that eight days later he was shot dead.

Luedke's death was to trigger a macabre wave of suicides, arrests, and spy hysteria that shook both NATO and the Federal Republic to their very foundations. As disaster piled upon disaster, agents of the CIA and the English and French secret services were ordered to make their own assessments of the damage. And soon—over scrambled embassy phones and enciphered teleprinter messages—they were reporting to their superiors. Exactly what they and NATO security officers discovered has never been made public. A shroud of secrecy descended over the whole affair from the moment the admiral's body was discovered.

Was Luedke a spy or had he been framed? Did he kill himself, as the authorities asserted, or was he murdered to silence him?

Recent investigations suggest the following scenario for the events leading up to and following after that dramatic moment in the Bonn darkroom. Although Luedke strenuously protested his innocence during the two periods of interrogation, it seems that he was an important, if reluctant, KGB spy. Although he operated with full effect for only a matter of weeks, in that short time he was able to pass to the Soviets a vast range of detailed information about NATO. Nevertheless, his bewildered indignation over the nine compromising negatives was perfectly genuine. He had *not* taken photographs of the classified documents, and he *had* been framed. The men who did it were his spy masters, the KGB.

Why should they sell out their own man? Why did they turn over a valuable agent to German counterintelligence? The answers to these questions provide a fascinating insight into the treacherous world of international espionage.

On August 20, 1968, when Warsaw Pact tanks and troops poured across the Czech frontier to bring down the liberal government of Alexander Dubček, hundreds of Czechs fled to the West. Among these refugees were a number of disillusioned secret service officers who were only too pleased to sell what information they possessed to the CIA or any other Western intelligence service that offered the right incentives. One such man was General Jan Senj, who arrived in Bonn in late August and immediately made himself known to his opposite numbers in the Bundesnachrichtendienst (the Federal Intelligence Service, or BND). As party secretary assigned to the Czech Ministry of Defense, Senj had regularly attended

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

The Imp next door.

Meet the Imp: Imperial.
It mixes so smoothly,
you might never guess
what it's up to.

But for breaking the
ice, it's up to your highest
expectations.

Try the Imp tonight,
with someone you know.

Or borrow a cupful
from someone you'd like to
know better.

**Imperial:
the Imp.**

© 1975 · HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.
AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND · 80 PROOF

GRANDMA WAS A JUNKIE

BY RICHARD T. GRIFFIN

I never knew Great-Great-Grandmother Mary MacGuillicuddy Morgan—she died in 1900—but there are two stories my family tells about her. One is that in the middle of the nineteenth century young Mary and two brothers fled from starving Ireland in a small boat that they fearlessly sailed across the Atlantic to the United States, where they lived out their lives.

The other story, skipping to late in the last century, is that old Mary, by then the widow of a Harvard-educated physician, spent her final years as a narcotics addict in Chicago. She was hooked on laudanum—opium doused in alcohol—and she visited druggists in the neighborhood to buy it by the pint. Her children and grandchildren, disgusted by her "evil habit," called on the druggists to beg them not to sell any more narcotics to the old lady. But driven by her terrible compulsion, old Mary trudged about town and rode the horse trolley to other neighborhoods where druggists and grocers who didn't know her would provide the irresistible deadly drug.

Occasionally, she might order the laudanum from her Sears Roebuck catalogue, which at the turn of the century offered a two-ounce bottle for eighteen

A century ago,
narcotics were cheap and available
without prescription, and
granny ran the risk of being hooked by
the family doctor.

A·M

cents, or two dollars for one and a half pints. (The catalogue also sold turpentine "for internal or external use," opium, and paregoric, another dangerous opiate. They were described as "Special Family Remedies, a necessary article in every house. . . . They often relieve severe pain and sometimes save life.")

On the other side of the family was Grandfather Johnny Griffin. I never knew him, either. He died in 1931, a year before I was born. Half a century earlier, about 1880, Johnny also endured a nightmare of narcotics when he discovered to his horror that his young bride, Amelia, was a "dope fiend," as addicts were called in those days even in the scientific literature. An 1881 Chicago newspaper put it this way: "She was an habitual morphine eater, taking as high as three bottles a week. She started using opium and morphine powders to allay pain from some head trouble."

Trying to help free Amelia from her private hell, Johnny arranged to have her hospitalized for three and a half months in order to cure her.

There were three primary "cures" in those days. The first, which probably was worse than the addiction, was called the "perturbative" method. Today we'd call it "cold turkey," meaning the victim was cut off instantly from drugs. This was a violent procedure that drove some sufferers to suicide and visited upon all the psychic horrors and unspeakable pain that comes with sudden withdrawal.

The second was the "reductionary" method, in which the daily dosage of narcotics was gradually reduced.

The popular third method was substitution, in which an addict was "cured" of one addiction by substituting another. Doctors cured opium addicts by hooking them on morphine and morphine addicts on codeine or cocaine.

Whatever it was that the hospital tried on poor Amelia, however terrifying the eternal nights that chilled her frightened bones, regardless of the mad carnival of grotesque visitors from hell that danced before her eyes—all was in vain. Within weeks after her release she was fully addicted again, and Johnny was at his wits' end trying to scratch out a living by renovating used feathers and living in a smelly room over a public stable with a wife who seemed to be growing insane from drugs. Finally, he tried to take them away from her and Amelia, remembering the horror of withdrawal in the hospital, seized a hatchet and swung it violently at Johnny's head. He dodged the blow from the blade and knocked her down, pinning her to the floor until her rage subsided.

"She is insane," he was certain now, and decided she must be committed to the county asylum, not realizing how the system worked even then in Chicago. The assistant county medical officer examined her, demanded two dollars from Johnny for the efforts that were supposed to be administered free of charge, and only then agreed to sign the court petition for Amelia's insanity hearing.

Then he told Johnny: "For another ten dollars, I'll testify she's insane." Johnny, to whom money did not come easily then or ever, protested. The doctor responded that if Johnny didn't pay it, he'd testify Amelia was sane. And that's exactly what the county's doctor did. The judge freed poor Amelia and seven days later she swallowed thirty grains of morphine powder, slipped into a coma, and died.

A family's horrors. A coincidence, was it, that nearly a century ago two of our women, from separate branches of the family, were narcotics addicts? A family's disgrace, to be whispered behind closed doors, an "unutterably disgusting habit" (in the words of one nineteenth-century doctor) confined to "degenerates and moral imbeciles with weak willpower" (in the words of another)?

On the contrary, poor old Mary MacGuillicuddy Morgan and young Amelia Armstrong Griffin were typical victims of their times. The United States had more drug addicts in the second half of the nineteenth century than it does today, some historians say, even though the population then was much smaller. Early in the twentieth century, according to a U.S. Treasury study, the United States was consuming ten times as much opium per capita as the largest opium-using country in Europe. Americans were seized by addiction—not hooked on drugs by vile criminals slinking in the shadows, but by their family doctors. They were lured into lifetime bondage by advertisements for drug-soaked patent medicines in the nation's most respected newspapers and magazines. Novelists and essayists sang the siren song of opium, morphine, and laudanum. Narcotics were all but forced upon Americans in the last third of the nineteenth century in drugstores, grocery stores, and other outlets, cheap in price and as freely available without prescription as aspirin and cold tablets are today.

Many soft drinks were loaded with cocaine, and thousands of Americans were addicted to such drinks as Koca Nola, Celery Cola, Café Cola, Koke, and other popular beverages of the day.

Physicians, in keeping with the best medical opinions of the time, prescribed opium and other narcotics for almost every ailment. Many doctors then acted as their own druggists by filling prescriptions from their own supplies.

"Much as we may loathe the drug," one physician said, echoing the attitude of most, "it is undeniable that it destroys the germs of seven-tenths of the diseases of mankind. If I were limited by law to the use of a single drug in my practice . . . I should not hesitate to name that toxic remedy. There are special diseases that can be reached by no other known agencies."

Special diseases? In fact, opium and its deadly offspring were prescribed in virtually every situation known to medicine. They were used (and still are, with devastating effectiveness) as painkillers and as agents for controlling the diarrhea that was chronic in post-Civil War urban America. But encouraged by medical textbooks, doctors also used opiates for everything from asthma to tuberculosis, including diabetes, cancer, insanity, "excessive brain work," itching, and "nerve pain."

There even was some hope for narcotics as sexual stimulants. One respected medical writer in 1871 called hashish "a powerful aphrodisiac, ranking second after [get this!] arsenic." A physician announced to the American Philosophical Society that a young man of his acquaintance had swallowed a dose of hashish and alcohol, resulting in a sexual erection "which did not relax short of three days." An important medical journal reported on the case of a thirty-year-old man "of prodigious development of the sexual organs and a proportionate exaltation of function amounting to an impetuous and uncontrollable salacity." It attributed his extraordinary size and appetite to his habitual use of opiates from the age of four. A medical writer, commenting on the case, said similar cases of uncontrollable appetite for sexual adventure could be "neutralized by the free use of lemon juice." He didn't say whether one should drink it or soak in it.

Many responsible authorities were convinced that narcotics were no more dangerous or habit-forming than any of the other "vices" of the day, and far less vile than drunkenness. They ranked the use of narcotics with drinking tea (a mild aphrodisiac, they said) and coffee (a drink that "increases intellectual powers") and smoking tobacco (which they thought caused blindness, gray hair, memory loss, and an unstable mind).

In 1860 an indignant physician named Oliver Wendell Holmes had this to say about the state of medicine: "If the whole *materia medica*, as now used, could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind—and all the worse for the fishes."

But the famed poet and dean of the Harvard Medical School made an exception for opium, "which the Creator himself seems to prescribe, for we often see the scarlet poppy growing in cornfields, as if it were foreseen that wherever there is hunger to be fed there must also be pain to be soothed."

As late as 1894 a London physician, Patrick Hehir, wrote a massive book defending the use of opium. Dr. Hehir said it's untrue that opium smokers and opium eaters require larger and larger doses and it's also untrue that they can't quit at the snap of their fingers if they decide to.

Warming up to his extraordinary theme, Dr. Hehir told the world that coffee, tea, tobacco, and alcohol are "far more harmful" than opium when used in moderation.

"Excessive use of opium . . . is not worse than excess of alcohol, beef, etc.," he in-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

After kicking around everything I'd heard about smoking, I decided to either quit or smoke True.

I smoke True.

King Regular: 11 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, 100's Menthol: 13 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

© Lorillard 1975

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The low tar, low nicotine cigarette. Think about it.

ER-a

PAN AMERICAN

A bright, new look in moving! Yes, Pan American Van Lines can make your move a pleasant, pampered experience with our trained, expert personnel, the most modern equipment available **and** genuine concern. We care about your possessions and want to give you the best possible service. . .our own special brand of "pampered service"!

FREE OFFER! Please call or write Pan American at any of the three locations listed below for your free copy of our fabulous, ever-so-handy "Moving Day Kit" . . . "Prepare To Be Pampered on Moving Day." You'll find it an invaluable guide to a pleasant moving experience. . . with Pan American, of course!

PAN AMERICAN
VAN LINES, INC.
"pamperers par excellence"

LOS ANGELES OFFICE:
18420 S. Santa Fe Avenue
P.O. Box 923
Long Beach, California 90801
(213) 537-2630

MIAMI OFFICE:
100 N.W. 176th Street
North Miami, Florida 33161
(305) 652-3016

NEW YORK OFFICE:
251-57 Jericho Turnpike
P.O. Box 37
Bellerose, New York 11426
(212) 343-6300

with Agents in All Major Cities Across the Country

NO HOLDS BARRED!

AT THE FAR EDGE OF EROTIC FANTASY...

BIZARRE COMIX

Two handsome 8½ x 11 inch volumes contain the best of the new wave of erotic comics. THE PERILS OF DIANA (M41) and THE DANGEROUS PLIGHT OF PRINCESS ELAINE (M42) are magnificently drawn and lavishly produced, detailing wild lesbian sadomasochistic fantasies in which the most imaginative representations of bondage, torture and slavery appear.

These startling and provocative books, practically unavailable in bookstores, are now yours for just $5.00 each. Or you can save by ordering both for $9.00. (Please add $1.50 for postage and handling on all orders). N.Y. residents add 8% tax.

Signature

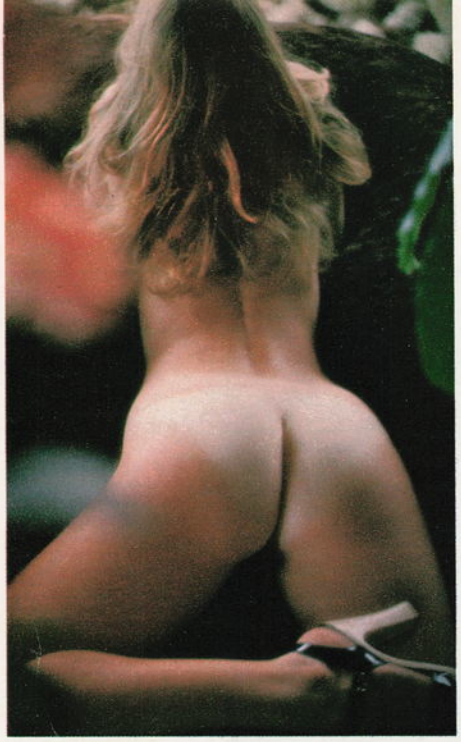
I am over 18 Yrs. of Age

Send to MINOTAUR PRESS, Dept. B COM176 (PH)V, 20th Floor, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Books are not returnable.

AMBER MARIE

"All you need is to stay loose, enjoy life, and leave yourself open...."



"By the time I was fifteen I knew I could have any man in the world, including my father...."

TRAFFIC JAMMER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

By the time I was fifteen I knew I could have any man in the world, including my father, with just a wink of my eye and a twitch of my hips. Now, I really think most men are cute, but it's absolutely impossible to take them seriously."

Amber Marie is one of those California girls that the Beach Boys immortalized a few years back, and she's learning that being herself means, first and foremost, not conforming to any pattern.

"I used to think I had to be nice *all* the time," she says. "But then one day I got caught in a traffic jam—my pet peeve—on the Freeway and blew my stack! I left my car right there and walked home. At first the police were pretty pissed off at me, but it didn't take much more than a couple of smiles to get them off my back."

Amber keeps a long list of the things she was taught to accept as a child and has since thrown overboard. They include marriage, religion, having children, and the government. She enjoys seeing a number of different men ("It gives me a stronger sense of identity") and living entirely in the here and now. For Amber, few things transcend skiing and jazz rock.

A five-foot-five Virgo with blue eyes, 36-23-36½ statistics, and Irish ancestry, she was born in Muncie, Indiana, shortly before her family took the great trek West. She's worked as an instructor at a health spa and as a grocery checker. She has no goals, no immediate plans, no particular ambition. "You hear a lot about meditation," she says, "but I think that all you need is to stay loose, enjoy life, and leave yourself open for almost anything."

Amber's favorite lovemaking spots are the beach and the woods—although she admits to once having been had on the green-felt splendor of a pool table. When we asked her what she liked to do best with a man, she wrinkled her nose and—looking like the wickedest little girl in the whole wide world—whispered, "I like everything—especially oral sex!"

We promptly added ourselves to the list of men she could have easily... or was it easiest?

Clothes courtesy of Theadores, Beverly Hills, California and Aardvark, Los Angeles, California. Interior Design by Alan Fenster.

FLESH, PLEASURES OF THE

Why did Paul Flannery prefer to play the field?

Paul liked variety, savored what he vulgarly called "a mixed grill."

Why vulgarly?

Because mixed grill is the name given to a dish, popular in Europe, of a wide choice of meats cooked together in the same pot.

Could you briefly describe Mr. Flannery's appearance?

He was five feet eleven inches tall, one hundred fifty pounds or so. Dark hair. Regular features. In recent years he has sported a moustache.

Could you describe the moustache?

Just a regular moustache.

Handlebars?

No, I'd say the ends were inclined to droop.

Was it bushy?

Not particularly.

The same color as his hair?

Perhaps somewhat lighter.

Continue.

He dressed well. Conservatively, but with flair.

Did he have a tailor?

No, he got his suits off the rack.

Would you, then, to sum up, describe his appearance as attractive?

Yes sir, I would. He was not an Adonis, but he presented an attractive appearance. He was quite presentable.

What was his age?

Thirty-one.

And could you tell us his occupation?

He was an investment counselor.

I beg your pardon?

An investment counselor.

That pays well, doesn't it?

Yes, quite well. Paul made approximately $50,000 a year, which, as a bachelor, he found more than ample.

Good. Now, let's see. To return to the subject. The women Mr. Flannery had his alliances with . . . did they come from a distinctive social stratum?

Oh, it varied.

There was no pattern?

Well. . . .

No preponderance?

Well, I suppose there were quite a few secretaries. But also teachers, salesgirls, editorial assistants, script girls, students, women engaged in diverse managerial tasks, researchers, writers (including a remarkable number of poets), musicians, waitresses, topless dancers and other artistes, accountants, computer programmers, and many representatives of the chronically unemployed.

Does this represent a more or less complete list?

No sir. By no means.

Would you be willing to assemble a complete list and submit it to me at your convenience?

Certainly sir, if you wish.

As far as women were concerned, Paul relished a mixed grill. The only trouble was that an hour later he was hungry again.

BY ERIK TARLOFF

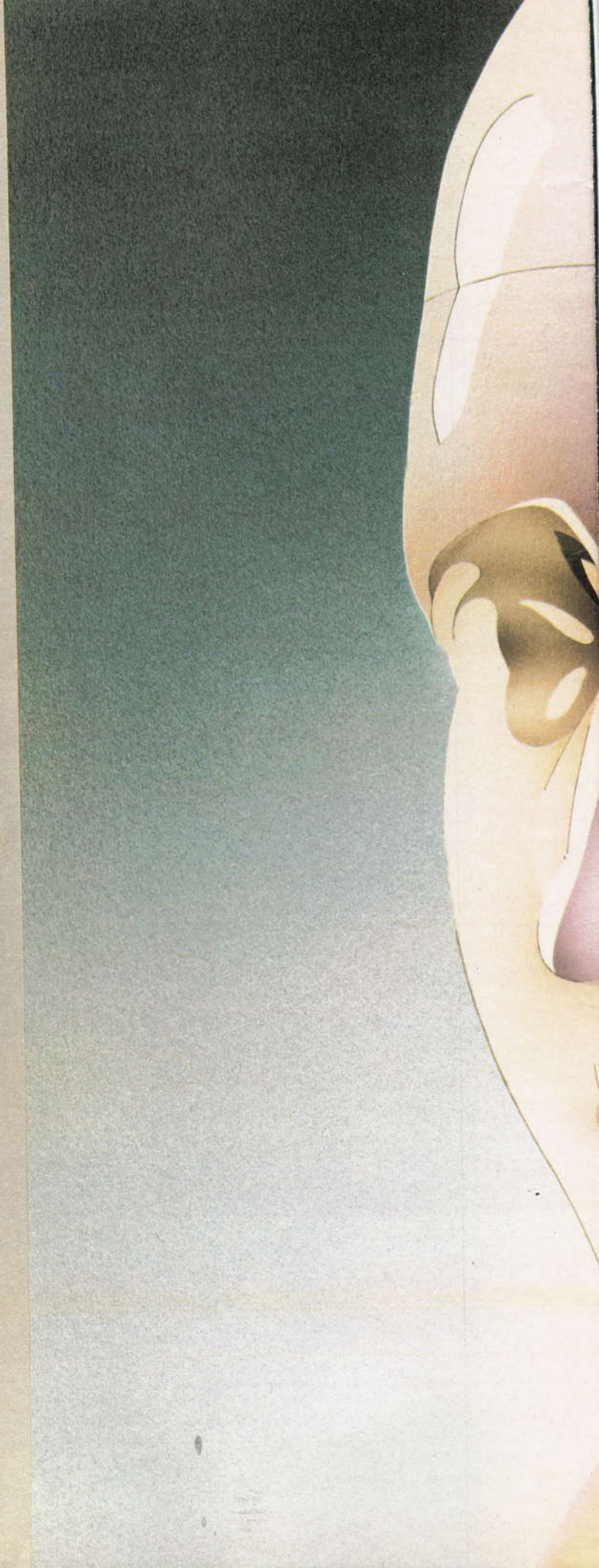


Illustration by Nicholas Gaetano

Fine. Now, how about appearance?

I'm sorry?

Appearance.

The women?

Yes. Were they generally attractive?

Generally.

But not exclusively?

No sir.

Preponderantly?

That might be a fair characterization.

How about June Cabot, the woman in question? Was she attractive?

No sir, she was not.

She was not?

That is correct.

Would you describe her, please?

She was about five foot three or four inches. I don't really know how to estimate a woman's weight, but she was on the heavy side.

How far on the heavy side?

Not grossly fat.

Pleasingly plump?

No, I don't think that would be an accurate description. It wasn't her overweight; however, so much as a general . . . shapelessness, you'd have to call it.

And her visage?

Her what?

Her features. Her facial characteristics.

She was not pretty.

Was she ugly?

That might be a little strong. She wasn't pretty.

All right. I'm a little bothered . . . it would seem. . . . Am I wrong in inferring from what you've said that looks were not important to Mr. Flannery?

He was very conscious of appearance.

That's not exactly what I'm asking.

I don't mean to be evasive. Feminine beauty was important to Mr. Flannery. He had a very sharp eye for, a very healthy appreciation of, beautiful eyes, a pert nose, high cheekbones, full and sensuous lips, a shapely neck line, a full or beautifully shaped bust, a slim waist, a striking pair of buttocks (either saucily large or provocatively tight and smooth), long lean legs, a well-turned ankle, a graceful instep. But he was usually willing to settle for less.

If pretty girls were not available, he would compromise his ideals. Is that what you're trying to say?

Well sir, it's not that simple. I'm sure that's part of it. It may have been that way for Paul once upon a time. But . . . well, that would imply he experienced disappointment if he did not secure the company of a beautiful woman, and this is simply not the case. He was delighted with virtually any woman whose acquaintance he happened to make.

But what about the beautiful jugs and all the rest of it?

Generally he found compensations.

Such as . . .?

Sir, it's necessary that you understand that Mr. Flannery viewed fucking as an exploration; if you will, an existential exploration.

Is that his phrase?

No, it's my own.

Proceed.

And so, if nothing else, fucking an ugly woman taught him how an ugly woman fucks. But further, it suggested to him what effect the ugliness had on the fucking.

Could you explain further?

Certainly. Some women, to compensate for their ugliness, or as a result of extended deprivation, fucked like demons. Others were so conscious of themselves they were unable to enjoy their good luck.

This sort of thing could also apply to attractive women, could it not?

Oh yes indeed, sir, I'm sure it's never absent. But Mr. Flannery found the effect particularly piquant with the less fortunate. He once spoke to me of the Benjamin Franklin essay "On Choosing a Mistress." He said, "Ben didn't really know the half of it, or maybe he was more interested in a good joke than the truth. Maybe some older women will be grateful, but there are plenty of others who will never forgive you."

That's very interesting.

Isn't it?

Yes. Hmm. . . . Did Mr. Flannery regard himself as a good lover?

Yes sir, I believe he did.

Did he ever expatiate upon the subject?

He was not a particularly boastful man. I think, if pressed, he would have said simply that he enjoyed sex so much he believed his pleasure to be infectious.

A rather unhappy choice of words.

Indeed. My apologies.

But I believe I take your point. Did he ever experience difficulties or problems?

Sexually?

Sexually.

Oh yes.

For example . . .?

Temporary impotence.

Temporary?

It almost never lasted more than fifteen minutes or a half hour or so.

How rare was this?

Not rare at all. Quite common, as a matter of fact.

Didn't he find this . . . embarrassing?

Sometimes. He became rather adept at dealing with the problem.

Any other difficulties?

After several acts of intercourse in an evening, he sometimes couldn't come.

Anything else?

He sometimes had the opposite problem, coming too quickly.

Anything else?

I can't think of anything offhand, no sir. What else is there?

How did he deal with the problem of coming too quickly?

It varied.

Well, tell me one way.

I believe he sometimes said, "I'm sorry, baby, you got me too excited."

That's not bad. However, to proceed. Miss June Cabot. Where did Mr. Flannery make her acquaintance, if I may ask?

Certainly. At a bar.

A bar?

A so-called "singles' bar." Where people go to meet other people.

You mean there are places where unaccompanied women actually go to . . . to get picked up?

Yes sir. Many. It's quite a thriving industry.

And no one feels embarrassed about entering such establishments?

They are regarded as quite respectable.

Is admission granted only to unaccompanied persons?

Oh no. You see, sir, for one thing, often two members of the same sex go together, perhaps to bolster each other's confidence or to help pass the time pleasantly in case nothing develops. And for another . . . well. . . .

Yes?

Well, many couples also frequent singles' bars to meet other couples or to find a third partner.

And these places are legal?

Oh yes.

And have liquor licenses?

Most of them.

When I was in the first flush of youth—well, never mind that. So he met her in a singles' bar?

Yes sir.

What first drew him to her?

She was drawn to him, to be precise. She approached him and asked if she could buy him a drink.

Is such a gesture common at these places?

Not uncommon.

And he accepted?

There was no gracious way to refuse.

All right. What were his first impressions of Miss Cabot?

He noted she was unattractive. He found her voice pleasant. Something in her manner—a kind of confidence or presence normally lacking in unattractive women—indicated to him she was probably very intelligent.

How much time did they spend together in the bar?

Just over an hour.

What was the substance of their conversation?

They discussed their backgrounds, their geographical origins, their respective modes of employment—

Excuse me for interrupting, but what was Miss Cabot's mode of employment?

She was a graduate student at UCLA in English literature.

All right. Go on.

They discussed politics, current books, current films, the possibility of common acquaintances.

Did they have any?

The did not. They discussed the bar in which they found themselves. They discussed Los Angeles. They discussed sex.

Who raised the subject of sex?

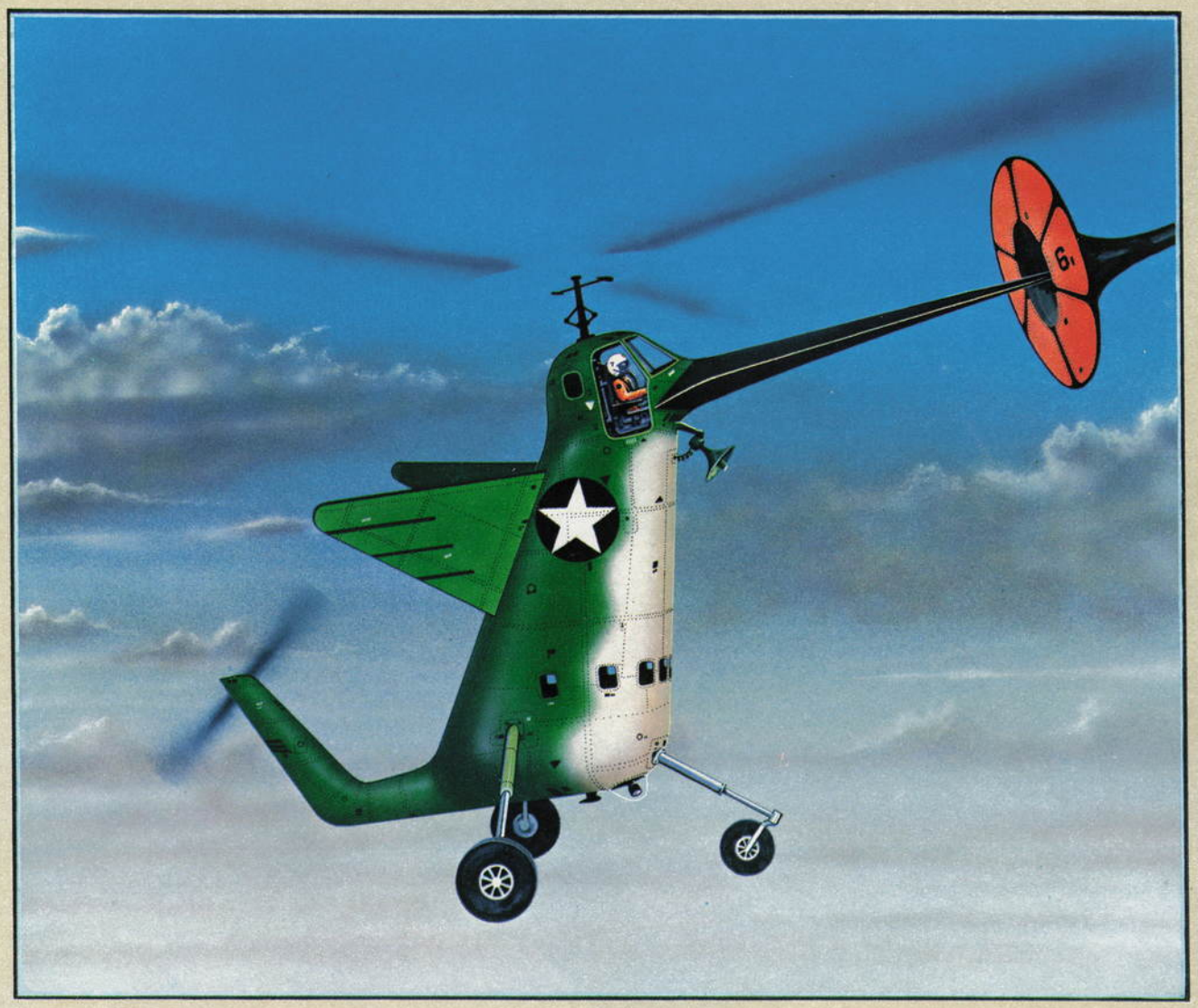
Miss Cabot.

What exactly did she say?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

SPY HIGH

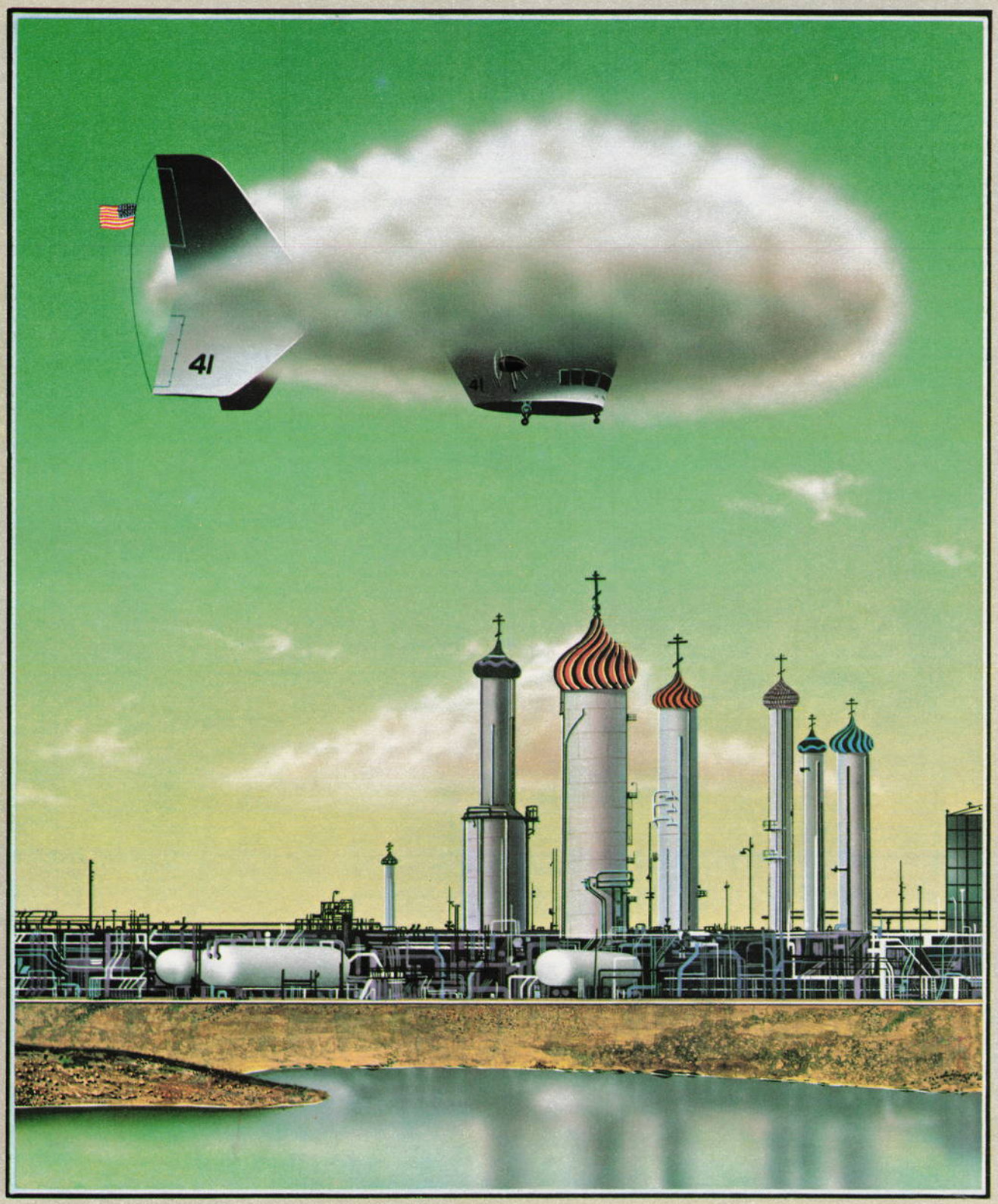
BY WAYNE MCLOUGHLIN AND SCOT MORRIS



In the arms industry, so vital to our peaceful economy, there are those who say that we're behind the opposition in technological development. Not so. The native Yankee ingenuity which gave us the electric can opener still thrives. As testimony to what a determined nation can do, we herewith unveil the most mind-boggling masterpieces to come out of the Pentagon since the army haircut—weapons that underscore the traditional American ties with Mother Nature and the need to adapt our hardware to the environment instead of vice versa. Prototypes should be combat-ready by 1984, and full production will depend, of course, on whether or not we have an environment left by then.

The Hummacopter makes use of some of our smallest pilots, enabling us to sneak into places where an enemy would never dream of looking. As an espionage tool, the "Humm-job" (as some air force wags have named it) has the capacity to plant a miniature transmitter in any organically grown vegetable known to man. Its usefulness in "bugging" communes, gardens, parks, national forests, and other haunts of known or suspected subversives is said to be limited only by the reach of its beak—a shortcoming offset by the Humma's maneuverability, achieved by a revolutionary tail prop which can be feathered at will. Its somewhat limited range is remedied by in-hover refueling from its Mumma ship, as shown here.

Code-named "Flipper" by a Florida flag officer who oversaw its R&D phase at Marineworld, this armored porpoise can really sock it to subversive satellite fishing trawlers when they try to poach our pilchards or decode reruns of "I Love Lucy" for analysis in Moscow. Carrying a crew of three and a half men, this eighty-foot, atomic-powered, flexibly fuselaged submarine has recently been armed with teeth extracted from the shark in *Jaws* and can chew through your average shoddily built enemy hull in less than ten seconds. Its adaptability for peaceful porpoises makes it hard to detect at long range, and its technical bag of tricks includes a two-way tail, four-speed flippers, and an automatic pop-up periscope for perceptive peeping.



They'll never know what hit them in the pipeline when the navy's carrier-launched "Climp" comes drifting in over those Orthodox oil depots, lower and slower than anything since the Spruce Goose. Cunningly disguised as your average pocket of air pollution and manned by thirteen Pyromarines combat-equipped with field-tested Zippos and "Strike Anywhere" Pentagon matchbooks, the strike potential of the ship is unmatched. The Climps create their own cloud cover at zero feet, and for low-level surveillance work, they carry a Mark IV Perpendicular Pea Soup Penetrator Probe camera. Its cumulus-converter lens guarantees unfogged pictures without the use of a strainer. The U.S. flag is optional.

Billed as a giant step forward in polar patrol panache, these tightly tailored unisex uniforms of the army's crack Penguin Division are destined to cut a big swish through any hostile forces they might be lucky enough to find in Antarctica. These combat uniforms serve the double purpose of protecting the occupant from polar rigors and camouflaging the troopers as local inhabitants. Assembled from those soldiers who underwent personality conflicts with their superiors, and standing ready to be packed off to the South Pole at the first hint of hostilities anywhere else on the globe, the Penguin Division is equipped with beakmasks that inject just enough smog into the nostrils to render the pure polar air fit for human consumption.

Years of inbreeding between the technicians who developed the famed "Ruptured Duck" subchaser and the high-flying U-Too's have resulted in the ultimate surveillance aircraft, the U-Goo's. With the pilot commanding the button board of its highly secret birdbrain, a "U-Goose" can track any passing flock of Canadian geese and, by operating at a higher altitude, conceal its presence from ground observers. Powered by a biochemical reaction deep in the parson's nose of the craft, its projectiles have considerably more effectiveness than those dropped by its animal cousins. In the event that the craft is shot down (presaged by the code call "Wild Goose"), recovery operations will be handled by the K-9 Corps (Operation "Fetch").

FLESH, PLEASURES OF THE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

She said, "Would you like me to suck your cock?"

Out of the blue?

Yes sir, virtually out of the blue. Following a lull in the conversation.

My my. How did Mr. Flannery respond?

He said, "Yes, I'd like that very much."

He did not manifest surprise?

He did not.

Did he feel surprise?

Oh yes sir. Miss Cabot's timing was unexpected.

Had he been preparing to make a proposal of his own?

He had suspected it wouldn't be necessary. And of course it wasn't.

To whose domicile did they repair?

Miss Cabot suggested her apartment. As they had come in separate cars, she wrote down her address for Mr. Flannery.

Did he ever suspect she had written down a false address as a cruel jest?

No sir.

Did Mr. Flannery counter with a suggestion they use his own apartment?

No sir. Miss Cabot seemed eager they go to hers. He suspected she had some reason.

Such as?

Such as possibly pride in its appearance. Such as possibly a collection of . . . of sex devices, or something of that kind.

Was either suspicion justified?

Both.

Could you be more specific?

It was immediately apparent that she had taken great pains to decorate her apartment distinctively. Movie posters, great leafy plants, and exotic pieces of sculpture adorned every available wall, nook, and cranny.

Did Mr. Flannery find the effect pleasing?

He found the effect amusing, yes sir, he found it an imaginative expression of Miss Cabot's personality.

Which he found congenial?

Yes sir.

You mentioned sex devices.

I used the term rather loosely. A king-sized water bed with heater and vibrator, an electronic cordless battery-run plastic vibrator, a collection of glossy color pornographic photographs, and a jar of musk-scented lubricating gel.

Did she show him these all at once as soon as they arrived?

No sir.

What did happen?

She arrived some minutes before Mr. Flannery. When he knocked on her door, she called, "Come in, it's open." He entered the apartment. Miss Cabot was undressed, seated in an easy chair with each leg draped over an arm of the chair.

The effect being to expose her private parts to Mr. Flannery?

Yes sir. Not merely to expose . . . the effect was . . . she seemed to *offer* her private parts to Mr. Flannery.

What was Mr. Flannery's reaction?

He was touched, excited, repelled, attracted, and embarrassed.

What did he do?

He kissed Miss Cabot's proffered genitals.

For an extended period of time?

A minute or so. Then he stood up again. Upon which, Miss Cabot pulled him to her and opened his pants.

Was Mr. Flannery wearing boxer shorts?

Jockey shorts.

White?

Blue. And then she began to fellate Mr. Flannery.

Did he have an erection at this time? Prior to the fellating?

Semi, sir.

Semi?

The process of tumescence had begun, but was not yet completed. Mr. Flannery restrained Miss Cabot and suggested they retire to the bedroom. Miss Cabot did not seem entirely pleased at the interruption, but agreed and led him down the corridor to her bedroom.

Where the act of fellatio continued?

Yes sir.

Did Mr. Flannery undress before they resumed?

Yes.

Did he fold his clothes neatly?

Yes sir. Across the back of a chair.

And then joined Miss Cabot on her heated vibrating water bed?

That is correct.

Did he passively enjoy this experience, or did he reciprocate in some way?

He did not reciprocate. Except. . . .

Yes?

Except he stroked her hair and breasts. In order to be doing *something*. You understand, sir.

Did she . . . did she bring him to climax?

Yes sir.

Did he give her a warning that his climax was imminent?

Yes sir.

In what manner?

I believe he said, "Whoops."

Did she thereupon withdraw her mouth?

No, she did not.

She swallowed, then?

Yes sir.

Did Mr. Flannery at any time comment upon her skill at this activity?

Yes sir, he had occasion to praise her expertise.

Was this praise sincere?

From the bottom of his heart.

I see. And then?

She suggested Mr. Flannery satisfy her with the plastic vibrator while he waited for his erection to return. To facilitate this latter, she gave him some pornographic photographs to examine.

She had them handy?

Yes. In a drawer in a small chest by her bed.

And he complied with her suggestion?

Yes.

Willingly?

I suppose one could say so.

Enthusiastically, would you say?

Yes. Enthusiastically.

Did he enjoy the experience?

Not entirely.

Why is that?

He developed a painful muscle cramp in the calf of his left leg. He stopped what he was doing and told her about it, and she massaged his calf until the cramp subsided.

She had not yet had an orgasm?

Not yet.

Was she still excited?

Oh yes. Very much so.

And Mr. Flannery?

His erection returned as the cramp relaxed. A coincidence they both remarked upon with amusement.

Did they therefore engage in sexual intercourse?

No, he resumed stimulating her with the vibrator.

Why?

I'm not really certain. To finish what they had already begun, I suspect. Neither of them, in any event, was surprised.

And this time she did achieve a climax?

Yes sir.

Was this event manifestly evident?

Oh yes sir, manifestly.

I see. What happened then?

Miss Cabot requested that Mr. Flannery kiss her.

Which he did?

Which he did not. He still found her unattractive, and he was additionally repelled by the presence of his own semen in her mouth.

They had not yet in fact kissed all evening, is that right?

That's right.

And how did he manage to avoid kissing her now?

By diverting her attention elsewhere.

Could you please be more specific?

He showed her one of the photographs she had given him that he found particularly interesting and asked her, "Have you ever tried that?"

And what did the photograph represent?

A woman engaged in normal and anal intercourse with two men simultaneously.

And what did she reply?

She said she had not. Then he asked her if the idea appealed to her.

And did it?

Yes sir, so she said.

I see. Was this followed by . . . by a proposal?

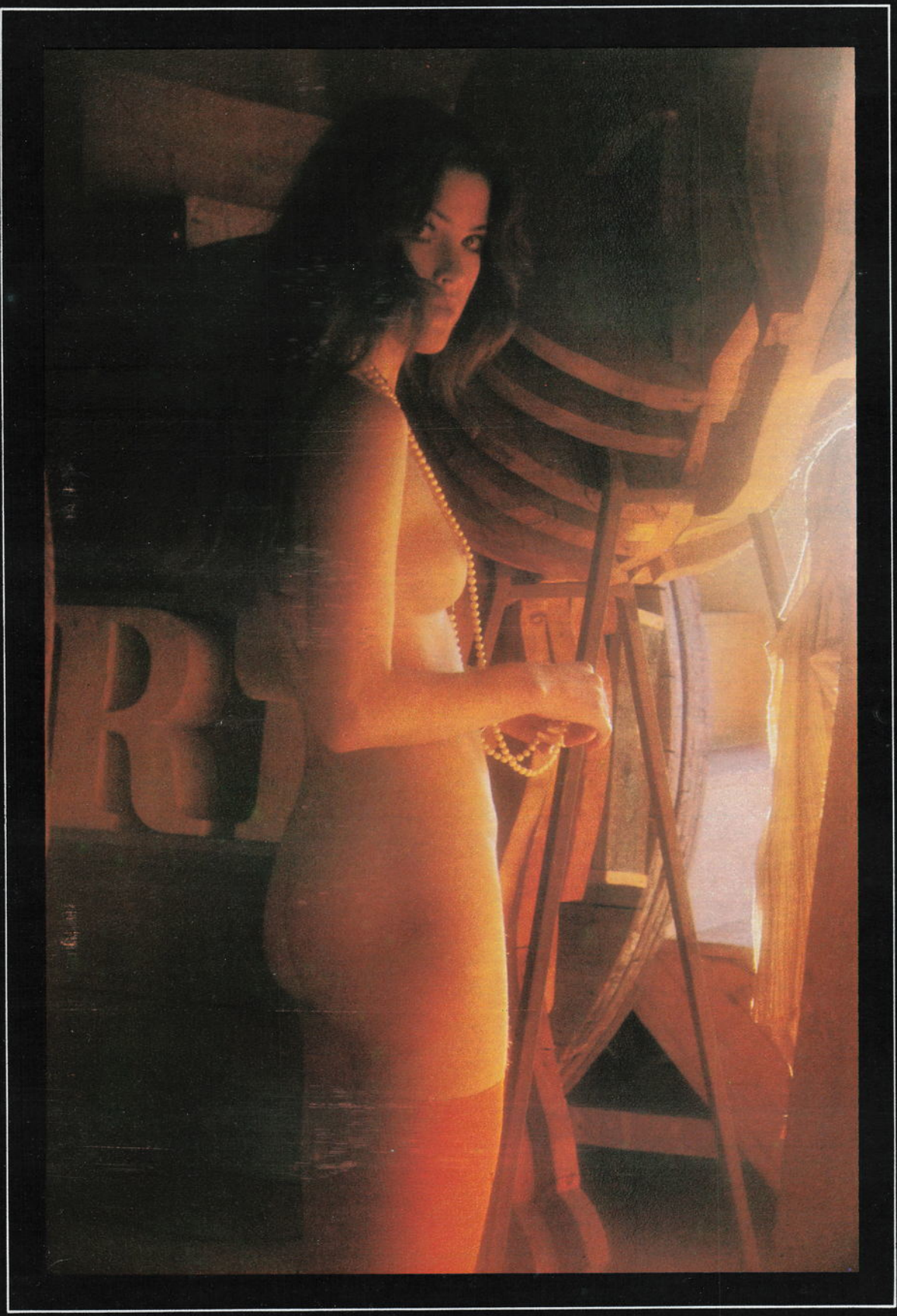
No sir, it was followed by an awkward pause.

Which signified?

Which signified . . . this would have to be speculation on my part.

I am willing to accept it as such.

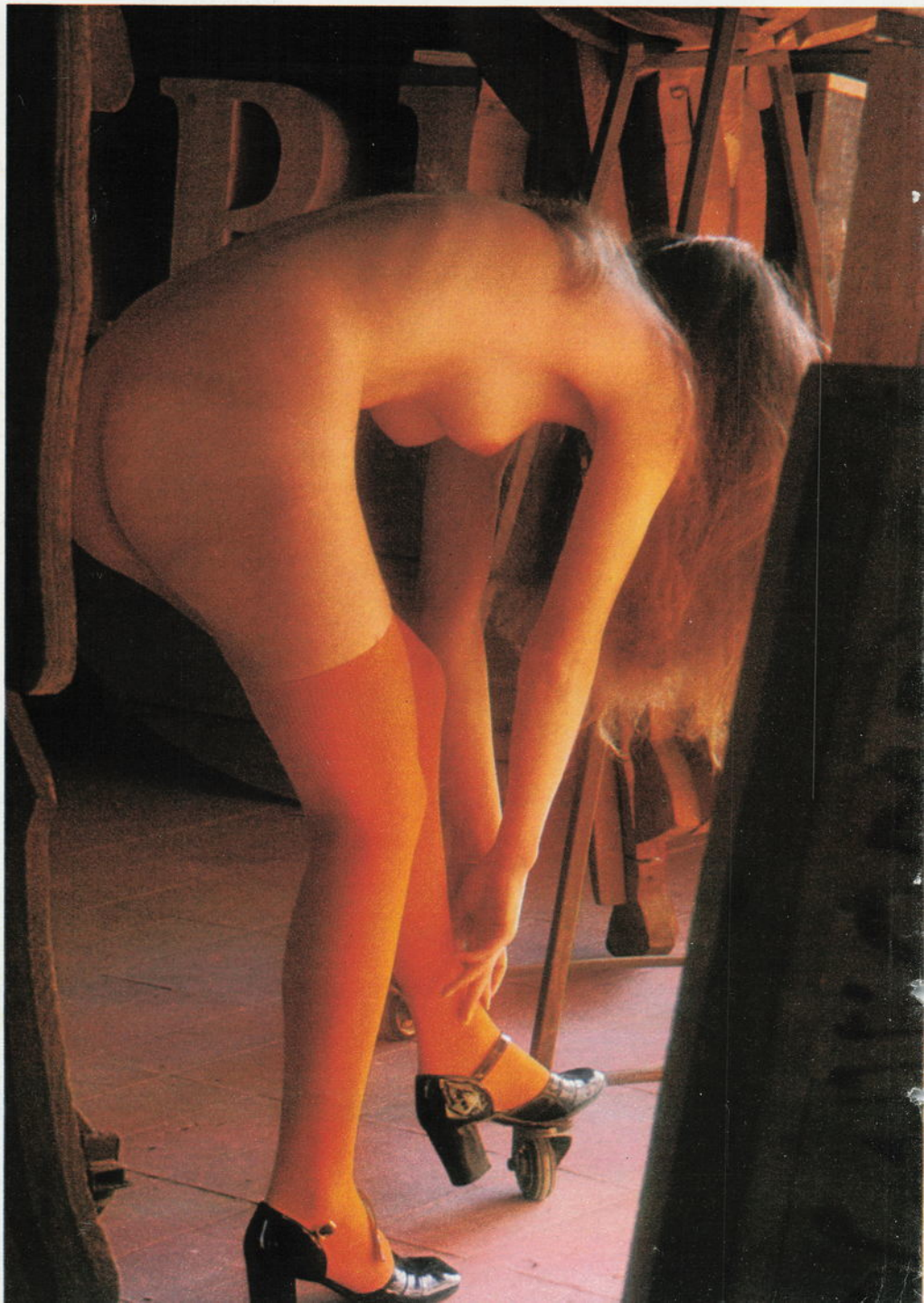
CONTINUED ON PAGE 80



Martine

"I don't believe in wife-swapping, threesomes, homosexuality, or perversion ...but... if I do it, it's okay."

WOOD SCULPTURES
BY MARIO CEROLI

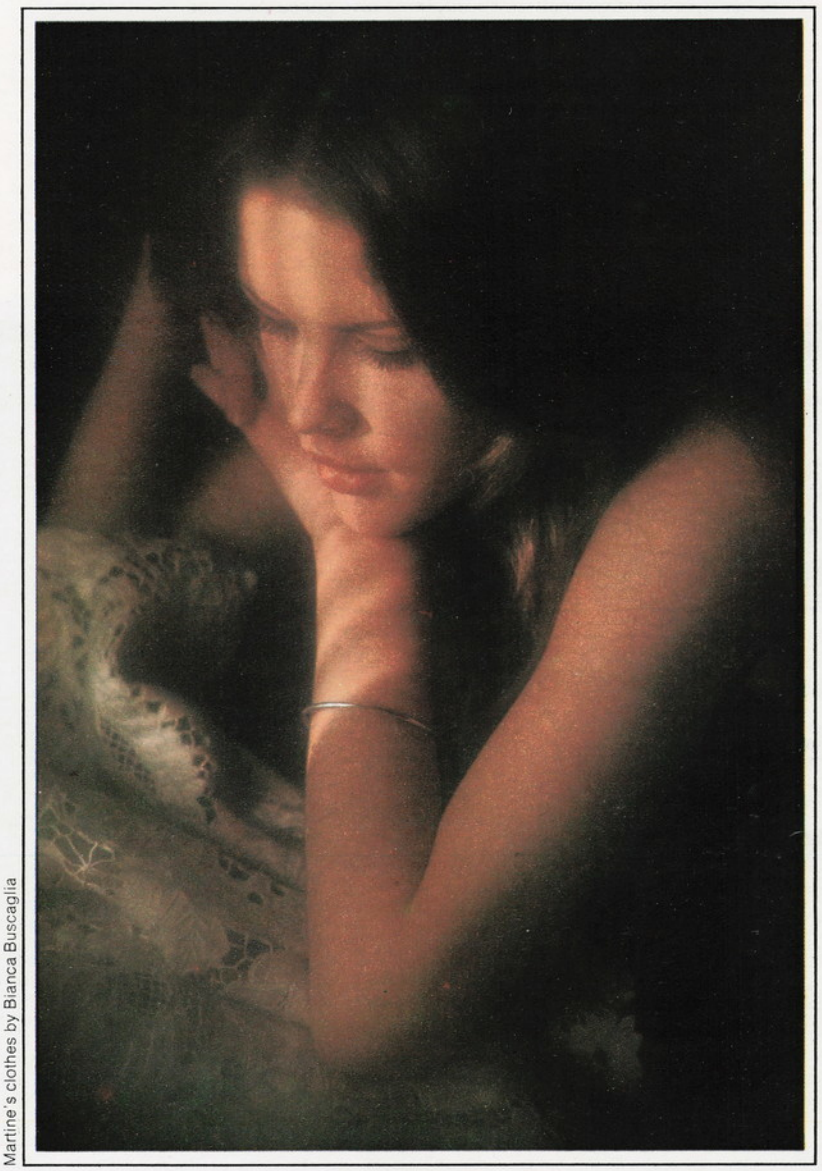


Maid to Measure

Martine Le Mauviel, our Penthouse Pet for February, is a young lady of strong, diversified opinions. But then again, forceful attitudes are right in line with this Capricornian's traditional values which she feels are the keys to a successful life.

"Others may do anything they like," says Martine, "I don't want to force my ideas on other people. My feelings about

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE



Martine's clothes by Bianca Buscaglia

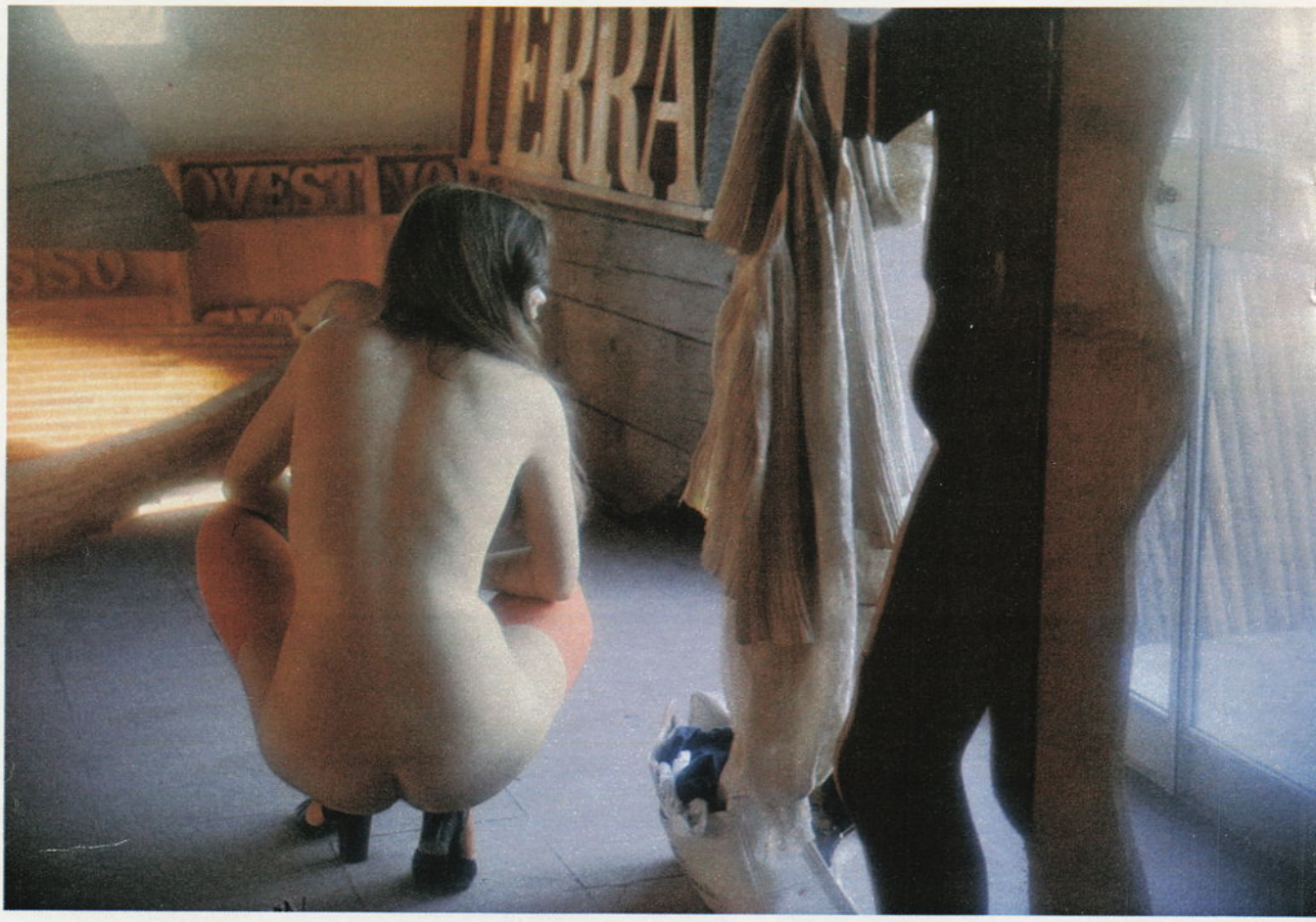
men, marriage, sex, and children—are intended for me alone. I know that I've barely begun to live, but I do have a very strong sense of who I am."

Martine's first, current, and only job to date is as a Penthouse Club Cocktail Pet in London, where her 5 foot 9, perfectly formed (36-24-36) body provokes a constant murmur of approval from those lucky Londoners who get to watch her distribute the heady libations. Only nineteen years old, Martine is already a strong contender for a *Guiness Book of Records* citation for having broken more hearts in a twenty-four-hour period than any other woman.

Despite her extra special allure, her youth and comparative inexperience, Martine's wants are quite specific. "I want a man who's not *too* passionate right away—a little reserve is always nice. I don't like effusive men, just ones who are loving and uncomplicated. Men who come on in a very, very sexy manner frighten me. They're usually too deeply into themselves, and having me would only just add a little spice to their ego trip."

Martine's idea of relaxation is automobile racing and she harbors an ambition to become a professional racing driver. "I love speed and a sense of danger—I love the feeling you get from taking a huge machine and manipulating it according to your will."

Yet, when she shifts from cars to men, Martine undergoes a transformation—seeking stable long-term relationships with sexual attitudes that are refreshingly


TERRA

strict. "I don't believe in wife-swapping, threesomes, homosexuality, or perversion on any level. But then again, I don't believe that anything *I* do or like is really perverted. If *I* do it, it's okay. You see, I feel that sex is

one of the most wonderful aspects of being alive, and if you really value being alive in this world you should always treat sex with a great deal of respect.

In keeping with her contradictory nature, however, Martine has a forthright approach to sex and society. "If more people spent more time masturbating—a healthy way to get rid of tensions and frustrations—they'd have less time and reason to go to war."

And although Martine feels that nudity is a personal matter, she's proud of her body and quite willing to show herself to the *Penthouse* millions. Her ability to contain both traditional and modern values in a single charming personality is her greatest single gift.

Finally, on one of the most crucial questions of the era, Martine will set a lot of minds to rest with her straightforward evaluation of the importance of penis size. "The size isn't all that important...so long," she adds wih a mischievous smile, "as it isn't *too* tiny."

All in all, a fabulous lady who is willing to invest the time, effort, and trouble necessary to take the true measure of her men.

PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH/MISS MARTINE LE MAUVIEL

FLESH, PLEASURES OF THE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Which signified the uncertainty about whether a proposal should be made—and, I suppose, who should make it.

I'm still not sure I understand. . . .

Well, it's rather difficult for me to explain. It's just—well, it's just that all the peculiar ambiguities of their position seemed underlined by that awkward pause. Would they see each other again? Probably not. Upon what foundation was their physical intimacy based? Upon quicksand. And yet they were discussing and presumably considering . . . well, I guess I'm still not really making myself clear, sir, but it's the unusual juxtaposition of the almost adolescent concern on the first date of whether there will be a second coupled with the contemplation of engaging in an advanced and very intimate sexual aberration. Do you understand what I mean?

Not exactly. But I'm willing to pass on to other matters. Now that the specter of anal intercourse had been raised, did they engage in it?

No sir. Miss Cabot fetched her lubricating gel and began to apply it to Mr. Flannery's penis.

A propos of anything in particular?

She just told him it would feel good.

Did it?

Yes sir. Aside from its oily consistency, it heated up upon contact with the skin.

Ah.

Yes sir.

Did you happen to know how full the jar . . . it did come in a jar, didn't it?

Yes.

Did you know how full the jar was?

No sir, I'm afraid I don't.

All right. So she applied the gel to Mr. Flannery's penis?

And scrotum.

Really?

Yes sir. And then she applied it to herself.

To herself?

Yes. Mr. Flannery offered to help, but she instructed him to lean back and watch her.

Where exactly did she apply it?

To her nipples, her clitoris, and the general area of her vulva.

Was any applied internally?

Yes sir, some.

Did they then have intercourse?

No sir.

Why not, for heaven's sake?

Mr. Flannery leaned over toward her with that unambiguous purpose, but Miss Cabot stopped him, suggesting they smoke some marijuana first.

She was in possession of marijuana?

Yes sir.

Did Mr. Flannery agree?

Reluctantly. He was already quite aroused, and besides, he was not himself a particularly avid marijuana user.

Was this perhaps a function of his age?

Quite possibly. His age and social orientation.

Did he disapprove of its use?

He would never have said so.

Does marijuana have an effect on sexual performance or experience?

So it is reported.

Could it be considered an aphrodisiac?

I'm not an expert, but I suspect it could.

Did she have the marijuana handy as well?

No sir, not literally at hand. It was in another room.

So she went to fetch it?

Yes sir.

She went to fetch it. Did Mr. Flannery just lie there waiting?

Not exactly, sir.

Could you speak up?

Not exactly, sir.

Well?

He began to masturbate, sir.

To masturbate?

Not in earnest . . . he just . . . it was just a matter of casually touching himself, you see.

With the intention of bringing himself to climax?

No sir, I'm sure not. It was more a matter of . . . of idling his engine. What musicians call "vamping till ready."

And then Miss Cabot returned?

Yes sir. Quietly. Without his being aware of it. Until she yelled, "Say cheese!"

"Say cheese?"

She had a Polaroid camera, you see. He looked up, rather startled, and a flash bulb suddenly seared his vision.

"Seared his vision?"

I am quoting Mr. Flannery.

In other words, she had taken a photograph of him masturbating, is that what you're saying?

Yes sir.

Was he pleased?

No sir.

Was he extremely displeased?

Not extremely. She had an album, a picture album, which she showed him when she noticed his displeasure. It appeared to be a collection of candid photographs of her other lovers, also lying on her water bed.

Also masturbating?

A few of them.

And this mollified him?

I don't know whether "mollified" is the exact word. It interested him sufficiently so that he allowed his displeasure to lapse.

Approximately how many photographs were there?

Many.

A hundred, would you say?

Perhaps not quite so many.

Seventy-five?

That would be a fair estimate.

And I believe a Polaroid camera develops pictures in a matter of minutes, is that not right? So did she therefore show Mr. Flannery his portrait?

Yes sir. And mounted it in the album.

What was his reaction to this?

He experienced an unfamiliar emotional response which he was unable to name or explain, either at the time or subsequently.

Was it pleasant or unpleasant?

He was unable to say.

Did he examine any of the other pictures?

Yes sir.

In detail?

Some of them.

All right. Now something really puzzles me. In Mr. Flannery's experience, was Miss Cabot's behavior common? By behavior, I mean all of it: the sexual aggressiveness, the devices, the marijuana, the camera, the entire business?

No sir, at least in degree, in intensity, it was not common.

It was rare?

It was almost unique.

Okay, good. Now, Mr. Flannery must have had some opinion of all this, some reaction to it.

Well yes, of course. He considered himself very lucky.

Very lucky? That's all?

Yes sir. But you have to understand that Miss Cabot's uniqueness was purely a question of degree. It was not at all rare for a woman to offer marijuana to Mr. Flannery. It was not rare for a woman to own a water bed. It wasn't rare for a woman to express her sexual interest in him. The only thing rare about Miss Cabot was the apparently obsessive, driven quality of her attitude, not its tendency, nor any of its specific manifestations.

He regarded her as merely sexually liberated?

Yes sir.

That doesn't seem to jibe with the words, "obsessive, driven quality," that you just used.

No, well . . . perhaps I am projecting my own present opinion onto Mr. Flannery. I think he simply felt he had struck gold.

"Struck gold?"

Found the perfect one-night stand. Found a woman who shared his drives, and perhaps carried them even farther than he himself.

Okay. Did they then both smoke the marijuana?

Yes sir.

Was it already rolled into cigarettes? If not, who performed this task?

The used a water-filled hooka pipe, sir.

Miss Cabot seems to have been fond of gadgets.

Yes sir.

Did they smoke very much?

Yes sir. Several bowls full.

And it was of good quality?

Yes sir, excellent.

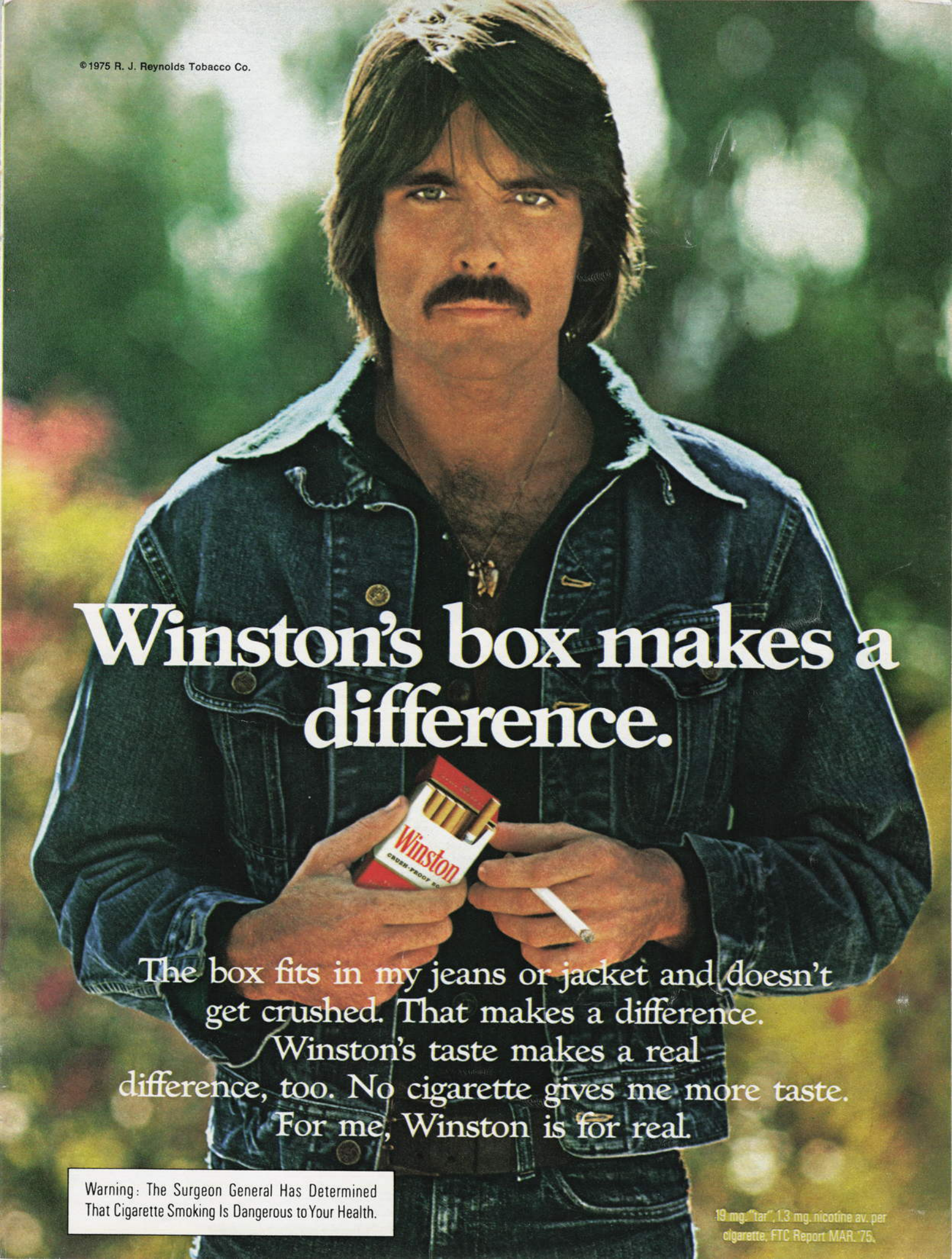
And they became quite intoxicated?

Very much so.

Stoned?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

©1975 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



Winston's box makes a difference.

The box fits in my jeans or jacket and doesn't get crushed. That makes a difference. Winston's taste makes a real difference, too. No cigarette gives me more taste. For me, Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

SCHUSS-S-S-S-S!

PHOTOS BY KLAUS LUCKA

What you wear on the slopes this winter is likely to be the *most* sophisticated ever—both in terms of fashion and sartorial engineering.

Racing to keep up with the ski explosion, ski-wear designers have turned to spin-off developments in the space program for fashion pointers. New fabrics weld the body into a unit that's self-contained against the elements. Sleek styling ensures that every part of the body is sealed against the onrushing wind. Add bold primary colors—plus the elegance of new high-performance gear—and you're ready to take to the slopes.

The one-piece ski suit (at left) heads up a new direction in ski wear. This version is in two-way stretch nylon (about $350) for extra maneuverability. The other suit teams up a stretch-nylon jacket ($145) with matching high-waisted suspender ski pants ($115); both outfits by Bogner. The yellow impact-resistant racing helmet by KRW. The red racing helmet is by Scott, USA. All ski boots by Nordica. The goggles by Beconta. Ski gloves by Colin.

The network of slopes seen here is part of the outstanding new ski center just outside Quebec called Mont Sainte-Anne, which incorporates chalets, restaurants, and a gondola aerial lift that whizzes you high over panoramic mountaintop views. To get to the white open spaces of this magnificent ski area, Air Canada and the Quebec Hilton—in the heart of the historic city—are offering good ski packages for both individuals and groups from November through April. For example, via Air Canada, a couple can stay at the 575-room Quebec Hilton for one week and spend only $175 per person, which includes airport transfers, all breakfasts, bus transportation to and from Mont Sainte-Anne, and unlimited ski-lift tickets once you're there.

The Quebec Hilton is ideally situated for the skier who would like to spend his après-ski time in a historic French-Canadian city that abounds in great restaurants and things to do. Recommended for gourmet seafood cuisine is L'Eperlan, in the restored seventeenth-century Place Royale section of Quebec. Each dining room has a fireplace and each menu features more than forty special fish and seafood dishes. Also recommended is Le Toit de Québec atop the Quebec Hilton, another fine restaurant—and night spot—made special by its panoramic view of the city and its delicious smorgasbord.

The "Satan" ski suit offers both high fashion and protection against the elements in a jacket with matching suspender jumpsuit pants in polyamid nylon and wool and stretch lycra fabrics. The outfit ($235) is by Anba, USA. (The jumpsuit pants alone, $130.) The black racing helmet by Shoei. Boots by Nordica. Gloves by Colin.

For information on where to buy the merchandise featured on these pages, see Retail Fashion Finder page 124.

(1) The two-piece "jeans-look" ski suit in wind-resistant, stretchable cotton-lycra fabric is super for downhill racing. The outfit ($250) is by Beconta. The racing helmet by Shoei. Boots by Scott, USA. *Continuing clockwise*, (2) the brightly-colored one-piece zip-front racing suit is stretchable rubberlike nylon and lycra fabric by Trissi Sport ($175). The safety racing helmet by Scott, USA. Silver aluminum goggles by Baruffaldi

from Beconta. Ski gloves by Colin. (3) The blue warm-up suit combines an antron-nylon jacket lined in polyester ($90) with matching suspender-style jumpsuit pants. White bands of stretch nylon inserted at the

elbows and the knees provide extra maneuverability. The complete outfit ($160) is by Pedigree of Canada. The helmet is by Scott, USA. The boots by Nordica. (4) Keeping the arms free for maneuvering ski poles is the special feature of the green wool-gabardine stretch-suspender jumpsuit ($140) worn with wool turtleneck ($20). Both by Beconta. (5) The "patriotic" two-piece ski suit combines a nylon and stretch-lycra jacket

($89) and matching jumpsuit pants ($82). Both by Trissi Sport. The black helmet with impact-resistant visor by Shoei. (6) The newest ski accessory is the "humpback" belt bag ($17); by Bogner.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

STEVIE WONDER

In 1959 a nine-year-old kid began hanging around a fledgling Detroit music company called "Hitsville Studios." His name was Steveland Morris. He was black and he was also blind. The kid could play bongos, drums, and the harmonica, and he was becoming expert at the piano. But he was a damned nuisance. He was always underfoot and he even started to butt into recording sessions. Still, he had an infectious way about him and the Hitsville people let him record a few songs, the first being "You Made a Vow." Nothing happened but the kid wouldn't go away.

Then in 1963 he surprised his benefactors. He recorded a 45 disc called "Fingertips" which became a smash hit. He was just thirteen years old. By that time he had been renamed Stevie Wonder and Hitsville Studios had been renamed Motown. America was about to be treated to a revolution in pop.

Last summer—twelve years later—Stevie renegotiated his Motown contract and was promised $13 million over a seven-year period, the highest guarantee given any musical artist in history.

Stevie was born blind in Saginaw, Michigan, on May 13, 1950, the third of six children whose father had wandered away. Times were tough, and he learned early that his other senses would have to make up for his lack of sight. Actually he developed such confidence that at the age of six he would give his mother fits by jumping from one roof to another. He was playing the bongos at four, the harmonica at six. By the time he was twelve he had written two concertos, but his first song, at the age of ten, told the real story behind this little dynamo. It was called "Lonely Boy."

Following his 1963 hit with "Fingertips," he had some good ones and some bad ones before "Uptight" hit the

Photograph by Dagmar

million mark in 1966. The next year, at the age of seventeen, he produced his first album, *Signed, Sealed and Delivered*. Stevie's early success should have made him lose perspective but it didn't happen. He was kept away from drugs and Motown saw to it that he had private tutors when he toured with the Supremes and the Temptations. He was taught stage choreography by the very expert Martha Reeves. When he wasn't on the road he attended the Michigan School for the Blind and studied classical piano.

As Stevie was ascending, Motown was standing still. The company, grown fat and comfortable, resisted all efforts to change its formula. Some of Motown's biggest stars left or just wilted under the inflexible packaging.

Stevie knew what was happening. In 1971, when he turned twenty-one, he collected a million dollars from the trust fund the company had established for him. That's a lot of money, but on the other hand he *did* have twenty-one gold records. And that's a lot of records. He informed startled Motown executives that he wanted out of his contract. Then he left for New York City, set up do-it-yourself sound equipment in his apartment, and spent several months working, thinking, and experimenting with new vocal and instrumental ideas.

That same year he brought Motown the results. It was an album called *Music of My Mind*. They weren't impressed but they did agree to release it. To their amazement it became a hit and they immediately agreed to renegotiate Stevie's contract. He came away with a phenomenal 20 percent royalty rate and with the virtual right to record when, where, and what he wanted. With as tightly paternalistic a company as Motown this was the musical equivalent of the French Revolution. (A second renegotiation has since guaranteed him almost $2 million a year for the next seven years.)

Since 1971, Stevie has had four consecutive gold albums with hit singles from each. In 1974 he won five Grammy Awards. He gave one of them to his engineer because of his brilliant work on the *Innervisions* album.

A turning point in Stevie's life came suddenly on August 6, 1973, on a North Carolina road from Greenville to Raleigh. He was on a record-breaking tour with the Rolling Stones, when the car in which he was riding attempted to pass a logging truck and one of the logs went through the windshield.

He was in a coma for three days with a severe concussion and was left with two facial scars. His recovery was complete but spending several months in a hospital gave him time to think. "I felt God was really telling me to slow down," he said. "I came out of it believing that life is really lovely. More lovely than I had ever imagined."

Slowing down isn't easy for Stevie. He gets high simply from the reactions of his audience. His bursts of energy make him want to reach out, embrace the world, and make everybody feel better. For example, he wants to live in Africa for a time. He can lecture you at length on the problems there and what he would like to see done about it. "Forty percent of the blindness in Ethiopia, for example, is caused by a fly that carries a fungus to the cornea. We have to *do* something about that."

Stevie is a pushover for benefits and kids. He gives away a lot of money. He's on the Board of Trustees of Shaw University and has donated scholarship money.

Stevie's first attempt at marriage failed. He is now divorced from Syreeta Wright, a former Motown secretary and a rising Motown artist. But they're good friends. In fact, Stevie produced her first album.

His second marriage, to Yolanda Simmons, has been a happy one and has resulted in a son. *Penthouse* interviewer Ken Kelley traveled on tour with Stevie in Texas and New York to obtain this interview which covers various aspects of his life, his music, and his philosophy.

Penthouse: Andy Warhol once said, "Everybody should be a star for fifteen minutes." Is the experience that great?

Wonder: It depends on how you mean it. In the record business, being a star for fifteen minutes *could* be a real nightmare. Some people are really stars for—oh, at the most—six weeks. It takes two weeks to get the record recorded and four weeks for the record to climb the charts and then come back down. Within those four to six weeks you can become a monster. In your own mind you say, "Wow, I'm really ba-ad!" and you may never have another hit.

Another thing, you may not have kept the same kind of rapport with the friends you had before your six-weeks success and you may destroy those friendships—as well as meet new friends who really turn out to be enemies. I went through that kind of experience right after my first hit, "Fingertips," came out in 1963. I didn't consciously go through any ego thing, but people push you into being that way. They go through this routine of "Well, oo-ee-e! Wow man! You are ba-ad! Get out of his way. *He's* coming; this is *Him*—move! He's the ba-adest moving driver, he can drive faster than anybody around, and if you get in his way he'll run you over." This business really gets under my skin, sometimes. All I ever wanted to be was a disc jockey. Even now I fantasize about that—"WBMB, Blind Man's Bluff Radio."

Penthouse: Was it hard to handle—going so quickly from being a child to a superstar?

Wonder: Well, I always tried to just roll with the punches. I never did expect any of it to happen, and I'm still amazed by all the things that have happened to me. But I also remember that *nothing* is guaranteed. You just can't let all that glitter get to your head.

I did go through a phase when "Fingertips" hit—it was the first time I ever went to California. *Hollywood*, man! While "Fingertips" was popular, I was very big for a while—"Fingertips" was the fourth thing I'd done for Motown. I was a star and it was amazing. I was thirteen years old. We had the Stevie Wonder Show, and the Temptations and all the other Motown stars toured on it. We used to do finales that were out of sight. Martha Reeves used to show me these dances to do—she would say, "This is ba-ad, this will make you look sexy up here." I tried to do splits and I did the "Hitchhike" and all the latest stuff. Martha would always show me the latest steps. But when I didn't have another hit for a couple of years—well, let's just say that I experienced the phenomenon that when you're hot, you're hot and when you're hot they cater to your every whim. But if you don't have a winner, it's "What do *you* want, kid?"

A lot of people lost confidence in me when they thought I was only a one-hit single—not so much the Motown people as people in general. There'd been great expectations of Stevie Wonder on drums, Stevie Wonder on this and that—and I found that I was becoming more into myself. I'd get ideas for my music and spend a lot of time just making my music, messing around with tape recorders and exploring ideas. There were always things I wanted to do musically that I wasn't doing. That kept a lot of whatever was happening away because there was always something more to reach for. You never reach that final peak, I guess. Basically, no one really knew what I was going to do at Motown.

Penthouse: What music turned you on when you were growing up?

Wonder: One of the first tunes I ever heard in my life was a Johnny Ace song—he was a blues singer with a kind of country blues. The song was "Pledging My Love." Johnny made a great impression on my life because I was such a little boy when I heard it. I was maybe two years old then or even younger.

Penthouse: The *Newsweek* cover story on you last year compared you to the Beatles. What's your reaction to that?

Wonder: If I could be as inspirational as the Beatles, I would be very happy. But it's different times and it's a different place. I will always admire the Beatles—individually as well as as a group. I'm not going to compare myself to them—they made an impact on *all* music. They are, in fact, my all-time favorites, and the thing I really like about them is they were very, very modest and they were nice enough to include people they had admired throughout the years and to acknowledge it. They brought all different cultures together. They made white Middle America wake up about those old black artists—the Beatles brought them to people who had never heard of them. And it gave those artists—who were sometimes starving—some money.

Penthouse: Did Bob Dylan influence you at all?

Wonder: I just admired him tremendously. But as far as listening to his songs and taking this or that out of it—well, maybe the country feeling on "Uptight."

Penthouse: What did you think of the *Newsweek* article, in general?

Wonder: It didn't really get into me as much as I wanted. Particularly since it reaches so much of Middle America who don't really know what I'm all about. My goal is to reach the minds of people in a positive way and change them. The most expressive thing of mine is my music—and I can't get into talking about things unless someone knows about my music. The article was the standard pap—"Although he's blind, Stevie is a spiritual outburst—very emotional, very sensitive, he comes on with orgiastic songs." My mother wasn't very happy with the reference to the fact that I stole coal when I was young. I'm not ashamed to talk about it, but my mother felt very bad. I tried to explain to her that I told the story only because it's *sad* that in a country that is as wealthy as the United States stealing for survival is a *necessity* as well as a *crime*. You know, the *Newsweek* article didn't get into the politics of this country—they were much more interested in the politics of the record business, making me the center of some bullshit that I don't even care about.

Penthouse: What exactly did happen?

Wonder: I knew what my rights were and what I had to do if I wanted out of a particular situation. When you have signed something when you're under age with a guardian and later you become of age, you have the right to change it—if you give a statement in advance.

Penthouse: When you renegotiated with Motown, you obtained your own publishing rights. Why is that important?

Wonder: When you own your own song, you get royalties as the writer *and* owner whenever that song is recorded. In that contract I was thinking more of my child, my wife, my family. . . . I was never really concerned with the money end of it myself, but I know that in this business if you can't sing or play there is no reason to have you around. If I lost my voice—I'd have to have other things to be secure. And it's only fair for you to get what has been given for you by the public. Then, I love to give the money *back* to communities that are doing things I really believe in. The people make you happy and you give as much of yourself as you possibly can.

There are things wrong in the record business, and I could bring out all of them, but I'm really not about that. I'm not out to *do* anybody—I'm not even out to be a *part* of doing anybody. The politics of Motown are no different than the politics of every company in this world.

Penthouse: When you go back to Detroit, do a lot of your old friends accuse you of abandoning the city?

Wonder: Yeah, but you know, I don't listen because I *know* why I left, and it was before Motown ever decided to move. I tell my friends I had to do what I did to bring back as much as I could to Detroit and to the world. To people—period. When I left the church and started singing that rock 'n' roll, they said I was backsliding then, too. But I do go back to Detroit. Last year I did a benefit for the mayor's program for busing children into different communities to visit places they wouldn't ordinarily be able to go—different art exhibits and movies. I have a lot of respect for Coleman Young, Detroit's first black mayor, and I told him that he should encourage a special screening of a movie I'd seen that can explain the situation in the ghettoes to a lot of people. That movie is *The Education of Sunny Carson*—I loved seeing that movie. It touched me. The "blacksploitation" movies, on the other hand, have basically only two approaches—either "Yeah, boy! You're so ba-ad you can beat the law, just go out and do it," or the "If you go out and do it, you'll get what's coming to you." Both invite crime. The white movie companies portray very unprogressive images of black people—it's not good for young kids. The same with radio and television. I remember in Boston seeing a news item on television, "Twelve black kids jumped on one little white boy today. . . ." What happened, I later found out, was that a black kid got beat up by a gang of white kids first. But if I were a Middle American and I'd seen that on TV I'd be angry as hell and I'd want to go kill every nigger that ever existed. Things like that pull people apart and make conditions ripe for mass violence.

Penthouse: Do you think that's going to happen?

Wonder: I wouldn't be surprised, because there's so much hate happening. There's a lot of love happening, too, right now, but built-up hate can be so damaging. And it's not that hard to love—the supreme being or whatever has given you the mechanism for being kind.

Penthouse: What's your definition of love, and of "supreme being"?

Wonder: Love is really giving and the glory you find when what you give is positively appreciated. There's the intimate kind of love—a close kind of family love—and the passionate kind of love that's essentially between two people. Love is also respect, and it comes from respecting yourself. When you learn to love and respect yourself, that's when you respect others. As for "God" or a "supreme being"—I guess a lot of people feel God is in heaven, or somewhere. I don't believe that shit. I guess I used to when I was younger, but I didn't understand even then how you could *go* to heaven—like, just *how* did you

"Steak!"

do it? They told me Jesus left the earth with his hands up and he just flew away. So when I sing about "God" in my music, I am really expressing a beautiful spirit deep down inside me.

Penthouse: When you talk about "seeing" something on television or in the movies, what do you mean?

Wonder: You can tell by the sounds and just from relating to the pictures to doing things in your own life. It all connects. I have concepts of colors that are different from those of most people when they explain colors to me.

Penthouse: How do you "see" colors?

Wonder: I think of clouds as white, and a cloud to me is something that is invisible yet visible—though you can't see through it. It's fluffy, it moves around, but it still is a sheet that covers. A black cloud is heavier in texture, and the wind might have a little more trouble getting through it. Black is mystical, it's magic—to me it's the color of curiosity. A lot of white people don't understand black people because they relate black to things they commonly know. If you had never seen a black person before, you might think of black magic or the things that leave you very curious.

Red, to me, is fire—something that is burning. Shimmering flames, sparkling, the hottest hot. Blue is very, *very* cool, distant. . . .

Penthouse: Was it difficult getting an education, because of both being blind and becoming a star so young?

Wonder: When I was thirteen, I was enrolled in the Michigan School for the Blind. Dr. Robert Thompson, who was the superintendent, was very nice, and worked out a way that let me attend the school and tour also. We traveled on the road for two weeks out of the month, and the other two we would spend either at the school or at home in Detroit. Dr. Thompson introduced me to a gentleman who worked at the school, and who had traveled extensively and was partially sighted. His name was Ted Hall. He worked as my private teacher and went on the road with me.

Penthouse: Have the audiences changed much in character since the old days of the Motown Revues?

Wonder: Well, screaming seems to have come back—they did that a lot back in the old days. When I toured with the Rolling Stones in 1972 it was the real beginning of my hearing that kind of stuff. I like it—it's nice. It kind of shows that the audience is enjoying what they're hearing, especially when they've anticipated a certain song. The people in the Rolling Stones audience didn't know me then, but a lot of them remembered the earlier stuff—"Uptight," "Fingertips," "I Was Made To Love Her." In fact, a lot of people asked for "Fingertips," though we didn't do it then. It's amazing to see the kind of response we get from doing that song, now that we do do it again.

Penthouse: This last tour was the first since your auto accident. How did it go?

Wonder: I think it was the best of the shows that I've ever had a chance to get together. It was the first time I've really done what I wanted to do on a show, creating some kind of order to it.

Penthouse: Why don't you do encores?

Wonder: I think that if you give all that you really have to an audience, they know that. When it's time to end, it's time to end. After an hour and fifty-five minutes or two hours—they've had enough, they're ready to go home. I probably will always end the show with "Superstition," just because it is *such* a funky tune.

It's a lot easier to tour when you have some days off. I've been on tours where it's like thirty days straight, but we spaced ourselves on the last tour. We took ten days off because, I must confess, the moments of bliss on the road are few—sometimes very far apart, sometimes very close together or all at once. Some of the best times we had were playing to sold-out crowds. Considering the economic conditions in this country that's really good. What's most beautiful about touring is that I've met some friends in every place I've gone. It always feels to me like I am just playing in someone's living room.

Penthouse: What makes you angry?

Wonder: I get angry when people misquote me or don't understand what I say and take it out of context—or when people think that because of my easygoing attitude I don't know what's going on and try to use that against me in some way. But I don't display my anger in a nasty way; I just let them know that I'm *completely* aware of what was or wasn't said. My temper rarely gets the best of me. I'm never really storming around, and if I border on it sometimes, it's only because I'm getting ready to get down to straight business.

Penthouse: Have you ever thought what it would be like to be an average person rather than a celebrity?

Wonder: It's funny—sometimes I just pretend not to be a star to see what happens. I just say to somebody that I'm Steveland Morris. The person doesn't know who that is and they say, "Yeah, yeah"—very cold, very negative—"Yeah, well what do you do?" And I say, "Well, I'm an artist and I've done some things." And they say "Really? Your name's Steveland Morris?" Then I say I've done some tunes—have they heard "Sunshine of My Life"? They say, "Yeah, I heard Frank Sinatra do it on TV." And I say, "Yeah, well I wrote that." "*Steveland Morris*?" "Yeah," I say, "my professional name is Stevie Wonder." "You're Stevie Wonder? Son-of-a-bitch, man!" And all of a sudden they're real nice.

One time I had to take my woman to a hospital, it was an emergency in Washington. It was dragging along until they recognized me and then it was immediate service. The doors were open—flowers, everything. It's really jive—every human being deserves the same respect just because they're a human being. I remember thinking at the time, "Wow, what if my lady had been there just by herself?"

Egoing yourself up—what good is it? I am happy about certain things that happen and I get excited when I do something I really like musically, but I don't brag because, you know, you can always do better. I can't get into people who have the big limousines and things—I've met too many people like that during my career, from politicians to disc jockeys. But people try to push you into it. Too much luxury frightens me. When you can't touch the ground, it's a kind of funny feeling—fucked up. Too much furniture, for instance, is cumbersome. You bump into things and you're not free—you're not free if you have things in the way. Like, I sleep in a small sleeping bag when I'm on the road, because it's simple and I always know where I am inside it. It's probably because I'm blind, but not wholly.

Penthouse: Were you pleased that Frank Sinatra did "Sunshine of My Life"?

Wonder: It was out of sight. I always wanted him to do a song of mine and put it in an album. I really dig his version. As a matter of fact, I listen to it as often as I can—listen to the texture in which he does it. The R & B of the fifties is some of my favorite music, too, and the jazz of the late sixties is great. Otis Redding was really tremendous—the best albums he did were the live ones, they really have a lot of spirit. And—funny thing—the one after he died was a good one too, *Sitting on the Dock of the Bay*. Johnny Mathis did a lot of stuff in the earlier days that was really great. "Misty" for instance. That album stayed a long time on the charts—eleven years or something. I doubt I'll ever do an album that will stick around *that* long.

Penthouse: Who do you listen to, now?

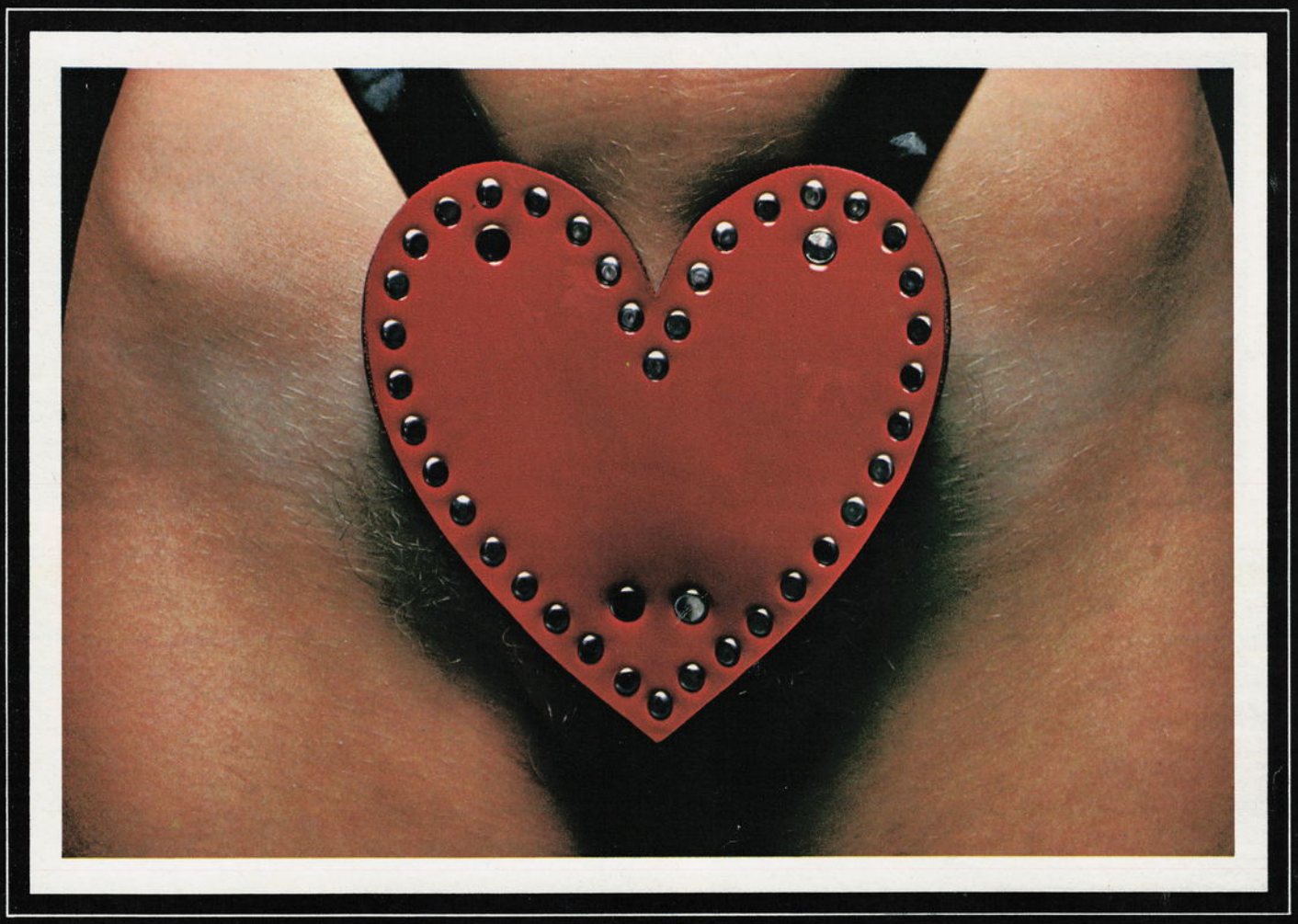
Wonder: I listen to a variety of music these days. I've been listening to a lot of Herbie Hancock, a lot of Chick Corea. I listen to the radio a lot, and if I hear a particular song I like, I'll buy the album. Everybody influences me, I guess. Lately I've listened a lot to people who have done my songs. To me, every time I listen to one it's like opening a Christmas gift, you know, because a lot of times it's people that I never expected would do them.

Penthouse: How do you translate your inspirations into new songs?

Wonder: Well, if I am really into a tune I just go and do it immediately. That's how a lot of the albums come about—just me doing all the parts and playing around. I barricade myself in with my instruments and just work the music out with the help of my band—Wonderlove.

Some people say, "Stevie thinks he knows everything; Stevie's middle name is Ego. Why else would he play all the instruments on his album?" I *had* to do that because there was no one around me that felt the way I did about what I wanted to do. It was a necessity for me. A lot of people presume that it's ego, but what they don't understand is if you know how you feel and what you want to do, if you know what you want out of a particular instrument, then

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

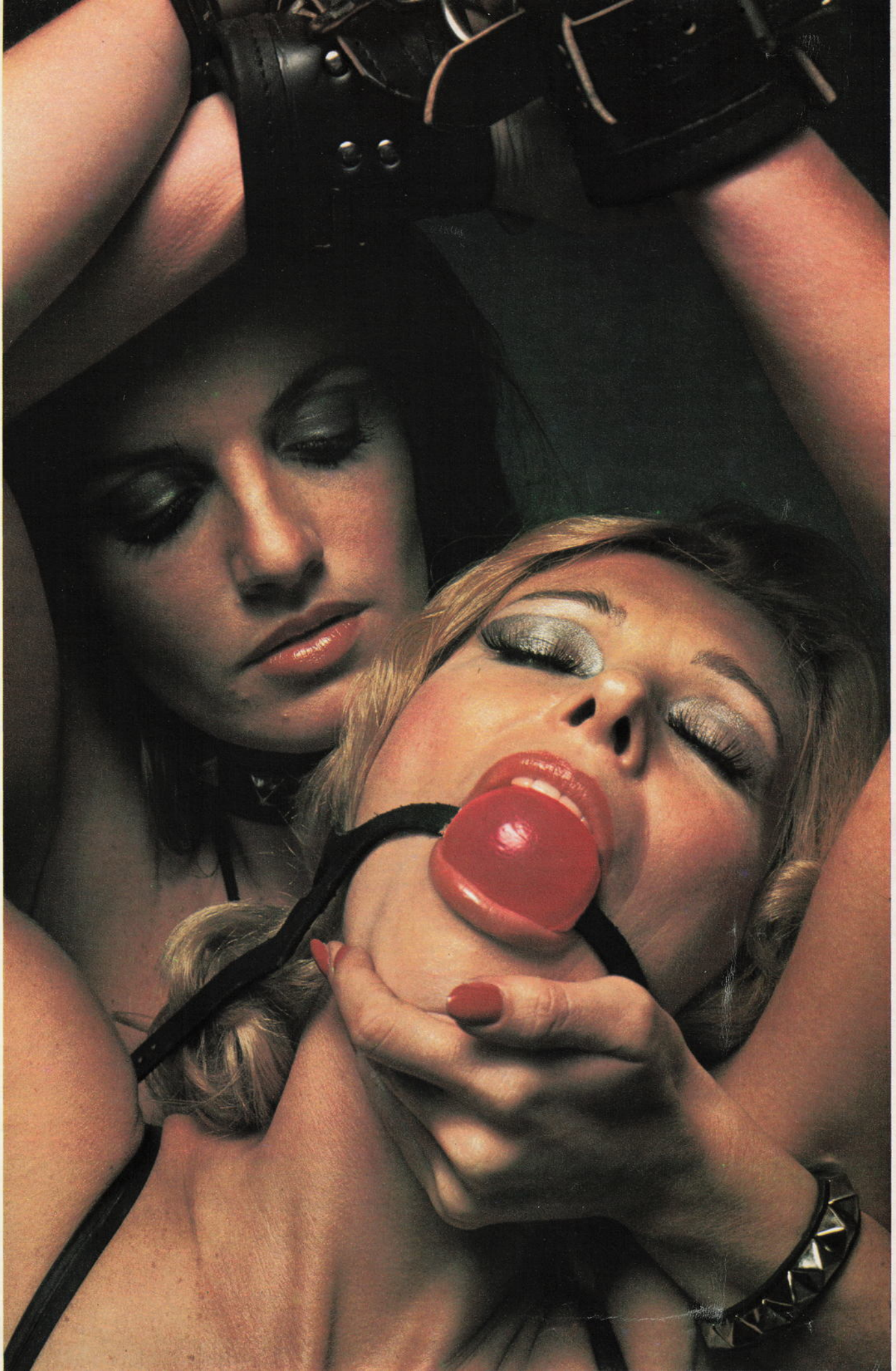


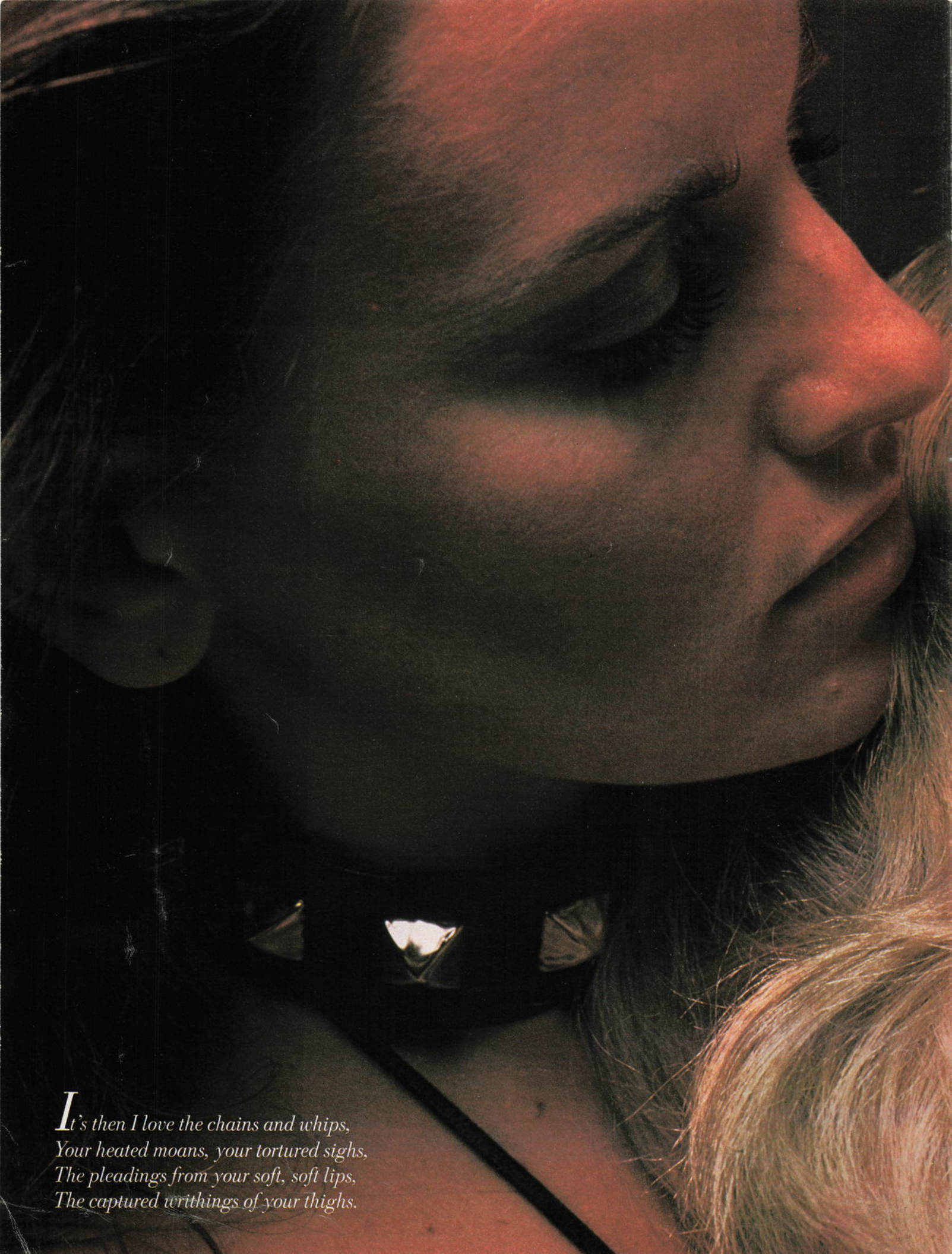
MY FUNNY VALENTINE
OR
"FEAR OF FLOGGING"

Be mine, be mine, my Valentine!
I'll give you little choice;
I'll bind your hands with rubber bands
And still your lovely voice.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAN MALINOWSKI

"I love you," dear, is awfully nice
When it comes with hearts and flowers;
But there are nights, my Valentine,
When I love Love's darker powers.





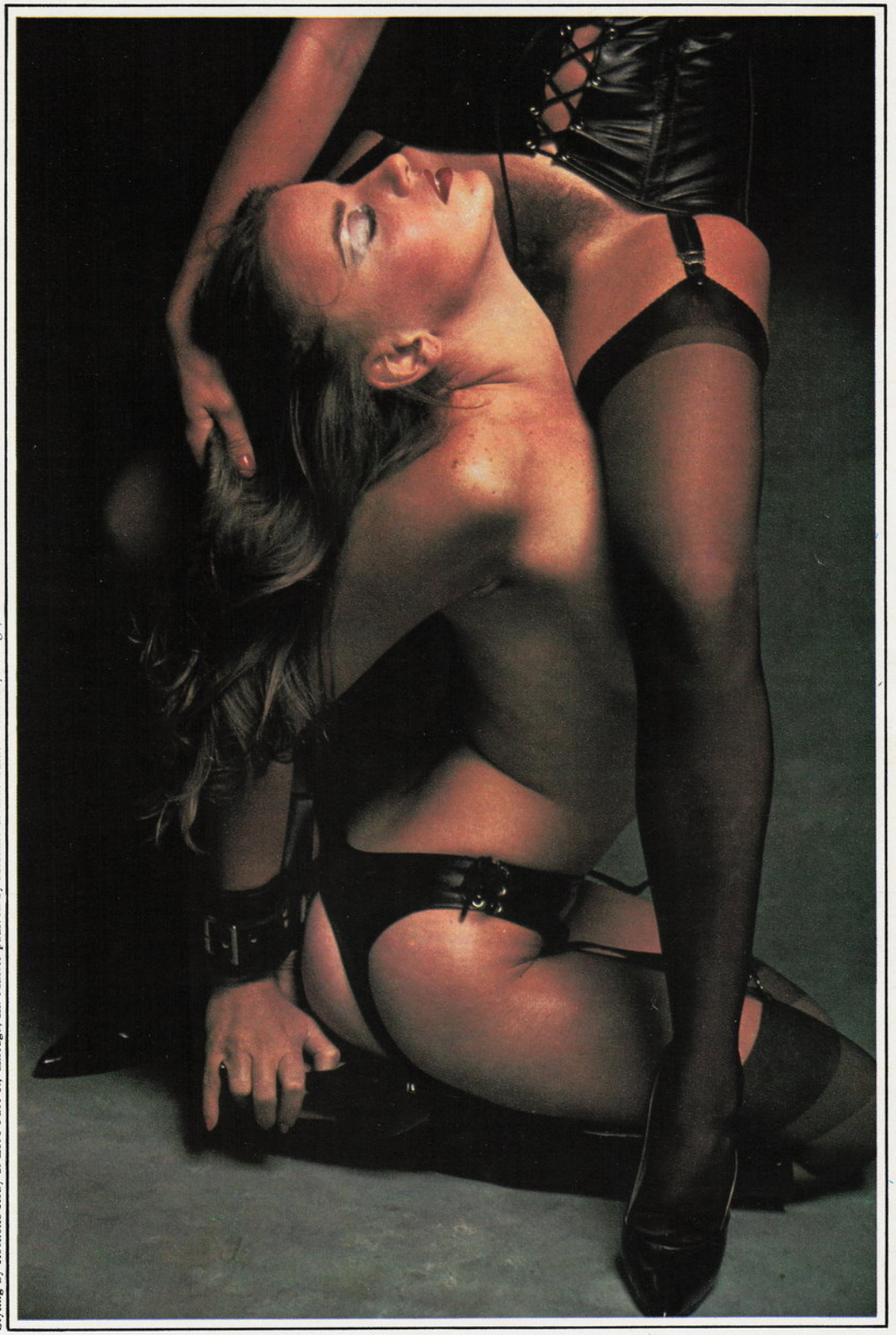
It's then I love the chains and whips,
Your heated moans, your tortured sighs,
The pleadings from your soft, soft lips,
The captured writhings of your thighs.

This lovely mask will look quite chic
On a girl more used to lace.
But I won't cover much, my dear,
For I love to watch your face.

Custom shoes and bondage latex items by Centurian Publishing, P.O. Box AE, Westminster, Calif. 92683

I'll tie you up and string you out
And punish all your wrongs.
You'll beg my lash and kiss my boot
And hear love's old sweet thongs.

So shine up all our rubber boots,
And polish well your chain;
Whilst I feed thee bitter fruits
We'll toast our love with pain.



Styling by Rochelle Roby at Let's Face It, Chicago, Ill. Master padlock by Maranto at True Value Hardware, Chicago, Ill.

Some say our love is too extreme
And dare not speak its name;
But we will dally in this dream
And play our little game.

Your face is like an angel's, dear,
O whiplash child, O pet;
And though you think our love is done
You ain't seen nothing yet.

Well, that was sweet, now, wasn't it?
You've learned to love my discipline;
You see it adds a lot to love
When losers, too, can win!

Balloonheads

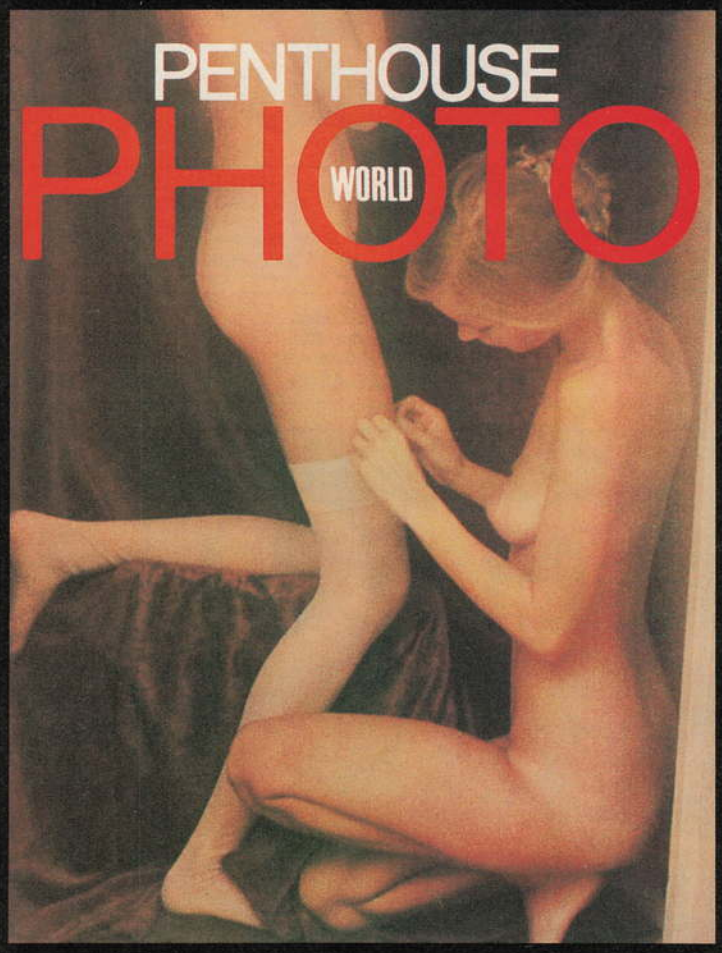
BY ART CUMINGS

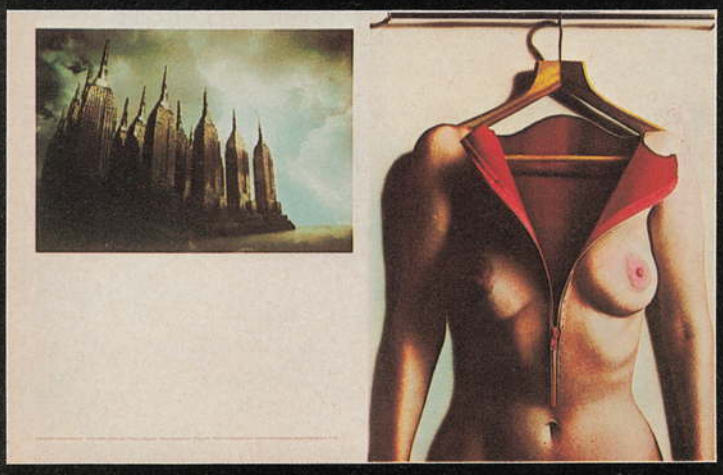
"Look at it this way, Alice—
it never strikes in the same place twice."

FROM PENTHOUSE .... A GREAT NEW MAGAZINE

PENTHOUSE PHOTO WORLD, one of the most elegant and beautiful magazines in the world. Whether you are a Sunday-snapshot amateur, a highly paid professional, or someone who loves to look at the supreme creations of the camera, *Photo World* offers a sensitive, but always dramatic visual record of our life and times. From galaxies to ocean bottoms, from panoramic views of cities to studies of tribal villages, from classic photos of celebrities to smoldering and provocative nudes. With regular, up-to-the minute columns and features providing detailed information on everything from the latest equipment to the most sophisticated techniques —in short, a tour de force of the art and technology of the world's most compelling hobby.

The definitive photography magazine! Available bimonthly, 144 pages of opulent color and classic black-and-white. Look for the first issue on your newsstand in March and start a priceless collection.





Send check or money order to:
Penthouse Photo World
909 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Order a full year's subscription now—Six issues—for only $12.00. We pay postage, packaging, and handling.

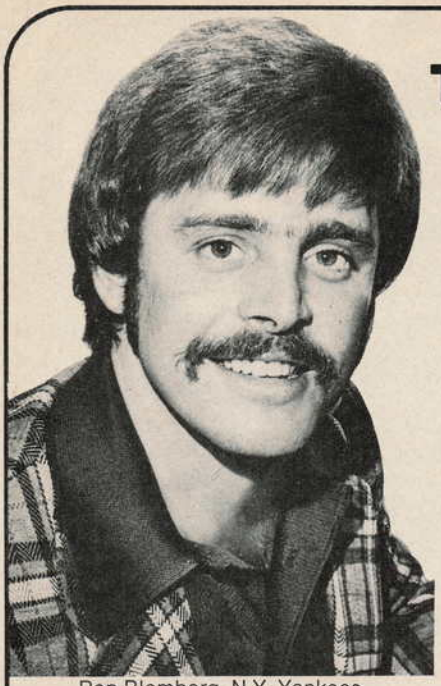
Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ **Zip**_____

PW 276



Ron Blomberg, N.Y. Yankees

Thanks to Hair Replacement Centers® I'm now available for hair spray commercials.

I've been a New York Yankee baseball star for several years now. Despite this, no one has ever called me to do a hair spray commercial. This lack of judgment on their part could have been due to a lack of hair on my part.

So, during the off season, I decided to do something about it. I scouted around until I found the league leader in the hair replacement field, Hair Replacement Centers®. They have a unique weaving process that gives you a full head of hair in about the time it takes to play nine innings. Or, it can be done gradually if you want. And the price won't leave your wallet bald.

See the results for yourself. I can do practically anything with my new hair. From going to the showers, to sliding head first.

Hair Replacement Centers...I tip my cap to you.

Hair Spray people...I'm ready to tip my cap for you.

HAIR
REPLACEMENT CENTERS®

MANHATTAN
53 E. 34th St.
Bet. Park & Madison
212-684-5230

QUEENS
Fr Meadows Shp Ctr
61-25 190th Street
Fresh Meadows, N.Y. 11365
212-454-0100

WESTBURY
1025 Old Country Rd.
516-997-8030

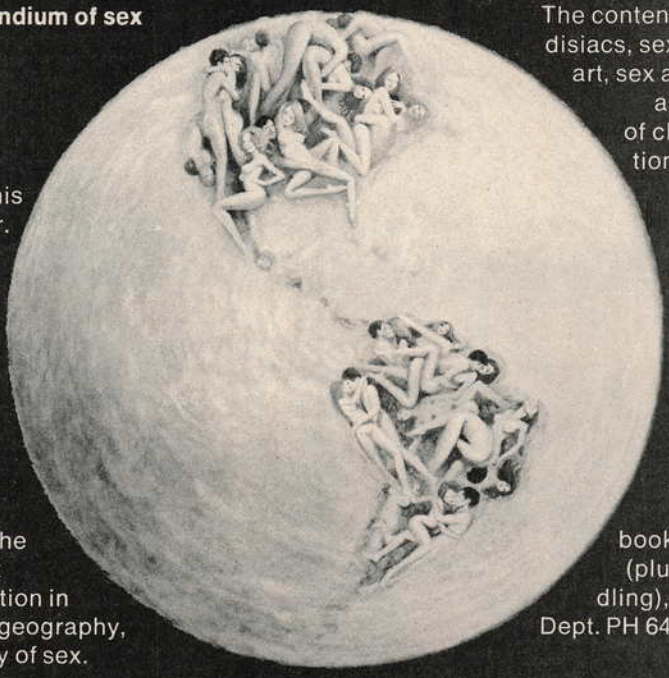
HARTSDALE
18 N. Central Ave.
Rt. 100, 4 Corners
914-948-0423

FAIR LAWN, N.J.
2607 Broadway
Rte. 4
201-796-4640

P2
Send complete details to:
Name _____
Tel. _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

GLOBAL SEX

"The comprehensive compendium of sex for the 20th century."
The Whole Sex Catalog
Edited by
Bernhardt J. Hurwood



If you can ask the question, this book can give you the answer. A handsome 8½x11 masterpiece, lavishly illustrated with more than 1,000 photographs, drawings and paintings, *The Whole Sex Catalog* is the most complete, entertaining and stimulating collection of erotic information ever published.

It covers everything from the lives of prostitutes in ancient Rome to where to find the action in 1975 America, revealing the geography, anatomy, history and mystery of sex.

The contents include group sex, aphrodisiacs, sex therapy, literature, movies, art, sex and the supernatural, as well as an up-to-the-minute listing of clubs, organizations, publications and scenes where you can find exactly what you want.

This fantastic, trend-setting work is one of the crowning achievements of the sexual revolution. It is edited by Bernhardt J. Hurwood, "the sex-conscious man's H. G. Wells."

Now offered for the first time through the mail. Send $6.50 for this monumental book, a treasure of erotic delight (plus $1.00 for postage and handling), to Penthouse Book Society, Dept. PH 64 1175 PH, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

THE PENTHOUSE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Penthouse continues to receive mail that indicates that many Vietnam veterans are unsure of their rights and the procedures to be followed in requesting an upgrading of their original discharge. The most recent government policy in this matter states that any individual who receives a discharge that is less than honorable may apply to the Discharge Review Board (DRB) and/or the Board for Corrections of Military Records (BCMR) for a possible upgrade to a general or honorable discharge. Each branch of service has its own discharge review board for correction of military records.

In November 1975, *Penthouse* published advice on how to upgrade discharges by Charles R. Darby. Unfortunately, this Veterans Adviser column, which appeared on page 140, was inadvertently omitted from the table of contents. Any veteran who missed this column may obtain a copy by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

Penthouse Veterans Adviser
Penthouse Magazine
909 Third Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

Generally speaking, the veteran should first apply for a re-characterization of his discharge to the Discharge Review Board. The DRB may upgrade the type of discharge, but it may not revoke a discharge nor reinstate the applicant in the service. Also, it may not review a discharge resulting from the sentence of a general court martial. The veteran may apply within fifteen years of the date of his discharge. This statutory limitation may not be waived, but any contact with the DRB during the fifteen-year period starts the period running anew. Even if the veteran has already applied to the DRB, he may petition for a re-hearing if material evidence such as a clemency discharge and a pardon, not available at the time of the first hearing, is now available, or if he or she seeks a personal appearance and has not previously appeared before the board.

The Board for Correction of Military Records may correct any error in the individual's military record. The BCMR may review a discharge after relief has been denied by the DRB. Furthermore, it may change the reenlistment code on a given discharge, allowing the veteran to reenlist. This board can also review discharges awarded by sentence of a general court martial. The statute of limitation for filing with the BCMR is three years, but this is freely waived in the interest of justice. However, it should be noted that the BCMR will not review a case within fifteen years from the date of discharge unless the DRB has already heard it. Reconsideration will be granted by the BCMR only in the case of new evidence.

Also, the Discharge Review Boards are required to review application for re-characterization of those other-than-honorable discharges issued solely on the basis of drug use, or possession for personal use, or punitive discharges issued as a result of court martial convictions for the use or possession of drugs. Discharges resulting from the sale of drugs or the intent to sell drugs are not covered under this policy. The under secretary of the army has stated, "the term 'solely' should not be construed to bar the favorable re-characterization of a discharge where only minor offenses, especially those related to or caused by drug abuse, may have been a contributing factor in the granting of an undesirable or other-than-honorable discharge."

Application should be made to the Discharge Review Board of the appropriate branch of the service if the above described policies are applicable to an individual's situation. If the discharge review board applies this policy, the discharge will be re-characterized as general and under honorable conditions or as honorable, depending on the merits of the case.

Army BCMR
Department of the Army
Washington, D.C. 20310
(202) 695-4298

Army DRB
Room 1E479
Department of the Army
Pentagon
Washington, D.C. 20310
(202) 695-4682, 697-3166

Air Force DRB
1300 Wilson Boulevard
Commonwealth Building
Room 902
Arlington, Virginia 22209
(202) 694-5249

Navy DRB
Department of the Navy
Navy Annex
Washington, D.C. 20370
(202) 694-1631

Coast Guard DRB
400 7th Street SW
Washington, D.C. 20590
(202) 426-0884

Air Force BCMR
Room 5C860
Pentagon
Washington, D.C. 20330
(202) 695-2172

Navy BCMR
Department of the Navy
Navy Annex
Washington, D.C. 20370
(202) 694-1631

Coast Guard BCMR
400 7th Street SW
Washington, D.C. 20590
(202) 426-2270

(Note—Marine Corps applicants should apply to the navy.)

Penthouse has also learned that the Veterans Service Center in Alton, Illinois, conducts a "Bad Paper Project" to aid veterans who want to apply for an upgraded discharge or to obtain VA benefits. According to Paul Burkhart, director of the project, its goal is "to train volunteers and social service agency personnel how to prepare discharge cases for review." Roger D. Watkins, a field representative of the center, who has been a veterans' counselor for over three years, has sent *Penthouse* a detailed critique of November's adviser column. We will publish this in next month's Forum. In the meantime, veterans who wish more advice are urged to contact the Veterans Service Center, at 321 East Broadway, Alton, Illinois. The telephone is (618) 456-0111.

This minicar is the
best thing France has done
for the U.S.
since the Statue of Liberty.

RENAULT 5

BY JOE KELLEHER

Auto buffs began yelling "Encore!" back in 1899 when Louis Renault produced his first automobile and the fans haven't stopped yet. Louis's first model was a single-cylinder, one-and-three-quarter horsepower minicar or *voiturette*—to use the French word—and it immediately caught the fancy of the fin de siècle buying public. Renault's voiturette carried two passengers at 30 mph, got 47 miles to the gallon, and tipped the scales at only 770 pounds. At the end of the first six months of production sixty had been delivered, the order books were full, and Renault had become a part of automotive history.

In sales, and in the races Louis and his brother entered, the car was a continuous winner. Today, after seventy-seven years of winners, Louis's successors have done it again with the Renault 5, a minicar for the 70's that has been selling as fast as it can be produced. This year in France, one out of every ten cars sold will be a Renault 5. Over sixteen hundred cars roll off the assembly lines every day to meet the demand.

The usual practice for European car manufacturers with a new model is to get a batch on a States-bound boat as quickly as possible. The thinking behind this is simple: use the interest developed by the introduction of a new car to sell as many units as the U.S. market can take. Unfortunately new cars are probably the best proof of Murphy's Law ever devised. In case you've forgotten, Murphy's Law states that, "if anything can go wrong, it will." Backing up Murphy is the routine U.S. driver who ignores maintenance, never reads operating instructions, and thinks speed limits are for the guy he's passing. Not that European drivers are particularly better behind the wheel than Americans, it's just that the U.S. driver has elevated the practice of automotive abuse from a hobby to an industry.

Mixing Gallic intuition with a hardheaded business approach, Renault decided to keep the "5" at home until any bugs in design and engineering had been detected and exterminated. As a result the "5" will have been in production for more than two years before it goes on sale in U.S. showrooms. Over a million of the nimble hatchbacks will have been sold in Europe before the first one is turned over to a customer here. What all this means to U.S. buyers is that the Renault 5 is probably the most thoroughly tested and proved car ever offered here.

American buyers are in for some pleasant surprises when they finally get their hands on the new Renault. Would you believe, 40 miles per gallon in the country coupled with 28 mpg in the city? That averages out to a super 32 mpg for a 55/45 percent country/city driving situation. You'd better believe it, because these figures are not Renault's but come directly from the federal government's own Environmental Protection Agency tests.

Photographs by Bill Oursler

In stock form, the Renault 5's engine belts out 58 hp at 6,000 rpm and can drive the 1,819-pound mini up to 90 mph. All this push comes from a four-cylinder powerplant with a displacement of less than 80 cubic inches. Even with all the emission-control gear needed to meet American requirements the little four-banger provides more than enough acceleration for the toughest of expressway driving.

The power flows really smoothly when you turn up the tap on the "5" and you'll know exactly why when you look under the hood. A king-sized, dual-barrel Weber carburetor, perched atop the intake manifold, provides the ideal air fuel mix at every throttle position. Webers—if you're not familiar with them—are usually mounted on engines with nameplates like Ferrari and Lamborghini.

Aside from the exotic carburetor, Renault has stuck to a rather conventional engine design to minimize problems. Mounted behind the front axle, the four-cylinder, in-line, overhead-valve engine has removable wet-cylinder liner sleeves for maximum cooling and ease of serviceability. For added reliability, a robust five-main-bearing crankshaft is mounted in the cast-iron block and all bearings are pressure-lubricated by a sump-mounted oil pump. An aluminum cylinder head with individual air ports provides excellent air flow to the wedge-shaped combustion chambers.

Pressurized closed-circuit cooling keeps the engine operating within a narrow temperature range for maximum efficiency. This minimizes fuel consumption and reduces wear by permitting each component of the engine to function well within safe operating temperatures. A thermostatically actuated electric fan behind the fin-tune radiator—operated independently of engine speed—closely controls the temperature of the coolant under all operating conditions. The coolant—a fifty/fifty water-glycol mix and good for three years or 25,000 miles—provides antifreeze protection to forty degrees below zero.

Starting with a set of road-grabbing Michelin ZX steel-belted radial tires, the running gear of Renault's 5 is first class all the way. The four-wheel independent suspension relies on torsion bar springing backed up by long-stroke, double-acting hydraulic shocks to keep the wheels on the road. Unequal-length control arms with anti-dive geometry are used at front, and the rear wheels are located by independent trailing arms. All these elements are mounted on a unitized chassis that provides a rigid platform for the running gear. To keep the perky rig pointed where you want to go, Renault installed rack-and-pinion steering for precise control. Braking is provided by nine-inch discs at the front and eight-inch drums at the rear. This combination pulls the "5" to a

quick, straight-line stop even under panic conditions.

Bigger on the inside and smaller on the outside was obviously the basic design goal for the Renault 5's body. To achieve this formula the classic "box with wheels at each corner" layout of the ideal minicar was adopted. Such an approach also resulted in the shortest overall length—141.5 inches—combined with the longest wheelbase—95.9 inches—of any car in its class. One soothing result of this length is that pitching on choppy surfaces—always a problem with mini's—has been virtually eliminated. In fact the four-wheel independent suspension on the "5" provides the best ride of any mini—imported or domestic—I've ever driven.

Inside the Renault you'll find a whole basketful of nifty ideas that make the mini a complete joy to own. Even with the backseat occupied, a fully enclosed cargo area of 9.5 cubic feet is available. Flipping the rear seat forward creates a cargo deck with a whopping 31.5 cubic feet of space—with the hatchback closed. And the hatch opening extends down to within two inches of the rear bumper, making it much easier to lift heavy items onto the cargo deck.

To really understand why the Renault 5 has been such an overwhelming success with Europe's demanding motorists you've got to get in it and go. A brief run through traffic confirms a first impression that the "5" is an ideal city car. Quick and nimble, the mini slides through traffic jams, parks on a dime, gives you five cents change, and makes getting there half the fun.

But a true appreciation of the Renault 5's handling qualities begins when you tackle a tough stretch of back road. As your confidence grows, the urge to go deeper into corners before backing off the gas increases. Then the revelation comes—don't back off—keep your foot down and the front-wheel drive pulls you around with style. Don't worry if you do get a little too enthusiastic, the mighty-mini will save you. When the Renault 5 is pushed too hard into a turn the inside front wheel lifts, loses traction, and spins. This causes the vehicle to slow immediately and everything hunkers down on an even keel. First time around it may feel a little hairy but you soon learn to rely on this characteristic of the car as part of your driving technique.

To really make sharp turns at speed, judicious use of the mini's hand brake can produce some eye-popping maneuvers. With a little practice you'll begin to look like a pro rally driver. It's simple! As you start through a turn, stand on the gas, and apply the hand brake briefly to momentarily lock the rear wheels. When the wheels lock the tail slides around, and "presto," you're pointing where you want to go with minimal use of the steering wheel. Until you master the hand-brake turn, practice should be restricted to safe areas such as empty parking lots where the danger of bending anything is slight.

"Christ's sake, Helen—not another obscene telephone call?"

Externally, the Renault 5 is a superclean machine, refreshingly free of the stylistic gimmicks usually employed to dress up small cars. The result is a solid, functional appearance that emphasizes the quality of the basic design. Even the bumpers—usually the Achilles' heel of minicar styling—add to the car's totally integrated look. Made of resilient polyurethane, the bumpers wrap around the corners of the car to guard the fenders from parking lot dents. City dwellers, who usually park parallel to the curb, will really appreciate this extra protection.

Internally, the "5" 's trim pack has been kept simple, neat, and practical. A rectangular instrument cluster in front of the driver groups both gauges and warning lights for easy reading. Functional symbols on all switches and controls reduce familiarization time for the average driver to about thirty seconds. Best of all there is a choke knob that can be pulled out on cold mornings to prevent stalling. The quality of the trim fit on more than a dozen cars I checked was excellent—Detroit please take note.

The Renault 5 is available in a basic 5TL version plus the more luxurious 5GTL model with a wide variety of factory and dealer options. Exclusive features of the GTL include reclining front seats, map pockets, padded steering wheel, rear-window defogger, carpeting, and chrome trim around the windshield and rear window. Most factory options—such as the canvas sun roof—can be ordered on either model, but the rear window-wiper/washer is offered only for the GTL. Dealer-installed options for both models include AM/FM radios, roof racks, custom sport wheels, ski racks, trailer hitches, and a wide range of interior convenience items. Nine body colors are offered for the GTL and five for the TL with vinyl or cloth upholstery—keyed to the body colors—in several variations.

While Renault is Europe's leading exporter of vehicles, the company is expanding its U.S. operation to meet expected demands for the "5." The first step is the formation of Renault U.S.A., a marketing and service organization that will supervise expansion in this country. Step two is the addition of 100 Renault dealers in 1976. And the third step is to increase sales from the present 7,000 units to around 20,000 per year.

At present, U.S. dealers sell the Renault 12 sedan and wagon, Renault 15 coupé, and Renault 17 coupé and convertible. With the addition of the Renault 5—priced in the $3,500 range—the company is providing a firm foundation for further expansion in the United States. Eventually Renault U.S.A. will offer a comprehensive line of cars selling from under $4,000 to more than $10,000 for a luxury sedan. If these models are only half as impressive as the Renault 5, you can count on seeing them in the pages on *Penthouse* as soon as they roll off the boat.

Watch your name?

Take the time to show you care in a very personal way. Our Swiss-jeweled wristfuls come in a choice of five colors—silver, gold, ruby, red, Sapphire blue, and brown with bands of suede-y black and brown or white patent, sized for men and women. Watches are guaranteed for one year. Only $29.95 each. New York city residents please add 8% sales tax.

To: Postmart Dept. J52, Box 1805, FDR Station, NY, NY 10022

☐ Silver Dial with Black Band
☐ Red Dial with White Band
☐ Blue Dial with White Band
☐ Gold Dial with Black Band
☐ Brown Dial with Brown Band

(PRINT MESSAGE 11 LETTER MAXIMUM) Letter Style: Block ☐ Script ☐

☐ Check or money order enclosed.
☐ Charge my credit account: ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard ☐ American Express

Account No.

Expiration Date

NAME

STREET

CITY STATE ZIP

Signature

GRANDMA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

sisted, advising that the drug also prevents cholera and helps keep you warm in cold weather. Besides, he added in what might have been the central point, the opium trade was worth ten million pounds a year to the Indian exchequer.

Dr. Hehir's wishful thinking was typical of the medical profession's attitude towards narcotics in the nineteenth century. Physicians sought to cure puzzling diseases even though little more knowledge was at their disposal in those years than was possessed by medical men in the dark days of the Middle Ages.

Doctors treated symptoms, such as pain, diarrhea, and coughing, instead of the ailments themselves because they didn't know the causes of most illnesses. There was a hopelessness about disease, and when cholera epidemics and other diseases swept the nation's filthy cities, doctors and druggists were among those who fled to the countryside for safety, leaving the poor citizenry alone to face the vicious killers that couldn't be seen or heard.

One treatment for cholera required the patient to put his feet in hot ashes and water, swallow a dose of opium and calomel, and then cover up in a bed filled with heated bricks and boiled ears of corn.

Each time a new discovery was made in the drug field in the nineteenth century, it was heralded as mankind's savior. About 1805, a young, self-taught German chemist named Frederick Serturner discovered a new substance in opium. He called it *morphium*, for the god of sleep; but after several experiments that nearly put some of his neighbors to sleep for good he warned: "I consider it my duty to attract attention to the terrible effect of this new substance in order that calamity may be averted."

Nobody listened to young Serturner, and physicians and scientists throughout Europe and the United States acclaimed morphine a marvelous drug with the curative powers of opium but without its terrible habit-forming attribute. Decades passed before they discovered they had never been more wrong.

In 1844 cocaine was isolated from coca leaves and it was seized upon by the medical profession. Years later a young Viennese doctor named Sigmund Freud discovered it for himself. Calling it "a magical drug," he said cocaine was superb for depression and indigestion and enduring hunger, pain, and fatigue. He swore it was nonaddictive "even after repeated taking," used the narcotic himself, and pushed it on patients, friends, colleagues, and even his sisters.

In 1854 a Scottish physician perfected the first practical syringe and the technique to use it; his wife became the world's first known morphine addict hooked by syringe and also the first person to die from an overdose administered by syringe.

But the medical profession was ecstatic about the development of the syringe, which offered a faster and more direct way to administer medicine than orally or through an incision made in the skin. According to one important source: "It is very doubtful if any painful condition to which the human race is heir escaped the list of those for which [the hypodermic use of morphine] was recommended."

More wishful thinking: the best authorities were convinced for many years that narcotics could be injected without leading to addiction, and as late as 1900 medical texts carried no word of warning about the terrible dangers of hypodermic application of morphine.

In 1899 Heinrich Dreser, of Germany's famed Bayer Works, gave the world what became its most widely used painkiller, aspirin. But a year earlier Dreser had made a different sort of discovery. He produced a chemical, diacetylmorphine hydrochloride, which he proudly described to a meeting of the Congress of German Naturalists and Physicians as a wonder drug ten times as effective as codeine in slowing respiration but only one-tenth as toxic. It would find widespread use, Dreser predicted. He was right. He had discovered heroin.

Wishful thinking at its worst: medical men on both sides of the Atlantic supported Dreser's claims and added new ones, telling the world that the first nonhabit-forming narcotic finally was available to mankind. They said they found heroin useful in treating tuberculosis, bronchitis, asthma, insomnia, coughs, chest pains, peritonitis, heart disease, and pelvic problems. One physician in 1902 even advised his peers to use heroin to cure morphine and codeine addiction, and the medical profession continued to debate how heroin might be used as a medicine as late as the 1920's.

As one might guess, there were many bronchitis sufferers, insomniacs, and others in the early 1900's who suddenly discovered that they had a new and far worse problem—heroin addiction. In fact, a leading medical historian believes that the epidemic of drug addiction in the United States would have been ended or at least sharply diminished early in the twentieth century but for Heinrich Dreser's unfortunate discovery.

But an epidemic it was, and it has never quite ended. However, the nineteenth century's addicts were far different persons from today's. Women outnumbered men by nearly three to one, many of these women were middle-aged, and most were white. The addicts were "the noblest and the best" among womanhood, mourned one observer.

An Iowa health official wrote in 1885 that narcotics' "helpless victims . . . have not come from the ranks of reckless men and fallen women, but the majority of them are to be found among the educated and most honored and useful members of society. . . . The habit in a vast majority of cases is first formed by the unpardonable carelessness of physicians, who are often too fond of using a little syringe, or relieving every ache and pain by the administration of an opiate."

Another authority described the type of person that he thought was most prone to addiction: "A delicate female, having light blue eyes and flaxen hair, possesses, according to my observations, the maximum susceptibility."

Women of that time used opium and morphine on the advice of their doctors for "female complaints," both real and imaginary; they also dosed themselves with a variety of patent medicines widely advertised as cure-alls, women's friends, consumption cures, and painkillers—many of which were loaded with narcotics.

Young mothers gave their fretful and restless infants such universally used patent medicines as Mistress Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Mother Bailey's Quieting Syrup, and Kopp's Baby's Friend—all of them loaded with opium and virtually certain to addict their tiny users.

Wives secretly dumped opium and morphine powders into their husbands' coffee or tea, following the directions on the label that said taking doses of these narcotics would cure alcoholism.

Doctors consumed it—and probably constituted the greatest group of narcotics addicts in the nation after women: they used it to calm themselves and increase their stamina. At least one country doctor kept his faithful horse as doped as himself to endure the endless hard days and nights of work.

One Missouri doctor so overworked himself during a malaria epidemic that he suffered terribly from insomnia. Finally, he gave himself an injection of one-fifth of a grain of morphine, and twenty minutes later—feeling no reaction—took another shot of one-third of a grain. Almost instantly after the second dose of the Judas drug ("it kisses, then it betrays," wrote one frightened addict), the doctor passed into what he described as "a rested and delightful frame of mind." He said he soon saw ecstatic visions of "marble palaces, stately dames dancing minuets, lovely girls flitting about hilariously to sensuous music, the cathedrals of Milan and Cologne, whirling along in cabs across the continent of Europe and sailed over oceans, at all times accompanied by agreeable companions who talked delightfully on the most entertaining subjects."

But when the delirium ended, he said, "the awakening was terrible. My mouth was parched, my lips dry, my head ached violently, and I cursed morphine as the very devil among drugs. Yet, think of the folly and the weakness of man! Within two months I was bound hand and foot by the demon and he held me fast for fourteen years."

Whole families were hooked by the deadly drugs. For many years after the hypodermic syringe came into widespread use during the Civil War, many doctors taught patients or members of the family to use it so they wouldn't have to make a personal appearance each time a patient was scheduled for an injection. Artistically decorated syringe kits were available for home use.

One family of four—mother, father, son, and daughter—was addicted by a physician who left a syringe with them. The same doctor is said to have led at least two hundred of his patients into the hell of narcotics addiction.

Wives of a few addicts voluntarily addicted themselves so they could share their husbands' agonies and try to make the horror easier to endure. But cases of addicts luring others into the habit were virtually unknown in the nineteenth century, when drugs were cheap and legal and addicts didn't have to raise huge sums of money to support the habit, as they must today.

One Ohio doctor, however, himself an addict and weary of the incessant reproaches of his wife, laced her tea with morphine three times a day until she was hooked. It still didn't shut her up.

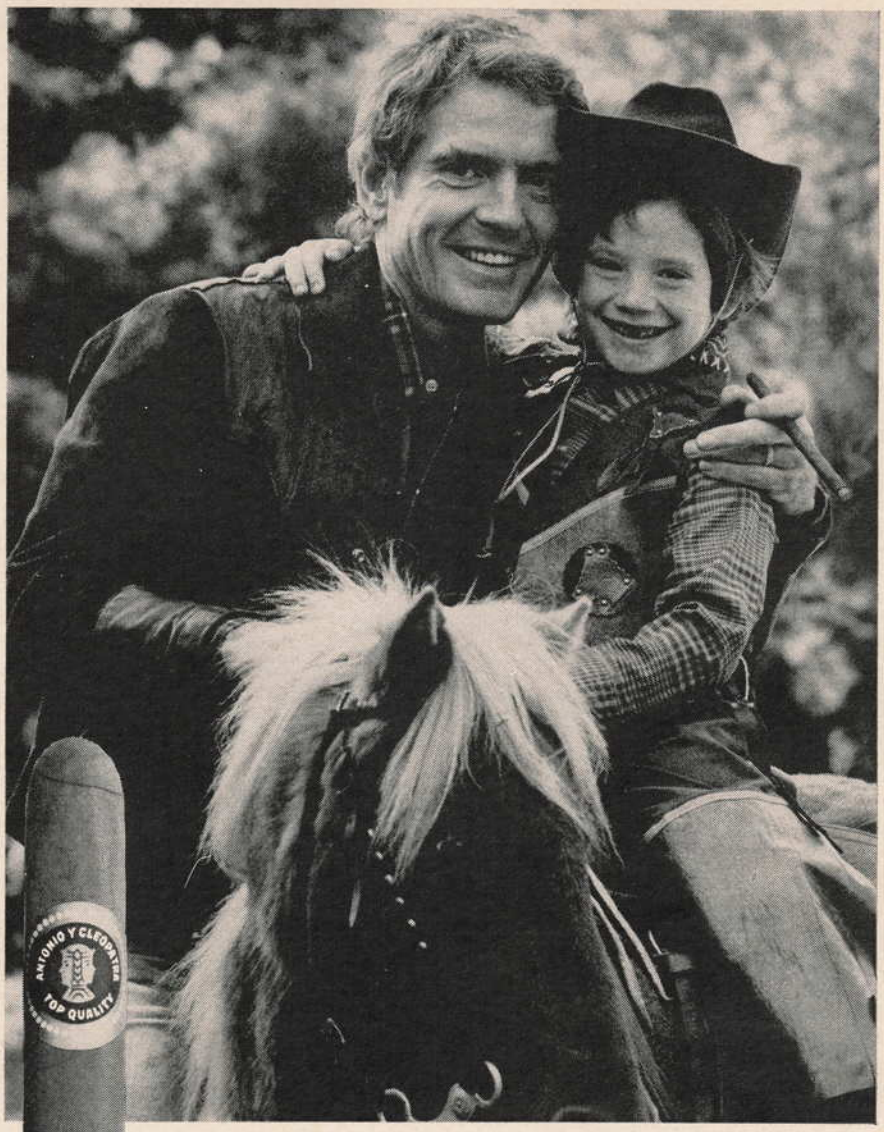
Merchants took narcotics to steel their nerves against the pressures of business; many preferred it to liquor because there was no telltale odor on their breath and because addiction under normal circumstances is difficult to detect, even for a spouse.

Students used narcotics because they were overworked, and soldiers because they were underworked. Preachers, temperance lecturers, writers, and lawyers depended on drugs to quicken their minds and waiters to quicken their memories. Clerks, vendors, and teamsters used them, as did overworked and underpaid factory workers.

In high society drugs were used for two reasons, a writer of the day said: For the men, "society's whirl demands late hours —a little punch, perhaps salad; sleep must be immediate or the man of business will not get any." He got his sleep, thanks to an injection or a powder. And then there was "the lady of *haut ton*, idly lolling upon her velvet fauteuil and vainly trying to cheat the lagging hours that intervene ere the clockwork tintinnabulum shall sound the hour for opera or whist."

Workers in the fisheries of Alaska were given morphine to make them work faster; at the end of each season many were confirmed addicts. In the South, overseers put cocaine in the rations of black field hands to get more work out of them. Construction, mill, and mining workers were offered or fed narcotics with their rations.

Every pioneer family going West carried a medicine chest with their favorite patent medicines and bottles of opium and morphine. Frontier doctors, what few there were, depended on opiates as the only



One beautiful smoking experience.

If you've never had one, have an A&C Grenadier.

Long, slender, mild-tasting A&C Grenadiers —in light or dark wrappers—are a unique blend of fine imported and domestic tobaccos that give you real flavor, satisfying taste. It's one beautiful smoking experience.

Antonio Y Cleopatra.

sure painkiller in a place where pain was an everyday occurrence.

Disease, accidents, and gunshot wounds were so common that frontier men and women surely were the unhealthiest Americans in history, and among the most doped up.

One mountaineer with a toothache, which drove him almost out of his mind with pain, traded all his furs for one bottle of laudanum at a frontier town. A Texas doctor gave every patient a dose of opium, regardless of complaint. He might have been the reincarnation of a celebrated European physician of two centuries earlier, who used opium so promiscuously that he was called Dr. Opiatus.

The epidemic embraced the nation. A physician-historian wrote in 1871: "Corroborative accounts come in from New Jersey and Indiana, from Boston at one extreme and from St. Louis at another, and from the impoverished South as well. In the Mississippi Valley particularly the use of stimuli of every name is fearfully on the increase."

It was to get far worse, until the greatest mass of opiate addicts in history were walking the earth, horrified by their plight but too terrified to end it.

Opium has been used medicinally for thousands of years. The Egyptian, Persian, and Greek civilizations were familiar with it. Homer mentions it in the *Iliad* and Hippocrates recommended it. Virgil remarked on it in the *Aeneid*. It became so popular in the Roman Empire that shopkeepers and wandering quacks were hawking it to the plebeians. The drug continued in widespread use through the Middle Ages and when Cardinal Richelieu was ill in 1642, his French doctors gave him horse dung in white wine. Next they gave him a dose of laudanum. Next he died. In 1700 a London textbook on opium called it "a safe and noble Panacea."

Opium was popular in colonial America and was commonly used by military surgeons in the Revolution.

In 1822 Thomas De Quincey, one of several English writers addicted to opium, published his dismaying masterpiece, *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*. It made addiction fashionable and continued to lure many new victims to the treacherous drug for a century or more after it was published.

Patent medicines, many heavily laced with opiates, were imported from England in the 1700's until our own charlatans began pushing homemade nostrums after the Revolution. But it wasn't until the middle of the nineteenth century that patent medicines came into their own. There were several reasons for this: doctors were distrusted, often for good cause, and the people tended to try to cure themselves; giveaway postal rates were authorized by Congress; it became economical to publish cheap newspapers, thanks to free delivery by the Post Office in the county of publication; and, because rising numbers of people learned to read, the American masses could now be scared out of their skins by quack medical advertisements in newspapers, magazines, almanacs, farm journals, and on roadside signs, sidewalk sandwich boards, and even handbills delivered door to door—in short, virtually everywhere a person turned.

The nostrum makers terrified millions into using their usually worthless and often dangerous products by describing horrible diseases—many of them invented by advertising agents—waiting to destroy mankind. Revolting intestinal worms, growing as long as sixty feet, were described so often in advertisements that they must have been especially effective salesmen for the quacks. After terrifying the reader, they reassured him or her by guaranteeing—absolutely guaranteeing! —that there was a single miraculous product that would cure this malady and many others as well. Many of the nostrums were described as cures for a wide range of problems. One claimed to cure twenty-five ailments, from headaches to sore feet. Another laid claim to fifty-five disorders, and said it also was good for what ails horses, cows, and sheep. There was no law against lying in ads; outrageous claims were considered to be just good salesmanship.

When the guns at Fort Sumter called Americans from North and South to war, the young soldiers from city and farm brought with them bottles and tins of their favorite patent remedies. Their military surgeons treated them with the same nostrums and made liberal use of opium, which the Union army's surgeon-general later called "an invaluable remedy." The wounded were usually given an opium pill or a shot of morphine automatically "because they expected it," the surgeon-general said. For each of the North's four hundred thousand wounded, fifteen more were felled by sickness. The average soldier was sick enough to need medical help more than twice a year during the war. Most often he suffered cruelly from diarrhea, dysentery, and malaria. Opiates were used against these and other illnesses, plus as a painkiller and sleeping powder, and so many soldiers marched home after the war with a monkey on their backs that addiction came to be known as the "army disease." Soldiers shared with their families their terrors from the war and the pain from their injuries and ailments that sometimes lasted a lifetime. Quite often their wives and their children became addicts, too.

The "Westerling" movement added illnesses and hardship to the American fabric, and patent-medicine makers, unshackled by laws, lured increasing numbers to their dangerous wares after the war ended. Doctors, ignorant of the causes of many diseases, treated the ailing with their favorite narcotics.

Opium, morphine, laudanum, paregoric, and patent medicines containing these drugs were available throughout the country, without a doctor's prescription. An 1878 Michigan state health department report said "it would not be difficult for a lunatic or a child" to get all the opium he wanted, "provided he told a plausible story and had the money to pay for it." Every drugstore carried it, and some doctors, frightened by the spreading addiction, took to carrying a notice on their prescription blanks "respectfully requesting" druggists not to refill an opiate prescription without first obtaining the doctor's permission.

Many pharmacists insisted that misuse of narcotics was the customer's problem, not the pharmacist's. Also, they said, poor people couldn't afford to pay for both the writing of a prescription and the medicine itself, and they clearly needed the medicine more than the prescription.

Drugstores weren't the only place narcotics and hypodermics were sold. Grocers carried them. So did bookstores, tobacco shops, and department stores. Country stores kept farm families supplied with opiates.

And, of course, the mail-order houses offered wide selections of opium products, syringe kits with instructions on how to use them, and all the important patent medicines. (Experts estimate that there were between 50,000 and 65,000 different nostrums readily available around the turn of the century.)

The public didn't approve of narcotics addiction, but neither did it consider the habit monstrous. Addicts were viewed more with pity than loathing, although many persons considered addiction as immoral as dancing and theatergoing. Unlike today, addicts didn't expect to be fired if their bosses discovered their habit, and husbands and wives didn't divorce their hooked spouses.

The addicts lived normal lives in their communities—addicted men worked regularly, addicted women managed their households, and addicted children attended school without interruption.

Many authorities believed drug addiction was far better than being a drunkard ("opium soothes, alcohol maddens," it was said), and there was a movement to convert alcoholics to the syringe.

One Cincinnati physician bragged about converting a number of his hard-drinking patients and said if all drunks in America were switched to narcotics, "the mayors and police courts would almost languish for lack of business; the criminal dockets, with their attendant legal functionaries, would have much less to do than they now have." He insisted that he could prove "the law-abiding quality of opium-eating peoples" and said it's obvious to anyone who "carefully watches and reflects on the quiet, introspective gaze of the morphine habitué and compares it with the riotous, devil-may-care leer of the drunkard."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

COUPLE ♥ COUPLE

Mark L., 24, 5'10", 163 lbs. Brown hair and blue eyes. Mark is a buyer for a large department store.
Julie H., 21, 5'6", 119 lbs. Brown hair and blue eyes. Julie is a medical secretary.

MARK'S STORY:
When we first talked about the possibility of Julie and me doing an interview, I told you I was interested in exhibitionism. I'm afraid that's not exactly what I meant. I am *not* an exhibitionist. I guess you could call me a voyeur. I'm into watching women who expose themselves. In fact, that is the major aspect of sex that excites me. I'll first try to explain how I was introduced to female exhibitionism, and then my problem with Julie.

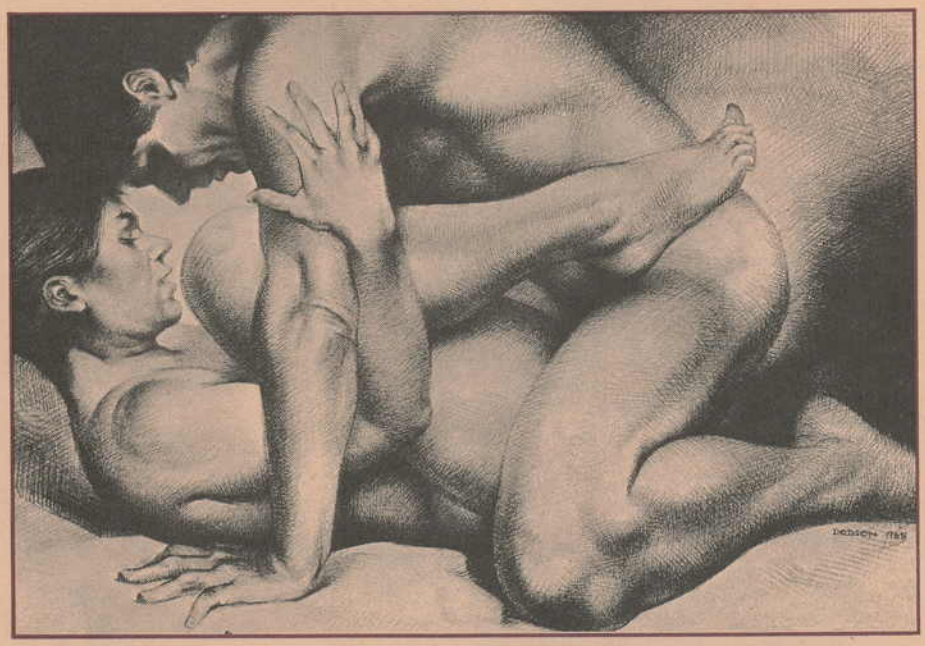
Julie and I live in San Francisco, but I grew up in Salt Lake City, Utah, where my parents still live. My father owns several small businesses and a summer resort on Salt Lake.

The summer I was twelve years old, my father made me grounds keeper at the resort. I had to keep the grass cut and watered and see that our stretch of beach was free of litter, and a lot of stuff like that.

On Fourth of July weekend that year a young couple rented one of the smaller cottages for two weeks. I paid no attention to them at first. They seemed very average and nice. I don't think I ever noticed the guy at all, but the girl, whose name was Rhonda, used to sunbathe every morning while I was watering the lawn. She was a beautiful woman with rich red hair, and she wore a blue and white striped bikini. It made me nervous when she was around, but she would always talk to me, usually about music. I was crazy about music, especially the Beach Boys, and she dug them too, so I got over being nervous

pretty quick.

When our conversations got really intense, she would sit forward with her legs on either side of the lounging chair. From that position I could see little hairs that curled out of her panties. That excited me and I tried not to stare, but I couldn't help myself. She never seemed to notice my fascination with her crotch.



I'd get a hard-on and then stand with my back to her, watering the grass and talking over my shoulder. Each time I looked at her she would run her hands up the inside of her thigh and complain that she didn't tan evenly.

One afternoon when Rhonda hadn't sunbathed earlier, I saw her head poke out of one of the outhouses and look around the beach. There was no one there but me. Now, as I think back on how this happened, I know there is no way that she could have not seen me. I was standing maybe twenty yards away from her with a shovel and a litter bag, but she didn't see me. She walked out on the beach stark naked with her swimsuit in her hand, shaking the sand out of it. Then she turned in my direction and pulled on the panties, tied the halter around her tits, and walked off in the direction of the cottage.

I had never seen a live naked woman before. I dropped everything, dashed into that outhouse, and jerked off. I guess I really thought it had been an accident, but I was as horny as hell for another look. I started hanging around her cottage at night, hoping for a glimpse of her undressing. I didn't get that, but I got more than I bargained for.

I sneaked over to the cottage around eleven o'clock that evening but the lights were all out. I was just about to leave disappointed when I heard a cry, as though someone were hurting her. I started thinking about rushing in and saving her from some bad guy; you know how kids are. Then I heard her say, "Do it to me; stick it in me now," and I knew what they were doing. I leaned close to the window and listened.

She gave a really loud moan as he sunk it into her and she kept on moaning like a puppy—must have been for half an hour. The bed was banging against the wall and I was masturbating in the dark listening to them.

When they finished I was just about to leave when I heard their back door close softly. I was afraid of getting caught, but I crept close to the house and peered around the corner. They were both standing there naked. She was giggling and kissing his chest. She held his cock while he took a pee in the grass. She told him, "And you know, the people here really think we're a married couple."

I left after that. I was very excited but I had this funny feeling about her now. I had thought she was such a nice lady, and now I thought she was sort of dirty, doing a thing like that with a guy, whether they were married or not. I was at a stage where I still couldn't get it through my head that my parents had fucked.

When I talked to her the next day I couldn't look at her. I kept thinking of her moaning and holding the guy's cock the night before. I was usually pretty talkative and she must have noticed the change. I thought about going over again that night but for some reason I didn't.

A couple of days later, the weather was really beautiful when I went over to water the lawn, but she wasn't in the lounge. I went ahead and hooked up the hose. While I was around back I noticed that the back door was open. I glanced in and she was sitting in a chair just outside the threshold. She had no clothes on and she was examining her cunt very carefully with her fingers. Her head was back and her eyes were closed. I just watched her; I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

She must have come because she fell forward with a groan and opened her eyes. When she saw me she gave a little scream, jumped up, and tried to cover her tits and cunt with her hands.

She held a towel in front of her and beckoned me toward her. "You must never tell anyone what you saw me doing," she said.

There was no question about it. I was as flustered as she was, and I agreed not to mention it.

"I'll let you look at me close up if you promise never to tell anyone about what you saw," she said.

Once again I promised and she gestured for me to come into the house. She dropped the towel and stood before me with her hands on her hips.

"Are you happy now?" she demanded. I told her that I certainly was.

"I suppose you want to touch my titties?" she asked suggestively.

I thought that would be pretty nice. She had really big and beautiful tits with very light nipples that stuck out. The hair on her vagina was a strawberry blond and I couldn't believe her letting me look at it.

She asked if there was anything else I wanted and I told her I would like to see her pussy lips opened. She looked at me as if I were depraved, but she sat on the couch with her feet up and spread her labia so I could see the pink tunnel and the knob of her clit.

"What's the matter with your pants?" she asked. Of course I had an incredible hard-on. I just blushed and she came over and undid my zipper. That was the first hand job I ever had. I came in about three seconds, all over her belly. She rubbed it into her skin and said, "Remember, now; you promised." I must have jerked off about seven times that night just thinking about it. Well, they left the next day. I never saw her again, but I've never stopped thinking of her. Ever since then, I've always wanted to see women naked when they didn't know I was watching.

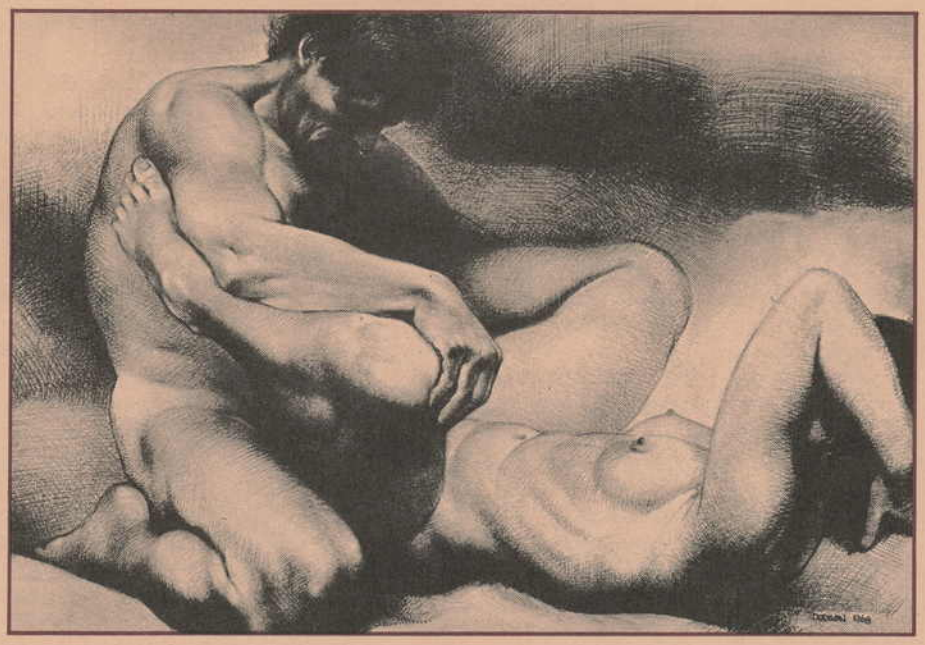
I went to college in the east and got kicked out in my sophomore year for getting involved in a grass bust. I was going to go to a college closer to home when my father set me up with this job as a buyer. I was just going to do it for a while but I really got to love Frisco. There are also some strange opportunities on the job. The salary's pretty good and you get a lot of stuff free. Also, there are a number of saleswomen around now, particularly in stockings. If they're showing you a pair of stockings they're wearing and you just say "a little higher, a little higher," pretty soon, if they're interested in the sale, they get the idea.

I used to go to a lot of peep shows where the girl is sitting on a turntable in the nude and you get to look three minutes for a

Illustrations by Betty Dodson

quarter. It's sort of depressing, and I always wonder how those chicks get into that kind of work.

I first met Julie at a party on Haight Street. She was really lovely and I was talking to her, coming on pretty cool. She was wearing a denim miniskirt and I was saying that even though it was out of style I thought miniskirts were tough. Just then she dropped her napkin and when she bent over to pick it up I saw she was not wearing anything! I was so freaked.



She came up smiling. She knew exactly what she was doing. It was like a dream come true. She saw I got off on it incredibly so she spent the whole evening playing strange little games with me—unbuttoning her blouse and pretending to scratch her breasts and meanwhile making her nipples hard, dancing so her skirt rode up on her legs and then pulling it down just before it got *too* high, brushing her hand *accidentally* against my crotch. I was going crazy.

I cornered the host once while Julie was in the john and asked him about her. He just smiled and said that was what she was into. I offered to take her home in my car, and as soon as she got in she hiked her skirt up around her ass so I could see her cunt. Then she said, "You really get off on this, don't you?" I told her, "You bet."

I took her home to my apartment but she only wanted to watch me jerk off. We stayed up all night drinking and playing these weird flashing games. Finally about dawn we got to bed and just creamed all over each other. After that we went out together until she just sort of moved into my apartment. You have no idea what it's like to have a craving for something as rare as this and then to meet someone who fulfills it totally. She's flashed herself to me in expensive restaurants, museums, parks, stores. You can't believe what a turn-on it is. Occasionally she's gotten caught, too, and that can be a laugh. People can never believe they've seen what they've seen and they never know what to say. What *can* you say when a beautiful girl lifts her skirt and exposes herself? I never know what to say; I just lick my lips and pant.

For months we were living together getting off on our little games and I didn't know there was anyone else in the world but the two of us. One afternoon I was driving an associate of mine, a guy named Carl, home from work and he started commenting on how lucky I was to have a chick like Julie. He'd met her at a party the last weekend. Something about the way he was talking made me feel there was an underlying insinuation that I didn't like. I asked him point blank, and he just shut up and denied knowing what I was talking about.

Julie had gotten pretty high at that party and I figured maybe she hadn't been as cool as usual about how she was playing her little games. I didn't say anything to her about it but I was a little pissed. I watched her more closely when we went out and I noticed she was flashing herself at other guys too!

Julie and I had never had a fight but when I got a load of what was going down I read the riot act. What do you think her argument is? She says that she doesn't want to make it with these guys, she just gets off on showing them, and because it excites her, it makes sex better for us. What does she think a guy thinks? You see a woman flaunting her cunt at you, wouldn't you think she wants to fuck? There are guys all over the Bay area who think they can make it with my woman like that and I'm supposed to sit around and say "whatever baby likes."

It's one thing if she's showing off for me and someone gets an eyeful; that's the hazard of the game. But purposely showing another guy! What's he going to think of me?

We never really came to an agreement, I guess. The whole problem caused a pretty big rift in our relationship. One night we were at a party and I was trying to keep an eye on Julie, but what could I do?

Well, all of a sudden the wife of one of my friends comes up to me and says, "Mark, do you think you can control your girl friend?" Can you believe that?

I took her home and I said, "Julie, either you get this together or we're through. I love the game. I love you, but I can't go on being made a fool of every time we're in public."

It's such a difficult situation. Her little peculiarity is both the blessing and the curse. I know if I leave her I'll be frustrated again, but if I don't get this straightened out I'll be the laughingstock of California. I can't understand why she isn't satisfied just exposing herself to me; why's she got to go doing it to all these other guys? I sure hope you can work this one out for us, because otherwise I'm afraid our days together are numbered.

JULIE'S STORY:

When I was twelve we lived in Sacramento. There was a kid in my class in school, incredibly shy and apparently very into me, who started following me home from school and just hanging around the neighborhood. I was not shy at all and sometimes I'd try to talk to him but he was weird.

My parents were pretty strict and they always made me go to bed by eight-thirty, which was awfully early. The kid used to hang around outside my window and watch me get ready for bed.

The first time I saw him I thought it was pretty weird. I felt I was being invaded or something and I was going to tell my daddy. Then when I was in bed I got this warm feeling in my tummy thinking about it. I got more and more excited the more I thought about it. That was when I learned to masturbate, rubbing against the edge of my mattress. So after that I started putting on a little show for him just before I went to bed. It got heavier and heavier until I was into standing on a chair and pulling down my panties so he could see me. By that time he was into fooling around a little too. It was weird because we never spoke. I can't even remember his name.

One evening we were going through this mating dance when I heard my father shout at my mother, "Hey Millie, there's a kid beating off in the bushes." Then everything went crazy. The kid looked at me with betrayal in his eyes and took off. He never came around anymore. I felt super bad about it. I always wonder if I fucked up his idea of women. Like if he's gay or some-

thing because he thinks I squealed on him when we were kids.

I got my period that summer and my whole body went through changes. I got into fantasizing a lot. It was always about men watching me—I always knew but *they* didn't know I knew. I have a cousin named Beth who is the same age as me. She came to stay with me for a couple of months that summer just before I turned thirteen.

I told her all about the kid who used to watch me and about my fantasies and we decided to make them come true a little. There was a boy in the neighborhood, James C. We used to tease him because he insisted on being called James instead of Jim. We thought it sounded stuffy. One afternoon he was playing ball in the street outside our house, just by himself, banging the ball against the curb. I put on a little blue dress without panties and when he missed the ball I bent over and got it. He could see everything. He just freaked out! After that he started to hang around us. He stopped playing ball and just sat around bullshitting about what a great athlete he was. He didn't get anything out of it because I didn't do it again for a long time. But he still hung around. Then a friend of his called him a sissy for playing with us and James beat him up. That was an exciting thing. Beth and I talked about it for weeks.

Anyway, I liked him a lot and when Beth left I gave him another show in a field near our house. We didn't even think about fucking. I wasn't fourteen yet. This was strictly kid stuff.

I had had such success with James I sort of wanted to try it with other guys too, but it really takes a lot of guts and I was chicken for a long time. When I was sixteen, we joined a country club and this was a whole new trip for me. I met a lot of kids I didn't know and they were real sharp. Some of them had their own cars and I wanted to make a sophisticated impression.

Labor Day weekend the country club held a party just for the teenagers. Even the chaperones were young. There were a lot of jokes about girls swimming nude so I just decided "Fuck it," dropped my suit, and dived into the water. Well, the kids went nuts. I never expected them to freak out as much as they did. It was really pretty innocent but boy, did they put the rush on me. I had dates every weekend for months.

I was sort of naïve, I guess. I knew that diving in nude was sort of sexy, but I didn't think anyone would think I was loose because I'd done it. But that wasn't how it worked out. Every guy who took me out thought I was going to be an easy fuck. It was such a drag. I'd never even petted before that party, and now every guy I met tried to jump on me. I was finally more or less raped by this one guy. It scared him to death when he broke my cherry. He said he'd heard that I'd fucked all these other guys and thought I was just being difficult.

His name was Steve, and that was my first healthy sexual relationship. It lasted until he went into the navy. This was all before I got into flashing.

When I graduated from high school I decided not to go to college. I was never that good a student and I didn't want my parents to spend the bread. Instead I went to San Francisco and got a job as a secretary, first in a law firm. Then a friend of mine left the hospital and I got her job. I got in with this crowd who are not really swingers, but they'd like to be. Know what I mean? They play a lot of sex games. That's when I got into flashing at parties. I almost never wear underclothes and *never* a bra.

Now, normally I don't walk around the streets doing this. I have once or twice flashed in cabs when I was a little high, just to see the driver's reaction. It's interesting too that no one has ever propositioned me when I've done something like that. But most of my activities in this area, before I met Mark, were confined to party situations.

The reason I got into it more with Mark is because I've never met anyone who got off on it as much as he does. Being a woman, you have to have a certain sense of who's around because you could get seriously hurt if you do it to the wrong person. Well, Mark gives me an opportunity to break loose from convention. If anything weird happens he can always take care of it, and he appreciates what I do. It would be a perfect relationship if he weren't hung up on his male ego. "What will people think of me?" That's what he says. He's afraid someone will think he's not a big stud because his girl gets off on flashing.

Really, I'm mostly monogamous. I mean, stepping out is not where I get any kind of kick. I'm a little afraid of making it with guys I don't know too well. But I don't mind showing off for an attractive man, like with Mark. Well there's this guy Carl and he's a nice guy, but I do not consider Carl attractive. He's a styled-hair, perma-press-suit type and I am not turned on by them. One day I guess he told Mark that I was cute or something and Mark jumped to the conclusion that I had lifted my skirt for him, which is not true. Now Mark follows me around at parties as if I were a maniac on the loose. You have no idea what a bummer it is.

I'm not saying that I don't flash for other men when I'm at a party. I do. I get off on it a lot. There's something very sexy about showing your tits or your pussy to a man you don't know.

Just recently I was at a party and I was dancing with this guy, a really cute hair stylist from San Jose. We were shaking down real low and I took the hem of my skirt and lifted it just enough. Well, his wife had been watching a little too closely and she knew what I'd done and told Mark. We had a fight right there at the party and it lasted long after we went home. I was very angry. I was really thinking it might be better to break off the relationship.

If only Mark could understand that I need this kind of release occasionally. Why can't he let me do what I want at parties? I'm not hurting anyone, and it makes love better for the two of us.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM'S COMMENTS:

My research shows that there are at least as many women "flashers" as male. Numerous strippers have admitted to me that they strip not only for the money or to cock-tease (and by doing so confirm their domination over the male), but because they become so sexually stimulated themselves. I have in my files a number of letters from women who deliberately undress in front of windows if they know there may be males watching, for the same reason.

Voyeurism can also be a compulsion neurosis, and can be almost as serious in its consequences (though I tend to blame the victim of the Peeping Tom who makes it possible for the compulsive voyeur to see what he does). The law treats the Peeping Tom with the same severity as the male "flasher."

I have yet to hear of a Peeping Mary, though I have no doubt that some exist. But neither have I heard of a female "flasher" being prosecuted. This I am sure is the result of two things: even when she is sexually roused her arousal responses are not visible as the erect penis is, and also there are very few men who, given the opportunity of seeing a woman strip, would be frightened by what she did or would report her to the police.

Now, how does all this apply to Mark and Julie? Mark, according to my experience, is a perfectly normal male who gets turned on by the sight of the female's intimate anatomy. He is in the company of 99.9 percent of all males. I don't believe his boyhood experiences have exerted any influence at all on his turn-on and the excitement he gets out of it. He does not go on the prowl peeping because that is the only way he can have sexual relief, and I can see no danger of his ever doing so.

Julie, on the other hand, is a compulsive "flasher." Please read her story again with my explanation in mind. No woman who is not a compulsive "flasher" exposes herself at a traditional party. Also, mark well her self-justification and the many blatant signs of her emotional immaturity.

I hope Mark will now understand that she does need this kind of release occasionally, and that he should arrange for her to have treatment without delay before anything serious happens with the law. If Julie won't agree to this, then I would advise Mark to part with her before she drags him down into scandal with her.

DO TEENAGE BOYS REALLY GET OFF ON OLDER WOMEN?

You bet! And many a matron is discovering that "lover boy" easily translates into "boy lover."

By Rod Philip

Margo, age forty-one, hit the intercom to call her young male secretary into the office. Strange how businessmen preferred quick blow-jobs to an honest fuck over the executive desk. But Margo was an honest woman, and she certainly didn't care if her male secretary had a B.A. in medieval lit or not. If he didn't get his ass into her office soon, she was going to hire a new boy.

Frannie, age forty-nine, heard the doorbell but decided to let the teenage boy outside wait. She checked the hall mirror again, and decided that her lacy black bra revealed too little. The spike heels hurt like hell, but nothing else in the way of shoes would do. The way her small bare buttocks rode atop those streamlined legs was really rather nice, she thought. She looked just right for the boy outside.

Susan, age fifty-six, wondered whether she would ever get out of the registrar's office. Low pay; no fringe benefits. A student interrupted her daydream, asking if he could see his school records. Before taking even a glance at the young man's face, Susan automatically checked out his crotch. Why do only teenage boys display good healthy crotches like this one? Did penises shrink with age? She escorted the student back to the file room. Tomorrow or the day after would certainly be soon enough to start looking for that new job.

Maxine, age forty-two, had been the prima ballerina for New York City's finest ballet company, but middle age now found her in the position of "star" instructor for a prestigious ballet school. She instructed her young students to stretch at the barre. In tights, the male teenage buttocks were more clearly defined, and Maxine could see right down the crack delineating those tense, bulging cheeks. An inexperienced but gifted boy is invited to attend a private after-class session.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK LAFITTE

The four middle-aged women profiled above are commonly known as "boy-fuckers." They're all into young teenage cock, and I happen to be just one of the male youngsters they all laid. Unlike Europeans, Americans do not have a tradition of experienced, older women initiating young boys into full sexual manhood. Yet, it's long been socially acceptable for aging sugar daddies to escort nubile young girls about town. Almost all liaisons between middle-aged women and teenage boys remain covert, and few people realize how frequent these May-November affairs are becoming. Unfortunately, these middle-aged women are usually heavy closet cases; their sexual proclivity is seen as a perversity lying just to the right of incest.

Nevertheless, a great many middle-aged women are definitely turned on by very young men. "You get a chance to relive your own youth by having a boy for a lover," admitted one fifty-year-old. "It reminds you of how alive you can be, not just between the sheets but all day long."

Now I don't pretend to be any great stud. My build is hardly muscular, I stand under six feet, and my cock is just an average six inches. Yet, I'm the most sought after commodity on the market today: a teenage boy. But don't get me wrong! I'm no expensive stud service. I screw these older women because *I* enjoy it. Of course I've made it with a few chicks my own age, and the sex isn't bad, but fucking a beautiful middle-aged woman is sex of another dimension altogether.

At the age of sixteen I gracefully lost my virginity to Frannie, a sex-starved housewife of great sexual imagination.

Frannie was the mother of my best friend Billy. One day when I was in her kitchen waiting for Billy to return from basketball practice, she bent over to remove some things from the dishwasher. All of a sudden, this heart-shaped ass was sticking right up in front of me! I about freaked out, but then realized there weren't any dirty dishes to be cleaned. Frannie—Mrs. Costello at this point in our relationship—was just waving her ass around to catch my attention. When she had my nose down the crack of her fluorescent red-nylon pedal pushers, she turned around to stick her tongue in my mouth. I had never even kissed a girl before, and here was Billy's mother's tongue circling around in my mouth. I just couldn't believe what was happening. When she finally drew away from me, I blurted out, "But Mrs. Costello!" and Frannie got hysterical. She lunged over and kissed me again, and at the same time she started rubbing my cock.

Frannie took me to her bedroom. I was on top of her, all over her! My arms were pumping up and down and my cock was pulsing and pushing in and out of her. Then I noticed that we were fucking underneath her wedding picture—Frannie all in white, Dr. Costello looking like a young punk. I'd suddenly changed from the kid from down the block who Dr. Costello used to yell at when I ran across his lawn to a superstud fucking Mrs. Costello right under Dr. Costello's eyes in the wedding picture. For the first time in my life, I felt like . . . like a man!

Frannie liked to play this little game called "The Governess and the Little Boy." I'd ring the doorbell, she'd answer and scold me for being late. We'd then proceed to fuck. Each time I'd arrive, however, some little aspect of "The Governess and the Little Boy" would be elaborated upon. First, she started wearing this black outfit: lacy bra, mini-half-slip, garter belt, stockings, spike heels, and no panties. At first she screamed about my being late, but after a few episodes she began to yell at me for being a dirty little boy. "Why must a governess be subjected to such humiliation at the hands of a thoughtless little child," she'd scream, stripping the "dirty" clothes from my loins. After that, Frannie would take me upstairs, scolding me all the way, for a hot bath.

The first time she tried this bathroom routine I pulled her into the tub for a soggy fuck, but she yelled, "All dirty little boys must ask for permission!" I suppose this should have been a clue that something was wrong with Frannie, but my sexual practices were not exactly sophisticated at age sixteen.

"May I fuck you, Governess Costello?"

With a positive nod of her head, we proceeded to screw. The bathwater bounced to our irregular undulations.

On our last Wednesday afternoon together, the well-rehearsed question, "May

I fuck you, Governess Costello?" received a negative reply. She propped me up on her knees for a spanking and smeared Vaseline over her finger and up into my unsprung asshole. My cock was already sticking between her thighs so I thought a little thigh-job would be appropriate. But when I came on the bathroom tiles, she got all pissed off about my unsanitary habits: "What do you mean shooting all your hot teenage sperm on my clean bathroom tiles? Do you expect me to clean this mess up? Who do you think I am, your mother?" At that moment, Dr. Costello and his son—my best friend Billy—entered the bathroom. Being alone with this crazy woman for the past hour, I was somehow glad to see some sane faces. I hurriedly excused myself, mumbling something polite to Dr. Costello. Neither he nor Billy seemed exactly anxious to detain me; Frannie just slumped into the bathwater.

I've never forgotten Frannie. She bestowed a lifetime of sexual experience upon my naive young soul. I cannot, however, forgive myself the trauma our final episode must have caused her. Luckily, my sexual appetite for middle-aged women was not deterred by mere shame and embarrassment.

Sex with my forty-two-year-old dance instructor, Maxine, was infinitely less hassled. There was nothing furtive about Maxine. Sex with Frannie had an incestuous facet since she was my best friend's mother and all. But Maxine was a good hot fuck. She was gorgeous!

"Kids think because I have long hair and wear jeans tight enough to show the crease in my buns, I'm a kid too," Maxine once told me. "If I want to get rid of them, I tell them up front that I'm over forty. I'm almost old enough to be their mother, and they nearly faint. Of course," and she'd smile, "if I like the dude's looks, he's not going to find out that I'm forty-two until we get out of the sack the next morning."

Maxine and I met at the barre—a dancer's barre. I had started college at a New York City university, and was taking a few dance classes in the Village for exercise. Dance schools have never been bastions of heterosexuality, but you can usually tell what dance instructors are into by the amount of attention they devote to the respective sexes of their students. For instance, if your instructor is into cock, she or he will ignore the aspiring young ballerinas to check out the basket on some lumbering jock who's taking his first class. Maxine was not simply a crotch-and-ass watcher, but singled out the student she would lay after class that particular week. With thirty students doing fast triplet runs across the floor, Maxine would be screaming: "Jack, straighten those legs! Jack, arch those toes! Come on, speed it up, Jack!" And the next week Jack would fall into disfavor and be replaced by some other boy.

I discovered—during one Monday evening class—that I was receiving more than the usual amount of attention. "Rod, spread those legs! Rod, keep that behind in! Push those hips through, Rod! Get that pelvis working, Rod!!"

After class I was completely exhausted. My sweatshirt and tights were drenched. I was staggering out of the dance studio when I felt a hand on my aching thigh.

"I'm so sorry that I had to work you so hard in class tonight." It was Maxine; she spoke softly . . . considerately. "I think that you are a truly gifted student, Rod. You have an absolutely incredible jump, but we have to do something about that stretch. Your pelvic area is hot from exercising and now is the best time to do some leg stretches. Maybe we can get you to do those splits."

By now the other students had left the studio; Maxine was holding one of her private classes. She instructed me to sit on the floor, spread my legs wide, and touch my head between the legs to the floor.

"Just as I thought," she groaned. "You can't even get your elbows on the floor."

Before I knew what was happening, Maxine jumped on my back and forced my face to the floor. She then rocked back and forth to increase my leg stretch as she grabbed on to my ankles—pulling them even farther away from one another. My legs quickly spread into one complete and very painful split. "Now hold the split," Maxine yelled as she continued to ride my back. It wasn't until a second later, when Maxine's right tit flopped over my shoulder that I realized she had somehow discarded her leotards. My legs flopped back together as Maxine's hands started working my ass. She was definitely into ass and wanted to see my buttocks bare. With only my dancer's belt—really a jockstrap for dancers—left to go, Maxine gave me a tiny bite on my ass. I was immediately erect, bursting the seams of my belt.

And that's the great thing about these middle-aged women. *They* seduce you. You never have to be afraid of striking out with a chick. And these older ladies know how to take care of business. They don't fumble around or get embarrassed. They're not inexperienced young girls who almost bite off your cock when they're giving you head. These women have been around. They're genuinely happy—in fact, more than happy—to get laid by a virile young guy who's not too worn out to shove it right up their alley.

Maxine was very experienced and combined the arts of dance and sex into one beautiful, almost cosmic affair. Our first Monday night together we continued with our splits on the floor—she lying on her back, legs spread wide, my legs spread wide over her as I carefully balanced on my hands and my arched feet.

"Lift up, two, three. Go down, two, three. Lift up, two, three. . . ."

Tuesday night we graduated to the barre—her left leg on the barre and my right leg also on the barre, straddling her left leg.

"Push up, two, three. Pull out, two, three. Push up, two, three. . . ."

Wednesday night it was rear entry at the barre—she in front of me, our right legs stretched up.

"Breathe in, two, three. Breathe out, two, three. Breathe in, two, three. . . ."

Thursday it was across the floor. She was wrapped around me as I walked.

"Down, up, up. Down, up, up. Down, up, up. Down, up, up."

Friday we performed difficult lifts—I lifted her, quickly inserted my penis, pulled out, then set her back on the floor.

"Lift up and insert, three, four. Take out

and put down, three, four." And so on.

It was a most memorable five evenings. I was hoping that the next Monday night's private session would have us doing leaps together across the floor. With great anticipation I began Monday night's class only to find myself replaced by a *younger* aspiring dancer.

"Frank, bend over more! Frank, grab on to those ankles and pull down! Get your head between those legs, Frank! . . ."

At least once in a man's life he gets laid out of sympathy. And for Susan, sympathy was a method of seduction.

She was a fixture at the college I was attending. At fifty-six she was still a lowly filing clerk at the registrar's office, but then every job has its fringe benefits. For Susan it was a bounty of young boys walking in and out of her sway every day.

One day while I was checking out my grade-point average in the small secluded filing room of the registrar's office, Susan began to speak softly and slowly:

"When I was your age, I was already married, working to put my husband through college and grad school. I was so insecure, I married the first guy who proposed, which was a big mistake. [She moved next to me.] I was grateful to him for having married me. That blighted our whole marriage; he thought he could treat me like dirt and get away with it—which he could and did." [A hand on my shoulder.]

"When I was a young girl, I used to silently yearn after the big jocks and student leaders, but I was too plain then to ever attract them. [Her hip against mine.]

"I had a big bumpy nose and a bad complexion. At age forty I launched a self-improvement campaign, had my nose bobbed, my face planed, took silicone shots, and bleached my hair. But I was still a painfully insecure woman. [Her chin on my shoulder.]

"When George left me for a younger woman, I thought my life was over—at forty-five. All the gorgeous young boys going in and out of the dean's office just confirmed the fact that I was dead. [Her body tightly against mine.]

"I'd never slept with a handsome young teenager. [My fly unzipped.]

"I got all flushed and trembly just looking at some of those boys, and sometimes when I had to have conversations with them in the office, my pussy would actually get dripping wet. [Her skirt lifted.]

"I was growing so frustrated that eventually something had to give." [My penis inserted into her vagina.]

"My husband had run every detail of our marriage. He dictated when, where, and how the sex act would occur. [We fell to the floor; she on top of me.]

"George was the type of man who believed that if he wanted to fuck me in the missionary position 95 percent of the time, with him pressing my doubled-up knees almost to my eyeballs, then that was the way it'd be. Peachy keen for him, hell for me. [I had an orgasm in her vagina.]

"Men of his generation are more chauvinistic in bed than anyplace else. [My penis fell limp.]

"I could never make it with a middle-aged man again. [We rose together.]

"Well, how's your grade point?" She filed my grade sheet back in the drawer, and left the room.

My grade point was such that a few months later I was bounced out of college and found myself working as a mail boy for a large advertising agency. On my second day of work, Margo, the agency's forty-one-year-old vice-president, called me into her office. She asked if I could possibly do some extra work that evening—at my home. I agreed, and she handed me a sealed manila package marked "personal and confidential."

"Now you must not open this until you get home," she insisted. "You must study it in private."

It turned out that the manila package contained a pair of Margo's laciest pink panties and a banana marked *TEENAGE*. She had worn the panties, obviously, before she gave them to me, and I couldn't help sniffing them. I got doubly aroused when I coupled the panties' female odors with the image of Margo, an elegant redhead, and the symbolism of the banana.

The next day, Margo called me into her office and asked if I had studied the contents of the confidential package.

"Yes, I have, and I want to learn more about this special project," I smiled.

Margo immediately buzzed her secretary to say that she didn't want any calls or interruptions. All of a sudden, my horniness receded when I realized that Margo was a *vice-president*! My job as a mail boy might be on the line if I didn't measure up—literally. Very matter-of-factly, she locked her office door, took off the jacket of her carefully tailored grey suit, then turned toward me and unbuttoned her pink silk blouse. Out poured these delicious milk-white tits, full and globular, with deep, chocolate-colored nipples. I couldn't believe that such a businesslike woman could be so extraordinarily sexy. I just gaped at her bare breasts.

"Come on, we don't have that much time," she breathed. "After all, these are business hours and I have other important engagements to keep." She took me over to her office couch, laid me down there, and took down my pants. With her fingers and tongue, she gave me a rock-hard erection in no time. By then she was half astride me, her breasts bobbling. The dark nipples of her breasts looked like those chocolate kisses you suck when you're a kid. She took my cock and pressed it up against her chest and guided my hands to her tits. We both wrapped her big, warm breasts right around my cock—she had D-cup boobs and they were big enough to meet—and with me writhing around on the bottom and her writhing around on top, we both had a full orgasm. I was amazed: it was like creating an external vagina with her tits!

After we both came, Margo got up, just as calm as could be, wiped my come off her breasts and chin with some tissues and water from a flower vase on her desk.

"The secretary outside is very intelligent, super-efficient, and has a B.A. in medieval literature, but I'm afraid he's hopelessly gay," Margo began. "As you can see, I might have to let him go. How would you like his job? We can discuss it at our next business conference tomorrow evening."

I was flabbergasted! Here we were, fucking in her office, and she was as casual about it as if it were a coffee break. I was sort of shaking by the time I got back to my desk; I couldn't quite believe I'd just banged a vice-president.

Naturally, there are lots of business advantages to fucking an older woman like Margo. A couple of months later she promoted me to trainee account executive, and she now introduces me to a lot of people socially, people who are her age, established in advertising, people who can help my career.

Besides such professional advantages, affairs with older women can provide a young guy with an extremely economical love life. Margo pays for almost all of our weekend expenses together. Once last fall we had rented a little country cottage, but unfortunately one of our most embarrassing moments together occurred there. We decided to eat dinner at a little inn in the town. The waitress asked me: "Would you care to order for yourself and for your mother now, sir?" I just laughed it off, but Margo was humiliated. That evening in our cottage, when I was going into town for some cigarettes, she barricaded the door with her body so that I couldn't leave.

It was an emotional evening for both of us. Margo felt that my being a fickle teenager would prevent our relationship from continuing much longer; you know, that I would soon go on to some other conquest. I, however, saw things in a different light. You see, my twentieth birthday is only six months away. Would the excitement of no longer having a teenage cock ruin our relationship for Margo?

Would my appetite for middle-aged women soon diminish? I see no easy solutions. Perhaps I will be forced to wander hurriedly from one older woman to the next, lying about my age, trying to remain an eternal nineteen.

And so here's to all you libidinous middle-aged ladies who crave boys' bodies, seduce men young enough to be your sons, and have passionate affairs with naive teenagers. And here's to you fatally attractive older women who entrance young, young men, you beautiful women who are a bewitching amalgam of friend, adviser, mother, and lover. Here's to you—one aging teenager's lament. ○—

Photographs depicting critical stages in a woman's arousal. Frame 22: After 1-2 min. of stimulation she feels first responses. Frame 23: After 5 min., she is still below threshold (point most men would ejaculate during coitus). Frame 24: At 8 min. she feels herself letting go. Frame 25: 8.5 min., orgasm. Frame 26: 9 min. Orgasm completed.

The Orgasm Gap.

If she doesn't climax easily during intercourse, it's not your fault. But there is a way to help her let go again and again.

A lot of men feel guilty when they really shouldn't. Because most women need more stimulation to reach orgasm than a man can provide during intercourse. This orgasm gap is a normal, biological difference between a man and a woman that can't be changed by sheer willpower.

Yet, too many men try to conquer the gap by either refusing to believe it exists (and frustrating their women in the process) or by delaying their own healthy urges and frustrating themselves. The result is building tensions that can tear a relationship apart.

But now any couple can reach a level of sexual satisfaction unheard of only months ago.

The product of years of research, the Stamford System™ is the most sophisticated turn-on ever developed. A scientific, step-by-step guide, complete with tools, that brings out the full, varied, sexual potential of a woman's body.

The Stamford System helps close the gap by letting her feel more instead of forcing you to feel less. It stimulates a woman more intensely than she's ever been before, letting you bring her to climax before, during or after coitus.

As soon as you get the *System* make this simple, but sensual test. Pick a day when you'll have the time to devote an entire afternoon or evening to sex. Then, slowly, following the instructions, use the *System* to make love to every part of your partner's body. Heat and cool her naked skin with the fragrant, flavored oils and unguents. Unhurriedly explore each curve, each mound and valley. Take the time to savor and be intimate with every inch of her warm skin, caressing its soft sweetness with your hands, your lips, tongue, mouth and eyes.

Use the Source and the Four Hands' high-pitched stimulation to caress her back, stomach, buttocks, and inner thighs. Discover secret passion points you didn't know she had. Finally, bring her to the point of no return with the Satisfier, before you enter and lose yourself in orgasm.

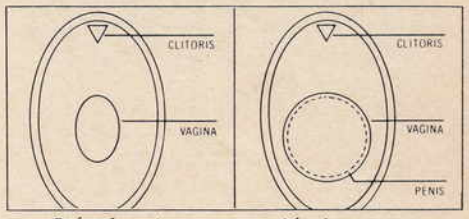
After you've both climaxed, keep her at a fever pitch. Use the *System* to give her orgasm after orgasm while your sexual energies have time to rejuvenate. When you're ready again, use the Satisfier and each other's bodies to reach a shuddering mutual climax.

You'll both feel more relaxed and aroused in bed knowing your drives will be satisfied. In a few weeks the *System* will whet your woman's appetite for you, conditioning her body to be highly responsive to your stimulation. She'll be eager to engage in some of the more adventurous games and sexual fantasies the *System* describes. And she'll reward you for being so nice.

Our Unusual Guarantee

Use and enjoy the *System*. After 30 days, ask your woman whether or not you should keep it. If she says "no," return it to us and we'll not only refund every cent of the purchase price we'll let you keep the book, free.

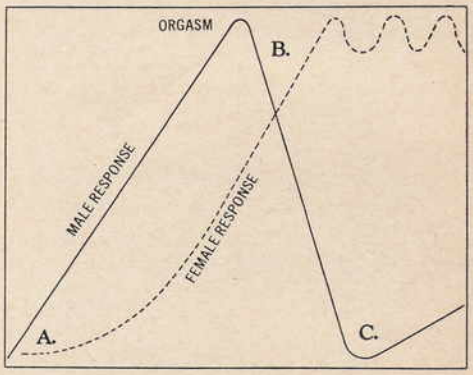
Mail the coupon today. All orders will be shipped in discreet packages.



Before Insertion After Insertion

The Myth of Clitoral Contact

Even though the clitoris is close to the vagina, it rarely comes in contact with the penis during coitus. The distance and angle of entry are too great to bridge unless the man lies very far forward, an uncomfortable position allowing only shallow penetration.



How to Use the System to Close the Orgasm Gap: The System can be used to nullify the Gap at these three points: **A.** During initial stimulation to help the woman respond faster; **B.** To continue stimulation necessary for her to reach orgasm after the male has ejaculated and erection begins to subside; **C.** To give the woman multiple orgasms and keep her aroused while the male waits to gain sexual energy needed for a second erection.

With The System You Get:

The Source and Satisfier:
The ultimate stimulator. Designed to safely massage delicate clitoral tissues.

The Four Hands:
Attachments for special parts of the body.

The Lotions:
Oils and unguents to use with the Source. They heat and cool the skin, making it her most responsive sexual organ.

The Stamford System:
An explicit, illustrated how-to-book.

The Deluxe System (Not Shown):
Comes with a handsome leather-look carrying case.

Stamford Hygienics Dept. PH-20
114 Manhattan Street, Stamford, Conn. 06902

Please send: _____The System, $25.
_____Deluxe System, $30.
_____Source and Satisfier only, $20.
(Does not include, lotions or how-to-book.)

Enclosed is: Check _____ Cash _____ Money Order _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

PLEASE ADD $1 TO EVERY ORDER TO COVER POSTAGE AND HANDLING

IN THE FEBRUARY FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

ANSWERING SEX ADS

If you want to break out of your sexual bag but don't quite know how to do it, *Forum* presents a step-by-step guide to the world of the sexually liberated.

MALE SEXUAL FANTASIES

Most men fantasize about sexual performance and/or sexual capacity. Dr. Robert Chartham explores some actual fantasies and reveals their hidden meanings for you.

KEEPING AN EYE ON YOUR TESTICLES

Much as women examine their breasts, men should examine themselves regularly for abnormalities of the testicles. Dr. Robert Rowan describes a simple and painless procedure.

THE ECSTATIC ART OF CUNNILINGUS

The best person to teach a man how to orally satisfy a woman is another woman. Frances Beaumont tells you all you need to know to please every woman in your life.

DIVORCE IS OBSOLETE

"It is as valid to live with someone you don't love as it is to separate," claims psychiatrist Martin Shepard. An article that all couples should read.

The Penthouse FASHION FINDER

The following manufacturers supply the fashions shown on pages 82–87. For information on where to buy these fashions, please contact the manufacturers directly for stores in your area.

Pages 82–83

Bogner of America
Newport, Vermont 05855
(802) 334-6507

Pages 84–85

Anba, U.S.A.
803 North Downing Street
Piqua, Ohio 45356
(513) 773-3152

Pages 86–87

Beconta, Inc.
50 Executive Boulevard
Elmsford, New York 10523
(914) 592-4444

Trissi Sport
Mountain Marketing Service
1855 Pacific Ave. #201
San Francisco, California 94109
(415) 771-3679

Pedigree of Canada
9320 St. Lawrence Boulevard
Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2N 1N7
(514) 382-3950

For information on winter and spring skiing packages in Quebec, write:

Air Canada
Ski Quebec
PO Box "P"
Staten Island, New York 10305

Hilton International Canadian Sales Office
605 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10016

The following manufacturers supplied the ski equipment featured:

Scott, U.S.A.
Box 187
Sun Valley, Idaho
(208) 726-4541

Nordica Boots by Beconta, Inc.
50 Executive Boulevard
Elmsford, New York 10523
(914) 592-4444

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

fucking was the only sort of sex I had ever experienced until then, I felt a little uneasy at first. But when he started licking the insides of my thigh just below the crotch of my panties, all I could feel was sheer excitement—like my whole body was about to explode. Then, with my panties still on, he started sucking me. Softly at first, then getting harder and harder, until I realized I was almost choking him with my legs. By then I was begging him to fuck me. He stood up and revealed the most beautiful cock I had ever seen. Not that it was really big or anything—it was just so beautiful with that bush of red hair and all. When he started moving toward me, I pushed him back just so I could look at it longer. I had never sucked on one before, but I asked him if I could, and he had no objections. I didn't waste any time getting it into my mouth. Of course I wasn't very good at it and couldn't get him off or anything, but I did manage to get it hard. I was so anxious to have it inside of me I practically tore off my panties, and when he started fucking me, I didn't want him to stop. He started by putting it in real slow and pulling it all the way out again. I was so wet that it was no problem at all. After doing this for a few minutes, he put it in as far as it would go and started moving his pelvis back and forth against my clit. I must have come ten times before he got down to some real hard screwing. When I realized I was late for work, he hadn't come at all, but we promised to get together again. I was surprised to find how much I could learn from a seventeen-year-old GI.

But in the next month or so, I learned more than I had in my few years of marriage. And for his eighteenth birthday, I spent the night at his apartment giving him all I had. Needless to say, all I learned has helped my marriage greatly, and my husband is spending a lot more time with me. I have since lost contact with that redhead, but if he is reading this, I would like to say thanks for everything.—*K.B., address withheld*

Caveats

I'm a little concerned in recent times about people who look for bigger and better things to get their rocks off. Being a nurse I've come in contact with too many people who have caused themselves bodily harm. I just want to warn the readers of this column to be careful in their sexual endeavors. If you want a twelve-inch dildo up your ass—don't use one six inches and have to go through the pain and embarrassment of surgical removal. And, ladies, jumping on the bedpost isn't the best climax until you have at least mastered a large squash, or until you can take the full length of a wine bottle. Be good to your vagina—before it lacerates.—*Name and address withheld*

"I Had Almost Given Up On My Hair Problem Until I Discovered Vitamins For My Hair"

Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories.

Believe Me, It Works.

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be heredity.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

Believe The Experts, It Works.

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get

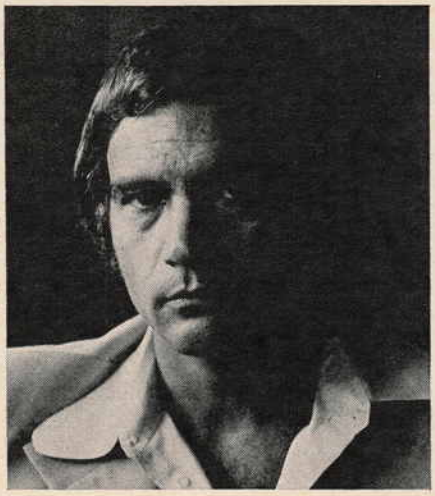
my hands on.

I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occur 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—(may not be sufficient for scalp and hair).

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973 scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.



In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about $30 a month for the separate compounds.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was made. A precisely formulated vitamin and mineral supplement specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. At a price everyone can afford.

Four years later, over a quarter million people have tried Head Start. Over 100 of the regular users, by the way, are medical doctors. What's more, a little more than 1/2 of our users are females!

Today, as you can see, from the picture, my own hair is greatly improved. But don't take my word for it. I have a business to run. Listen to the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked to, nor were they paid a cent, to drop me a line.

Believe Them, It Works.

"Your product has improved the condition of my hair and as far as I'm concerned has done everything you said it would." **C. B. Santa Rose, Calif.** *"I can honestly say that your comprehensive program is the best I have tried and... I have tried many..."* **E. H. New Orleans.**

"I have had problem hair all my life until I found your vitamin advertisement..." **W. H. Castlewood, Va.**

"...my hair looks much much better than before." **C. I. Atlanta, Ga.**

"My hair has improved greatly and I am so encouraged to continue spreading the good word along to friends and neighbors. I had tried everything including hair and scalp treatments to no avail..." **S. H. Metairie, La.**

"It's hard to believe that after one short month I can see this much difference..." **E. H. Charlotte, N.C.** *"The texture of my hair is soft and not brittle any more."* **H. A. Bronx, N.Y.** *"Your vitamins are terrific, fantastic and unbelievable..."* **V. M. Carrollton, Ga.** *"I went to doctors ...tried everything...nothing happened until I started using Head Start..."* **R. A. Santa Ana, Calif.**

"Thank you for something that really works." **J. T. Brooklyn, N.Y.** *"Your vitamins are excellent. They have helped my hair."* **D. D. Chehalis, Wash.** *"These pills really work..."* **Mrs. C. E. Gadsden, Ala.** *"Your formula is really working for me and my scalp feels more refreshed than ever before!"* **H. L. S. Hollywood, Fla.**

Believe Our Unconditional Money Back Guarantee, It Works.

Try Head Start for 30 days. If you feel that the results you receive are not satisfactory in every way, you can return the unused portion and get your money back. Just like that. No questions asked.

Send me _____ bottles of Head Start at $9.95 each plus 75¢ for handling (50 day supply). Act now and receive a free booklet on hair care.

I enclose my: ☐ check ☐ money order

Please charge to my:

master charge — Mastercharge Interbank No. _____

No. _____

☐ Mastercharge Account

BANKAMERICARD

No. _____

☐ BankAmericard Account

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Cosvetic Labs
Head Start Division
1937 Briarwood Ct.
Atlanta, Ga. 30329

TOLL FREE PHONE ORDERS

You can order by phone toll free 24 hours a day. Please have coupon information ready when you call.
1-800-241-0502

BankAmericard or Mastercharge. Order shipped immediately. $9.95 plus 75¢ for handling.

PASSION FASHIONS!

SCANDALOUS
Sexy tight-fitting jumpsuit of non-run stretch nylon lace. Black, Red or Nude. Sm. Med. Lge.
A #3-4454 $11

BABY-O
Glamorous baby doll with matching bikini in Mint, Aqua or Peach Antron III® nylon. Pte. Sm. Med. Lge.
B #3-4586 $10

TURN HER ON
Luscious sleeper of nylon tricot in Violet, Pink or Blue. Sm. Med. Lge.
C #3-4693 $9

Money Back Guarantee

FREE* CATALOG

*with your order or send $2 for 11 issues (one full year) or $3 for a two-year subscription. Frederick's of Hollywood giant fashion-filled catalog. Hundreds of all-girl dresses, wigs, sportswear, lingerie, foundations, shoes, more!

FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD
Dept. 3722, 6610 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, California 90028

Sorry, no C. O. D.s.
Add $1.00 shipping charge each item.
California residents add 6% tax.

frederick's OF HOLLYWOOD

©1976 Hollywood Mail Order Corp. All rights reserved.

it's working
Thanks to you

The United Way

advertising contributed for the public good.

© The United Way of America 1973.

As a urologist I see the end result of many indiscretions. Young men, it seems, often have an unfathomable urge to couple with something—*anything*. The outcome is seldom as tragic, however, as befell a young man who had heard of the supposed thrills a vacuum cleaner could provide. I was called to the emergency room to see him shortly after he had mounted an upright, inserting his penis into the side port for suction tools. "Suddenly there was a flash, awful pain, and blood everywhere," he recalled.

The result was sickening to behold. Despite a two-hour operation to repair the damage, he must undergo two more operations to restore the urethra. Because a large blood vessel was severed, the end of his penis will never get hard again. Certainly for now his penis is neither useful nor ornamental.

Several of my colleagues have cared for such injuries recently. Apparently the risks don't get publicized.

Anyone contemplating the use of a vacuum cleaner fetish might consider retaining a urologist in advance.—*Name and address withheld*

KKK critic's critics

In response to Rev. Harlan Stevens's letter (October 1975): it's people like that who should be "removed to where they won't be seen by children." Or for that matter, by anyone else.—*M.T., Burlington, Ont.*

Everyone has the right to express his or her own opinion—even the KKKer Rev. Harlan Stevens. But just for the record, I'd like to express my opinion: I would much rather see a good-looking pussy on top of the sheets than a big *asshole* hiding behind one.—*J.H.W., Fullerton, Calif.*

Tosches's teases

Rape is a crime of violence committed against women by men who see women as objects to aggress against. Cock-teasers are women who see that men expect to treat them as objects and refuse to be so used.

No man has the right to demand sex from a woman. Therefore there is no reason for him to cry "Tease." Every person should have the right to his/her body and to no one else's.—*Gail S. Vandersee, Ames, Iowa*

A whole man is never the cock-teaser's victim. Most men are brainwashed and are forced by role expectations into living—even deriving satisfaction from—the feminist stereotype of males as slavering animals motivated (or driven, I should say) solely by lust and greed. That this concept is false is shown by the extreme example of Catholic priests.

I'm not prescribing celibacy as an answer to female victimization of men, but rather well-rounded adultness. A man is perfectly capable of self-control and character judgment, even though most are

The Pro Shop.

SCINTILLA!® For 22 years, we've been making the finest satin sheets in the world. We use only 225x78 thread count acetate satin, the *softest.* *Our* sheets are completely MACHINE WASHABLE. 12 dazzling colors for regular or *round* beds. Hot Pink, Tangerine, Gold, Red, Black, Bronze, Blue, Silver, Pale Pink, White, Mint or Orchid. Try the satin sheets made by pros. You deserve the best! P.S. We pros even monogram, slightly extra.

SHEET SETS (2 straight sheets, 2 cases)

Double Set	$23.98	Queen Set	$27.95
Twin Set	22.98	King Set	32.50
Round 84" Set	48.50	Round 96" Set	54.95

3-letter monogram on 2 cases—$2.50

For fitted bottom sheet, add $2.00 to double or twin price; $2.50 to queen; $3.00 to king price. Round bottom sheets *are* fitted. Odd sizes on request. Send check or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.

SCINTILLA,® INC. 4802 N. Broadway N-2 Chicago, Ill. 60640

FREE 40-page Color Catalog of All Our Satin Fashions With Every Order.

INN-SKIN

BOX 5856, STN. A, TORONTO 1, CANADA
BOX 888, BUFFALO, N.Y., U.S.A. 14240

LATEST FASHIONS IN **Latex**

FOR YOUR COLOR-PHOTO CATALOG SEND $3.

SAY YOU SAW IT IN "PENTHOUSE"

NEW! STRING BIKINIS
His'n Hers matching in nylon knit Leopard Spot, Blue or Gold floral print, solid Red, Faded Blue, Sea Blue, Old Gold. Sizes S, M, L. His 7.00, Hers 18.00 ■ Plus 50¢ shipping ea. order. ■ Send 50¢ coins for COLOR PHOTO CATALOG of leisure wear, His'n Hers Bikinis ■ BankAmericard phone orders 602-266-4861 ■ Visit PARR in Phoenix at 3903 N. 16 St.

PARR OF ARIZONA
Dept. 2 BOX 294
PHOENIX, AZ. 85001

DON'T GIVE UP SENSITIVITY BECAUSE YOU WEAR A CONDOM.

You need a condom that's ultra thin, ultra light, yet doesn't sacrifice reliability and security. That's Fetherlite.® Its strength and quality are ensured by our system of highly sophisticated electronic testing.

What's more, coral colored Fetherlite combines thinness with a unique natural lubricant, Sensitol.®

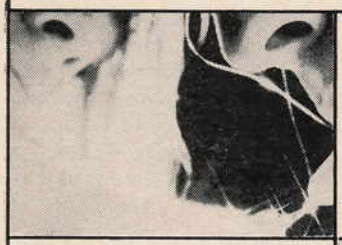
Get Fetherlite at your drug store. For a free sample pack of Fetherlite and a booklet send 25¢ for handling to Schmid Labs, Inc., Box FL-1, Rt. 46 West, Little Falls, N.J. 07424.

FOR JUST $1.54 EACH

When bought as the complete limited first edition collectors set, you can own 13 remarkable and most beautifully published sexual-erotic photographic books. These special works of sexual-erotic art will be fully appreciated by couples who believe that there is an ultimate and recurring theme of personal communication and rededication to life expressed through the infinite varieties of physical love-making.

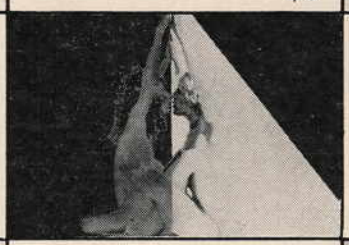
Communication BOOK 8

She looks so young and innocent, so delicious. "If only we were free," he thought. And then . . . they are, alone and naked together in an enchanted sunlit paradise. They frolic amidst the beauty of nature. He chases her and she lets him win. Laughingly they fall to the ground in a frenzy of passion and soon their bodies are one united. **$3**



Two BOOK 1

There is no better way to begin your journey into a new world of erotic sensuality than with this charming book. Here you will visit a young beautiful couple, their bodies never entirely visible, yet all their erotic longings and deeds of physical sharing are plainly in view from the first touch to the sweet aftermath of fulfillment. **$3**



Enchantment BOOK 9

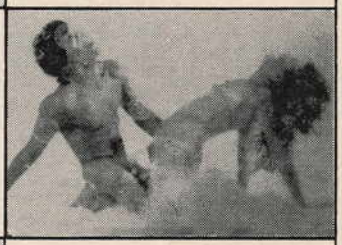
A nature nymph and her lover make torrid and uninhibited love. Then, writhing in the hot soothing rays of the desert sun, she arches her back towards the sky and he takes further oral pleasure from her desirous body. **$3**

Fantasia BOOK 2

Amantha is full of love and its magic. She entices Thom to peer into her wondrous crystal ball. Inspired with thoughts of occult sensuality, they take you further into the magical world of eroticism. They fulfill every fantasy of love and ecstasy . . . Amantha deep between his thighs and later Thom atop her perfect body. They rejoice within the magic of their love. **$3**

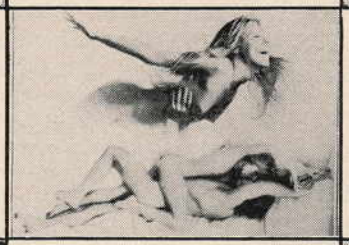
Laughter BOOK 10

They bathe together and watch their dreams take shape in the bubbles of the bath. Quickly their hands flow to meet and explore each other. Reclining she beckons her lover to enter her parted thighs and eager to share, he willingly complies. **$3**



Dream BOOK 3

At his fancy he creates an exotic Oriental woman. At her desire, he becomes the supreme satisfier of her erotic needs. Together they seek out unusual ways of mutual fulfillment. Their dreams are woven into some of the most incredible photographs you have ever seen, which are rich in tenderness and breath beholding detail. **$3**



Thrill BOOK 11

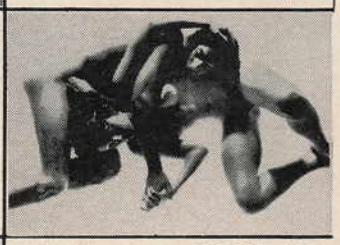
While she sleeps he begins to explore her magnificent body again and slowly she awakes to his tenderness. So begins this exciting book where a beautiful and exciting couple explore each other in ways which you must see and contemplate to totally understand the full range of erotic sexuality which is shared between them. **$3**

Innocence BOOK 4

While picnicking with a friend in a secluded forest in early spring, Laura, a flowering woman, suddenly yet sensuously unbuttons her ruffled blouse, revealing virgin breasts as firm as unplucked ripened fruit and her smooth eager thighs. Her soon to be lover also bares his chest. So begins their book of innocence. **$3**

Love BOOK 12

At first they are engaged in mutual oral love. Soon they are lost within the beauty of the act and are transported across some vast distance to a land where there are no taboos. In this land of their own creation they can do as they like, to love as they love . . . free of all restraints . . . here they fulfill their dreams of physical love. **$3**



Delight BOOK 5

A young and beautiful California couple set out to satisfy each other in every conceivable way. They kiss and explore each other with longing in an open and honest way. Learning to share the physicalness of love they soon become one . . . flowing with the sexual rhythms of life. **$3**

Rapture BOOK 13

There could be no better name for the last volume in this unique set than Rapture. This final couple will lead you on the ultimate tour in the world of erotic sensuality. They will love each other in ways which might have seemed impossible before. But now we hope you have learned to expand your knowledge of erotic sexuality and to more fully understand your own eroticism. **$3**

Time BOOK 6

Hungrily they meet. For them there is not enough time to share all their passions and erotic desires. They must compress, in a few short moments, all their love and seek out new and exciting ways of transmitting their love to one another. **$3**

Satisfaction BOOK 7

An acrobatic reverie in which deeply satisfying love-making positions are exquisitely portrayed. Monique, an enchanting and voluptuous woman, reclines, nude, on a swing and seductively welcomes her virile lover. Soon he is lost in the midst of her deepest perfume, and she, in turn, accepts his manhood in many fascinating ways. **$3**

P.H. SALES, BOOK DIVISION
2 PARK PLACE
BRONXVILLE, N.Y. 10708

P-2

Gentlemen:
Please send me the following books for only $3.00 each:

- ☐ 1. Two
- ☐ 2. Fantasia
- ☐ 3. Dream
- ☐ 4. Innocence
- ☐ 5. Delight
- ☐ 6. Time
- ☐ 7. Satisfaction
- ☐ 8. Communication
- ☐ 9. Enchantment
- ☐ 10. Laughter
- ☐ 11. Thrill
- ☐ 12. Love
- ☐ 13. Rapture

UNIQUE SPECIAL OFFERS

- ☐ A. All 13 books in a special Collectors Edition Binding ..... Only **$20.00**
- ☐ B. Any 2 books checked above Only **$ 5.00**
- ☐ C. Any 7 books checked above Only **$15.00**

I enclose my full payment in the amount of ..... for the items checked above.
☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

—OR—

I want my selections mailed to me C.O.D. for which I enclose $5.00 deposit and I will pay the balance and a small handling charge when my selections arrive.

Name .....
SHIP TO: Street .....
City ..... State ..... Zip .....
Legal Signature ..... *Age* .....
(Must be over 21)

COUNTERFEIT GUNS
OF ORIGINAL
COLLECTOR CLASSICS

FULL SIZE-PRECISION TOOLED METAL MODELS
DISASSEMBLE LIKE THE ORIGINAL—(Over 30 Parts)

Museum quality precision machined metal classics look, feel weigh like real guns. Will fool experts. Perfectly legal—**CANNOT BE FIRED.** Blued and disassembles like originals. Decorate your den, office, rec-room. Send for **FREE** 24 page color catalog of 50 famous historical to classic military firearms. Each replica made of over 30 blued, hand-finished parts—**DELIVERED FULLY ASSEMBLED.** **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!**

.357 POLICE PYTHON
World-wide choice of detectives, undercover agents, police. Swing-out cylinder, vent-rib barrel, 6-shot Hand assembled. #108 **ONLY $29.95**

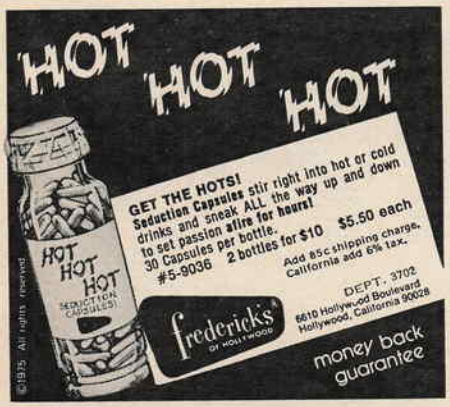
U.S. Model 1851 Navy Colt
Used by Union & Confederate troops in U.S. Civil War—#400 **ONLY $29.95**

U.S. Model 1873
Western Peacemaker
Legendary firearms of old west. Choice of frontier sheriffs & Texas Rangers—#100 **ONLY $29.95**

ALL REPLICAS
Same Size & Weight as Originals (each metal replica made of over 30 parts.
Send for FREE 24 Page Color Catalog of Models.

U.S. cal. .45
Service
Automatic
Trusted sidearm of U.S. troops in W.W. I, W.W. II—Rated best military pistol #300 **ONLY $29.95**

★ ***FREE 24-PAGE COLOR CATALOG*** ★
America's largest collection • Counterfeit guns of original collector classics. • Guaranteed safe.
REPLICA MODELS, INC. Dept. P-276, 610 Franklin St. Alexandria, Virginia 22314
Send ☐ #108 ☐ #400 ☐ SEND NEW '76 FREE CATALOG ☐ #100 ☐ #300
Enclosed $..... Add $1.25 postage per model.
Charge to: ☐ BAC ☐ Mastercharge ☐ Am. Express ☐ Diner'sClub
#.....
(Be sure to list all numbers on your credit cards)
Name.....
Address.....
City/State/Zip.....
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE • 48-HOUR SHIPMENT


HOT HOT HOT
GET THE HOTS!
Seduction Capsules stir right into hot or cold drinks and sneak ALL the way up and down to set passion afire for hours!
30 Capsules per bottle. 2 bottles for $10 $5.50 each
Add 85c shipping charge. California add 6% tax.
#5-9036
DEPT. 3702
6610 Hollywood Boulevard Hollywood, California 90028
fredericks OF HOLLYWOOD
money back guarantee
HOT HOT HOT SEDUCTION CAPSULES
©1975 All rights reserved

Love is skin-deep. Give Blood.

the good neighbor.
The American Red Cross

AMERICAN RED CROSS CAMPAIGN

advertising contributed for the public good

compelled by the competitive ethic and social pressures to remain adolescent. And a man who understands that the brain is the most erotic organ, that quality matters more than quantity, and that women are more than just objects (however mightily they may strive not to appear as anything else), will find himself rewarded not only by greater satisfaction and self-respect, and a far broader range of emotion, but also by freedom from wasted effort and abuse.—*David C. Morrow, Corpus Christi, Tex.*

Firefight—fact or fiction

Larry Heinemann's short story, "Firefight" (October 1975), was so damn real—a great story! But was it really fiction—that is, something created by the imagination? I read it with "goose bumps" and got the I-think-I've-been-there-before feeling. And when he said they received word that the 175 mm guns from Katum were being called in, I really did choke. For indeed, I had been there, I think! I was an RTO with Bravo Company, 4th Battalion, 9th Infantry, 25th Infantry Division, and we were laagered at Katum after having the living shit kicked out of us about ten clicks from Cambodia in December 1967. The so-called Lunar New Year truce which Mr. Heinemann gives mention to was supposed to last through the night but didn't.

How well I associate with the incidents he relates—the captured ox cart, Westmoreland's supposed visits (three of them actually), the daily "cloverleaf" patrols away from and back to the perimeter, and of course the repeated cries of "incoming!" Contrived or not, Heinemann's narrative more than adequately relates what rushes through a grunt's mind during an actual firefight. He rekindled some long forgotten memories for me, and I swear I could smell the powder, the bodies and the blood, and the sweat and the gun lube of those brief but not soon forgotten contacts.—*Todd Dexter, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

The firefight and the locale were real enough—the characters were Heinemann's creation. Says Larry: "I'm glad that someone else out there has not forgotten those brief and brutal contacts."—Editor

Allende alternative

The interview of Mrs. Allende you published in your October issue is the most misleading report I have ever read on the political situation, and on what happened in Chile before, during, and after the coup d'etat.

Before being President, Allende was a man of very modest means—all that he owned was a house. His widow doesn't need to work as long as there are suckers who will pay for such an interview or who will pay the two-dollar entry fee that they charge at the speeches she is giving at some university.

The military junta is not violating any more human rights than Allende and his cronies were. He was democratically elected, but that is as far as his "democratic government" went.

All of us who have relatives in Chile can tell you of our desperation during the Allende regime. The abuses were multiple: lawyers were beaten on the streets because they had dared to defend a case against the government; students were attacked for saying something against the Popular Unity; traveling outside of the country was restricted; no food was available so housewives had to get up at five in the morning and stand in line in the middle of the winter to get milk and bread for their children's breakfast—many days only to come home empty-handed. Do you know who got most of the food?—members of the Popular Unity who were also in charge of the distribution of it.

Quit blaming the CIA for the overthrow of Allende—he overthrew himself. The CIA might have helped, but the Chilean people had had it; and if the coup hadn't taken place, the country was ready for a Civil War. So we should be thankful to the military for avoiding all the bloodshed.

The military government is not as bad as you picture it. I was there six months ago. There is peace again in the country and, believe it or not, also freedom. Some freedoms had to be restricted, but the military has promised to conduct elections after a new Constitution is written.

When I think that over 5,000,000 people will be reading this month's *Penthouse*, I hope many will skip this stupid interview. You ruined my weekend.

P.S. By the way, who in the hell is this "well-known" Chilean journalist, Robinson Rojas Sanford? I never heard of him.—*Ms. Monica B. Kraus, River Heights, Utah*

Our interview with Mrs. Allende was not presented as a "report." Mrs. Allende was speaking for herself, as do all our interview subjects, and her views are not necessarily those of the editors.

Interview subjects are not *paid by* Penthouse *for the privilege of speaking their minds. The same issue, however, contained an article on Chile written by Tad Szulc, one of America's most distinguished journalists and certainly cannot be considered by any means a partisan of Allende's government.*

Wrote Szulc, "There are some pro-Allende Chileans who believe that . . . either a coup or a civil war would have taken place because of the polarization of the Chilean society. . . . But the fact remains that the United States did play a role in creating the conditions *that lead to the September revolution." In addition according to respected, impartial observers, the junta in Chile today is certainly violating human rights, to a much greater extent than Allende did.*

Robinson Rojas Sanford, whose book The Murder of Allende *will be published this month, has written for four daily Chil-*

I Can Make You Appear to Be A $MILLIONAIRE$ in Just Four Weeks!

I WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO GET *SMART & LIVE GREAT!*

I've done it and I've enjoyed new cars, luxurious homes, fat bank accounts, the best foods, wine, women and best of all, lots and lots of money! I will now sell you my secrets and . . .

I WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO:

- **GET LOANS, MORTGAGES, LEASES QUICKLY ON JUST YOUR SIGNATURE!** Say "Good-bye" to co-signers, collateral, red tape and turn downs! You'll even get preferred rates. I will show you how!
- **GET AN $11,000.00 CAR FREE!** You will drive around in a shiny new Lincoln, Cadillac or Mercedes (your choice) without putting up a nickel of your own money! I will show you two ways to do it!
- **GET A $90,000.00 HOUSE WITHOUT MONEY!** My two-step S/M/P plan will put you in your dream house without any cash in front! You'll be amazed how really simple it is once you know how!
- **MAKE YOURSELF A MILLIONAIRE IN SEVEN DAYS!** Of course you'll only be a paper millionaire, but to everyone except ultra-sophisticated financial people, you'll appear to be very wealthy.
- **ACQUIRE AN EXECUTIVE OFFICE WITHOUT SPENDING A NICKEL!**
- **OPEN A $50,000.00 BANK ACCOUNT!** All you need is $25.00 in cash and my instructions on what to do. This very same maneuver was used to maintain a $1,000,000.00 bank balance for a noted organization.
- **ATTRACT GLAMOUROUS WOMEN!** They'll hang on you like flies! It'll be your choice, blonde...brunette...red-head...any day of the week! My S/M/P plan will show you how!
- **CREATE EMPLOYMENT RECORDS, HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMAS, COLLEGE DEGREES, ETC.!** S/M/P will teach you the important techniques of creating an impressive background for yourself to open up new job markets that can earn you $30,000.00 to $100,000.00 a year and even more!
- **CARRY EVERY MAJOR CREDIT CARD IN YOUR WALLET!** Even if your credit is presently 'NG', my S/M/P manual will teach you how to acquire every major credit card and the advantages of all they represent.
- **OPEN AS MANY CHARGE ACCOUNTS AS YOU DESIRE!** My S/M/P techniques will get you that AAA+ rating at the best shops in town. You can then acquire furs, jewelry, furniture, sporting equipment, etc. in 24 hours just by placing a phone call!
- **GET V.I.P. TREATMENT WHEREVER YOU GO!** You'll get the royal treatment at hotels, restaurants, resorts, etc. Yes, the best tables, the best food...and they'll even pick up the tab. S/M/P will teach you how to live it up!
- **GET YOUR CREDITORS OFF YOUR BACK!** I will show you a $10.00 legal move you can make yourself to end creditor harassment for up to five years. This is not any form of bankruptcy!
- **ENJOY ALL KINDS OF VACATIONS ABSOLUTELY FREE!** See the world via S/M/P! How's free air fare? S/M/P's got that for you too!
- **ACQUIRE PROPERTY WITHOUT MONEY!** Take your pick . . . Commercial . . . Residential . . . Recreational . . . Agricultural! Yes, fortunes are made everyday in real estate. S/M/P's simple techniques will make you rich!
- **VANISH...YES, COMPLETELY DISAPPEAR AND CHANGE YOUR IDENTITY!** This may sound fantastic but it's not hard to do if you know how. My S/M/P manual will explain it all!
- **BORROW AWAY YOUR DEBTS!** My "Smart Money Plans" will easily get you out of debt while giving you enormous borrowing power!
- **START A PYRAMID SALES DEAL THAT'S LEGAL!** I will show you how to set up a deal that can make you a millionaire in 8 months!
- **CREATE A LEGAL CHAIN LETTER!** S/M/P will tell you where it's legal and give you a sample of the letter. You may even gross $2,000.00 a day!
- **BUY AND SELL STOCK WITHOUT MONEY!** Here is another of the S/M/P techniques that can make you rich very quickly!
- **START YOUR OWN UNIVERSITY FOR UNDER $100.00!** Why not acquire a Ph.D. or other valuable degree for yourself? Remember degrees are worth money. S/M/P will teach you how!
- **BECOME A TAX EXPERT AND FINANCIAL CONSULTANT AND LET OTHER PEOPLE DO THE WORK!** You'll receive fat fees for your services and all you'll do is sit in a chair!
- **STOP PAYING PROPERTY TAXES FOREVER!** This S/M/P secret ends property tax payments instantly!
- **USE A SIMPLE CHART IN THE S/M/P MANUAL!** It's the chart I used to climb from a $100.00 a month gross business to $245,000.00 a month in 90 days!
- **WIN AT ANY SPECULATION!** S/M/P teaches you how to wheel and deal and win! S/M/P teaches you how to minimize the risks and come out on top everytime!
- **CREATE A REAL ESTATE EMPIRE USING OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY!** Many persons have gone from rags to riches with this plan!
- **STOP YOUR CREDITORS COLD!** Even if law suits have already begun S/M/P will teach you how to use the Federal Courts to protect you. Yes, S/M/P will give you the inside information on the Federal Bankruptcy laws. Don't let this frighten you. It's one of the most beautiful things around. It's being done everyday by businessmen and individuals. This information alone is worth thousands!
- **DECORATE YOUR HOME WITH $10,000.00 WORTH OF VALUABLE FURNITURE FREE!**
- **GET HUGE FEES JUST TALKING TO FRIENDS!**
- **GAIN POLITICAL POWER IN YOUR AREA IN NINE WEEKS!**
- **GET THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF RESALEABLE MERCHANDISE FROM WHOLESALERS AND DISTRIBUTORS ON CREDIT!**
- **QUICKLY AND EASILY SOLVE MOST PROBLEMS... WITHOUT WORRY!**
- **TRIPLE AND QUADRUPLE INTEREST ON YOUR SAVINGS!**
- **GET $50,000.00 IN FREE LIFE INSURANCE!**
- **GET A FREE HOUSE IN A RESORT AREA!**
- **HAVE 5000 PEOPLE MARKET YOUR PRODUCT IN 60 DAYS!**
- **START A MULTI MILLION DOLLAR ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN WITHOUT A NICKEL!**
- **SET UP 500 HOME MANUFACTURERS IN TWO WEEKS!**
- **GET $300,000.00 IN STOCK TRADED PUBLICLY WITHOUT S.E.C. FILING!**

THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT LETTER YOU WILL EVER READ!
PLEASE GIVE ME TEN MINUTES RIGHT NOW!

My name is Sid Rosen. I've been a wheeler-dealer all my life and I've been involved in hundreds of successful businesses. Let me tell you what I can do for you.

I will make you appear to be a millionaire...in just four weeks! I will teach you how to GET SMART AND LIVE GREAT! I will teach you how to capitalize on human nature, human emotions and human greed. I will teach you to open previously locked doors, create unlimited opportunities and place yourself upon the glittering path to financial prosperity and success. I will help you to acquire and enjoy all the marvelous things in life you've always dreamed of having but felt you would never get — like a luxury cruise around the world, a color T.V. in every room, expensive cars, luxurious homes, beautiful clothes, gourmet foods, cameras, gadgets, you name it. I Will Show You How To Get It!

I have learned (the hard way) that it is possible to create the "illusion" of great personal wealth quite easily in today's credit oriented economy. Notice now, that I have used the term "illusion"...for that is exactly what our entire capitalistic society is based upon.

People, including you and I, believe what they see! We presume a person to be wealthy when seeing his expensive home, high priced cars, well tailored clothes and luxurious lifestyle.

You've probably heard the saying, "It Takes Money To Make Money" and you probably have also heard the saying, "You Can Only Borrow Money When You Have Money." The truth that I will teach you is that in today's economy it only takes "THE ILLUSION OF HAVING MONEY"...to make money and it only takes "THE ILLUSION OF HAVING MONEY"...to borrow money. Remember this, in today's financial marketplace, most money transactions are merely bookkeeping entries and nothing usually changes hands but scraps of paper. This is one of the secrets I will reveal to you in great detail!

Are you having trouble borrowing money? Making loans? Getting mortgages? Leases? Credit Cards? Charge Accounts? I will change all that! I will start you on the road to building an AAA+ credit rating that will enable you to get cash, mortgages, houses, property, credit cards, furs, jewelry, airline tickets, just about anything...in hours on just your signature or even on the telephone!

I will teach you to wear the hat of a millionaire no matter what your present situation, occupation or past history. My "Smart Money Plans" will enable you to drive a luxury car for which you paid nothing; move into a luxurious home with no money down; walk into a bank and get a $10,000.00 signature loan and mingle in the top financial and social circles of your community. S/M/P will even cover your tracks if necessary; misdirect credit investigations. It will even show you how to disappear and become another person to start all over again if necessary free from past obligations.

I'll tell you this...I call many of my plans "secrets" because I don't think that more than one person in a thousand knows any two of them and perhaps only one person in fifty thousand knows all of them. And believe me, most of my secrets are astonishingly simple, just requiring the right knowledge and a little brains, guts, gumption, time and effort!

My exclusive S/M/P manual will explain my many techniques in detail with step-by-step instructions on how to make them work. With this information in your possession, you will have the knowledge to get everything you desire in a matter of weeks, not years. There has never been a revealing 'insider manual' published like this before. Everything...and I mean EVERYTHING You Need To Know Is In My Manual, which will be sent to you in a plain envelope.

The price of my manual is $10.00 plus your signed pledge that you will not duplicate or otherwise, reproduce or resell my secrets.

Now, I know that most of the people who read this letter will not act upon it. They will be suspicious, timid and unmoved by what I have revealed here. They will reject it quickly as some kind of con game or a lot of bull! This is good and this is as things should be, because if there were too many people with enough faith in themselves to act on my "Smart Money Plans," it could be made useless to the rest of us. This very fact, that so few people have the sense and guts to try, makes my secrets remain secrets and makes the opportunities for the rest of us smarter and more aggressive people practically limitless!

So to you who will not act, please accept my thanks. Your indecision and inaction will help make the rest of us rich! I will leave you with this closing statement. Every word in my manual is true! Every technique workable exactly as stated and can be put into immediate operation. I offer my manual to you only once! I have no future discount deals or the like. My offer is $10.00 for the complete manual and you gamble that $10.00 on yourself. There are no refunds and I guarantee you no extra charges or come-ons for additional money. I have absolutely nothing else to sell and, of course, I will keep your name completely confidential.

It's your move now!

Sid Rosen

P.S. I've added a fantastic entire section that will teach you how to Extract Gold From Your Credit Cards. I will teach you to raise your credit card ceiling from $200.00 to $10,000.00 or more in minutes...How to raise $5,000.00 in cash in one hour on your credit cards even when you can't get a loan anyplace...How you can use your credit cards to make hundreds of extra dollars on business trips, vacations, visits to relatives with absolutely no work involved...How to go into debt with your credit cards and end up making seven times your investment...How to pyramid your credit cards into $10,000.00, $20,000.00, even $30,000.00 in cash when opportunity calls. Yes, I'll teach you all this and more. You've Got Gold In Your Pockets And You May Not Even Know It...BUT YOU WILL LEARN SOON!

Mr. Sid Rosen — Dept. PT-301

Fact Research, Inc.

415 Lexington Ave., Suite 304, New York, N.Y. 10017

Dear Mr. Rosen,

Please ship me your complete **"SMART MONEY PLANS" Manual.** I hereby give you my pledge that I will not copy, duplicate or resell the secrets and techniques I will find revealed in your manual. I confirm this pledge in writing with my signature on the line below.

Signature _____

☐ I have enclosed $10.00 in Full Payment. ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O. ☐ Master Charge

☐ I have enclosed a $2.00 deposit. Please send my ***S/M/P Manual*** C.O.D.

IMPORTANT: COPY ACCOUNT NUMBER FROM YOUR MASTER CHARGE

Copy Number Above Your Name on Master Charge ▶ ☐☐☐☐ MY CARD EXPIRES: ▶ ☐☐ ☐☐

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SAVE MONEY! Enclose Full Payment and SAVE Post Office & C.O.D. charges!

© 1975 Fact Research, Inc.

PROBLEMS IN SEX?

GET WHAT EVERY MAN NEEDS WITH FANTASTIC PLACEBO SEX AIDS

Complete Control For The Over Eager Male
STA-POWER SPRAY
Now You Can Go On and On and On

Does early climax stop many exciting moments of sexual intercourse? This is a common problem that Sta-Power will help you with. Sta-Power Spray contains benzocaine and is three times stronger than our cream. It is a safe, proven, scientific compound that can be sprayed directly on the penis without the knowledge of your partner. It will help you delay your climax in order to coincide with that of your partner. You will feel and appreciate the improvement the very first time that you use it.

STA-POWER SPRAY $6.95

For A Better Erection That Will Astound You And Delight Your Partner
ERECTION PILLS
Results Are Immediate and Long Lasting

Don't leave her unsatisfied. Erection Pills can make even the limpest of men powerful. Give her what she's craving. Be the big man you always wanted to be. This preparation is a must for those of you who are having difficulties in obtaining and maintaining a fulfilling erection. Instant action guaranteed. Your money back if not completely satisfied.

ERECTION PILLS $6.95

Not Getting It Up Lately?
STA-POWER PILLS
For A Terrific Rise – Erection Supreme

Has a stimulating power. Ideal for a balling hot time. Will enable you to go on and on and on. What more can we say than is already said by the name of this fine preparation. Effects will last for hours. Also ideal for turning her on. This pill will do everything we say it will or your money will be immediately refunded. This pill can be mixed in any type of drink.

STA-POWER PILLS $5.95

Do You Need Help?
INSTANT ERECTION OIL OR CREAM
Create a New Dimension of Sexual Delight

Instant Erection Oil is scientifically formulated to help you get an instant erection when rubbed on the head of the penis. It is skillfully compounded into a sensuous true fruit flavored oil base. When rubbed briskly onto the head and shaft of the penis, it causes a flow of blood to rush into the penis, giving you an instant erection. Not only should it give an instant erection, it should cause the penis to get harder and larger for a prolonged period of time. Like the Instant Erection Cream, this new and amazing product is for men who have tried everything else and have no luck. No longer need you let the best of joys that life has to offer pass you by. With this fantastic product you too can now stand up and be counted. You owe it to yourself to try some today.

OIL $6.95 **CREAM $6.95**

Create a New Dimension of Sexual Delight
IMITATION SPANISH FLY & GINSENG
Do You Measure Up? You Can. Unbelievable in Their Effect.

Ginseng is a plant which is chiefly grown in the Far East, especially in China. The Chinese have used it as an aphrodisiac for over 1,000 years. Ginseng has recently been introduced into the United States and is very popular. Legendary writings say Ginseng is highly effective in awakening and producing sexual desires in men and women alike. We have added our imitation Spanish Fly to the Ginseng to make it work faster and longer. We have also made it easier and more pleasant to take now, in a capsule. We are making it available to you, the public, at a price you can afford. If you need Ginseng you cannot afford to be without it. Ginseng is sometimes called "The Turn-On Root". To quote S. Steingold" . . . if you think you have been turned on before you ain't seen nothing yet". Try our Ginseng with Spanish Fly Capsules and find out what he means. Can be emptied and mixed into any drink.

24 TABLETS $8.95

SKANDIA DISTRIBUTORS Dept. P-276
Box 430 Canal St. Station New York, N.Y. 10013

remarkable aid to greater sexual compatibility

Premature climax frequently frustrates the fulfillment of a truly satisfying relationship between man and woman.

Detane is a desensitizing lubricant that provides dependable climax control for men . . . leading to increased sexual contentment for both partners.

Detane is an unscented invisible gel. Available without prescription at leading pharmacies.

DETANE® THE CLIMAX CONTROL FOR MEN

© 1975 Commerce Drug Co., Inc., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

*ean newspapers (*La Nacion, La Tercera, Ultima Hora, *and* Puero Chile*), and five magazines. He was a police and political reporter at the time of the coup, and according to Harper & Row, the book's publishers, "this is an eyewitness account." He has also published four other books on political topics.*—Editor

Forum notes

Disabled vets might like to know of a special "Helping Hand" service to assist the handicapped in traveling by bus now offered by Greyhound Lines, Inc.

The service allows a companion to travel free to assist any handicapped person who needs help in boarding, exiting, and traveling on a bus. Both the handicapped person and the companion will travel on a single ticket. The pair must travel together for the complete trip, and the companion must be capable of assisting the disabled person in boarding and alighting during the trip.

Nonmotorized wheelchairs and other aids will be carried as baggage without additional charge. "Helping Hand" fares apply to all Greyhound regular rates and to the special fares such as the unlimited travel Ameripass.

To be eligible for the special fare which is now in effect, a handicapped person needs a written statement from a doctor stating that he or she needs a companion to assist in boarding, exiting, and traveling on a bus.

Vets ideas exchange

Vietnam-era veterans who are interested in changing the GI Bill or the Veterans Administration; education and learning in general; men's consciousness-raising; alternative lifestyles; veterans in prison; spiritual growth; women veterans; and full-color features on veterans' work in art, painting, photography, crafts, and creative writing, should get in touch with Lawrence Morgan. Morgan is a veteran who's working on "New Directions for Veterans: a nationwide Veterans' Yellow Pages," and the first to be written entirely by and for veterans.

To take part in this skills-ideas-friendship exchange network, write—along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope—to: Lawrence Morgan, P.O. Box 865, Lawrence, Kansas 66044.

Correction

In the "Gifts for Her" feature in January's issue, the credit on page 100 for the Sharp Compact Calculator which retails for $49.95 was regretfully omitted. We apologize for our uncalculated error. —Editor

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Penthouse Forum** magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or send $1.25 to **Penthouse Forum**, Dept. HM, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 for this month's copy.

WONDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

you just have to go and do it. It's really amazing to me that my subconscious grasps so many things.

I do realize that I'm only one of the zillions of people that have existed. I realize that and accept it. When you think like that, then you hardly have time for being conceited. How can you even think of being conceited—with the universe as large as it is? When my record is playing somewhere *else* in the universe—that's when I'll feel I'm going somewhere.

Penthouse: Is it true that you have more than two hundred new songs, all recorded, waiting to be released?

Wonder: No. We don't have any two hundred songs. We do have a lot of material but a lot of it isn't finished. I have some things from a while back and a lot of tunes I've never really finished because they're still not presentable compared to what I've done since. A great example of that is "Heaven Is Ten Zillion Light Years Away" on the *Fulfillingness First Finale* album—the title for that album came to me in a dream, by the way. Anyway, I did the basic track of the song in 1972—I even talked about it in print. I said look for this song on the *Talking Book* album, but it didn't come out in that album because it wasn't ready. And "Ma Cherie Amour"—I wrote that in 1966, but it wasn't released until 1969.

Penthouse: How do you get your ideas for lyrics?

Wonder: Once I've formulated the idea in my mind—I have the track or just the melody on tape—maybe just me playing and singing, moving in words every once in a while, then I'll come up with the basic idea. When I wrote "Smile Please" I was in a very down mood, but I felt that maybe things were going to be better. At the same time I had written a song called "Future"—both these tunes were written during the time of the Symbionese Liberation Army and Patricia Hearst. That affected me very negatively, especially when the policemen slaughtered some of them in Los Angeles. The song "Future"—it'll be on the newest album—concludes that it's easy to be pessimistic when you read this week's spiritual statistics.

Penthouse: Why don't you appear on television more often?

Wonder: Because television can exploit you if you're not aware. If you don't get the right kind of time spot, the right kind of show—if *everything* isn't working for you, it can be a minus. Being on certain shows puts you in a certain category. There have been shows which have had *all* different kinds of acts on, a star-studded night of this person and that person, and I was offered a slot and didn't do it because I felt I didn't want to be limited. The next time I do television, I'd like all the money to go to some cause I support.

"It's like hundreds of tiny fingers urging a woman to let go."

The Stimula® Condom:
A revolution in pleasure

Now you can reach a level of sexual pleasure that only months ago was unheard of. A condom delicately ribbed to give a woman gentle, urging sensations. Yet, with a shape and thinness that let a man feel almost like he's wearing nothing at all.

Made with a new "nude" latex that transmits body heat instantaneously, Stimula is supremely sensitive. It's anatomically shaped to cling to the penis. And SK-70, a remarkable silicone lubricant, works with natural secretions so Stimula's scientifically patterned ribs can massage and caress a woman effortlessly. A million have already been sold in Sweden and France.

But Stimula is only one of five new erotic condoms offered by Stamford Hygienic. They stimulate playfulness, curiosity, and exploration. They meet the needs of women as well as men. And they are designed to make intercourse more varied and frequent. Here are the others:

Conture

Anatomically pre-shaped to fit the penis. Contured "head" clings to the head of the organ. Then, briefly narrows, where the penis narrows, at the glans, the most sensitive part. This lets Conture move as the penis moves, almost as if there was no condom on at all, giving partners a greater feeling of contact. With SK-70.

Black Cat

Black is regarded as the most sexual of all colors. It may be its suggestiveness, its mystery, its hint of aggression. Black Cat's shape and blackness accentuate and draw attention to the penis, presenting it in its most virile form. Stimulates the body and the mind. Lubricated with SK-70.

Tahiti

Color is a powerful sexual stimulus. In ancient civilizations women excited their partners by painting their vulvas in the lush colors of the natural surroundings. Tahiti lets you excite your partners with condoms that are morning blue, sunset gold, dawn pink, siesta green and midnight black. Anatomically shaped and lubricated with SK-70.

Prime

Designed for those who prefer a traditionally shaped condom with reservoir end. But who also want the technical advantages of silky smooth SK-70 lubrication and Conture's "nude" latex.

Send for Samples

Now, for a limited time, you can enjoy the new sexual pleasure of Stimula in $4 sample packages. Or, you can experience all 5 new erotic condoms in a 15 piece sampler for only $4. We think you'll like them all. Orders are shipped in complete privacy in discreet packages.

Stamford Hygienics Inc.,
Dept. PH-21
114 Manhattan Street
Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please send me: (Check Box)

☐ $4 sampler of 12 Stimula
☐ $4 sampler of 3 each of 5 erotic condoms
☐ $25 super sampler of 120 condoms

Free catalog sent with order.

☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ M.O. Enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

Until Excita I never thought I'd like my man to wear a condom.
"Because Excita has something to offer me. Its specially ribbed surface gives me stimulating sensations. And it's lubricated with Sensitol,® so that the ribs gently massage and caress me. I get pleasure from a male contraceptive I never thought possible. Excita offers more for him too. Its specially flared shape offers more freedom of movement inside the contraceptive for a greater, more natural sensation.
Excita, in a light color tint, is a stimulating new experience in male contraception. It's made for the both of you."
Get Excita at your drugstore. For a free sample pack and booklet send 25¢ for handling to: Schmid Labs., Inc., Box EX-1, Route 46 West, Little Falls, N.J. 07424.
Schmid Laboratories. Pioneers in family planning.
Specially ribbed surface for her—scientifically designed shape for him
SENSI-RIBBED
EXCITA
ONE DOZEN PROPHYLACTICS
SENSITOL® LUBRICATED
EXTRA PLEASURE FOR BOTH PARTNERS
Also available in Canada

MAKE ANYONE DO ANYTHING
YOU MENTALLY COMMAND—WITH YOUR MIND ALONE!

Silently command, control, dominate anyone. Say nothing, watch even perfect strangers do what you wish willingly and cheerfully. Absolutely uncanny! Awe-inspiring details revealed in *SUCCESP* Manual Review Folio. Send $1 for postage and handling.

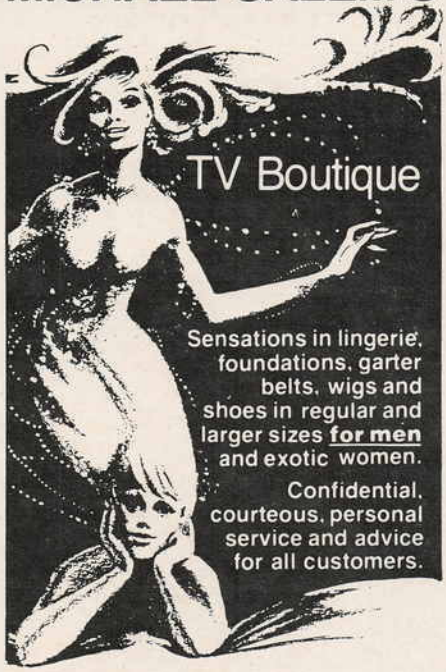
SCHOOL OF SUCCESS SCIENCE
Box 505, Div. EN-3 New York City 10017

Someday... research may conquer CEREBRAL PALSY.

Think about that the next time you're asked to

Give to UNITED CEREBRAL PALSY

LET YOUR DREAMS COME ALIVE AT MICHAEL SALEM'S


TV Boutique
Sensations in lingerie, foundations, garter belts, wigs and shoes in regular and larger sizes for men and exotic women.
Confidential, courteous, personal service and advice for all customers.

For NEW catalogue Series, send $7.00 deductible from first purchase to: SALEM, Dept P-276, P.O. Box 1781, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022 **STORES:** 220 E. 57th St., Suite 2E, New York City, 1601 Walnut St., Suite 820, Philadelphia, 16300 N.E. 19th Ave., Suite 216, N. Miami Beach, Fla. **ALL MAIL SENT DISCREETLY IN PLAIN WRAPPERS** For new store locations and information CALL (212) 371-6877

Penthouse: Do you feel pressure from an audience when you walk out onstage?

Wonder: I don't look for it. It only creeps up on me if I *let* it. If you're onstage, you're supposed to be in control of whatever's happening. The people are there to really help you do what you came to do—which is to have a good time.

Penthouse: Are you often asked to appear at fund-raising shows?

Wonder: I turn down quite a lot of them. UNESCO had a fund-raising thing last year. They had a bunch of stars—Paul Newman, Shirley MacLain, Ringo Starr—and I would have been the only black person there other than ambassadors from various African countries. A woman from UNESCO called me on behalf of President Ford to invite me, and I said, "Oh, no, miss!" And she said, "But this is from the president of the United States!" "I know, miss, I know who he is. I know exactly, and that's why you're getting this opposition." She thought I should be overwhelmed by the fact that it was the president!

Penthouse: Where do you stand politically these days?

Wonder: I never vote for anybody until after they've done something I know about. I wait till they get through with their thing, then I'll see. I remember when Malcolm X was around, he had a lot of positive things going with what he was saying. He talked about pride and I know that kind of pride. I feel it, and, as a people, I think black people have *got* to feel it. I'm very proud of what I am—very, very proud of it, very happy. And I respect those that respect themselves, who are able to appreciate other cultures and also appreciate what's inside people. I want to travel through Africa because African culture can introduce me to the roots of our music. I want to understand the whole sound that we, as blacks, have.

Penthouse: How about the media?

Wonder: Through the media you can convey a particular thought to more than just one person. You can create hate through the media—you can encourage someone to go and fuck up a bunch of people, like in that Boston news thing. I mean—we all know what the mass media and mass technology are capable of doing. So it's really up to us to get off our asses and express the truth—to give people all there is to be given—and then to make a choice between what we *want* to do and what we *need* to do.

I would like to make my next tour a prison tour and I'd like to record it. I know some people who have gone to jail for draft evasion. It's really amazing now—because Vietnam was never a declared war and, whatever it was, it has ended—yet it's still punishing those who wouldn't die and those who wouldn't take part. The one thing I most want to say to people—and I think Dick Gregory says this too—is that both middle-class black and white people must realize that they have basically the same struggle.

SEXUAL HANGUPS
FOR ART LOVERS

These limited edition lithographs (1000) individually signed and numbered, beautifully framed and matted are available to ARTEROS PENTHOUSE ART COLLECTORS CLUB members for as little as $39.95.

Your selection comes to you complete including the studio framing, appropriate matting and unbreakable glass, ready to hang on your wall. The entire package is priced including delivery charges in Continental U.S. for barely more than you would normally pay for framing alone.

YOUR MEMBERSHIP INCLUDES...

1. Free Gift...Select your choice of a free gift. For this alone you would expect to pay much more than the price of membership.
2. Quarterly Catalog Bulletins...Every three months or more frequently, Members will receive a full color bulletin which will include erotic new art that is available.
3. No Purchase Required...You are absolutely not required to buy anything as a condition of membership.
4. Automatic Renewal...Your membership is for a period of one year. It will be automatically renewed for the next year when you make a purchase within a year.
5. Substantial Savings...As a member you are able to buy art that would not only be ordinarily almost impossible to find, but you are able to buy it at even less than you would expect to pay in an art gallery for even conventional art.
6. Money Back Guarantee...If for any reason you do not wish to keep your purchase, simply return it in good condition within ten days and purchase price will be promptly refunded.

HOW TO JOIN

To become a member, simply fill out the membership form below and send it with your check or credit card authorization for $10.00. Please check the enclosed order form indicating which gift you would like to receive, and any selections you may desire.

LIMITED EDITION LITHOGRAPHS

1. (Above left) VELMA, by Scornavacca, from oil painting. Deep, imported wood frame, 18x22, $47.95.
2. (Right) AWAITING, by Lenore Williams, photo derivative litho, Gold Anodized aluminum frame, 20x25, $39.95.

SELECT YOUR FREE GIFT OF MEMBERSHIP

You may have your choice of one of the three erotic works illustrated above.
A. Young Lovers, James Yarborough, Duotone lithograph from an etching. Modern floating frame with unbreakable glass and stainless steel brackets 12x16.

B. Cleopatra's Power and Caesar's Sceptre, Amusing Victorian calligraphic design; black on gold, handsomely mounted with unbreakable glass. 6x8.

ARTEROS-PENTHOUSE
ART COLLECTORS CLUB LTD.
DIVISION OF PENTHOUSE PRODUCTS
909 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10022

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Please send my free gift of membership as indicated below
☐ Young Lovers ☐ Cleopatra & Caesar

Annual Membership Fee	10.00
Please also send framed print selection(s)	
1. **VELMA,** Scornavacca $47.95	
2. **AWAITING,** Lenore Williams $39.95	
N.Y. Residents please add 8% sales tax	
Total	

☐ Check or Money Order Enclosed (Make Payable to ARTEROS • PENTHOUSE A.C.C.L.) Please charge to ☐ Bank Americard ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge Interbank No._____

Account Number_____

1. I am an adult, 18 years of age, or over.
2. I believe that an adult person has the right to buy and have, in the privacy of his home, material dealing intimately with sexual relations and nudity, which I consider to be private matters.
3. I understand that I have the right, as a law abiding citizen, to receive for my own private use any material of interest to me. I desire to exercise this right and agree not to make such material available to minors.
4. I am not a law enforcement official, postal inspector or member of any censorship group.
5. In applying for membership, I affirm that I desire to receive brochures from Arteros/Penthouse Art Collectors Club, Ltd. advising me of the material available for purchase.

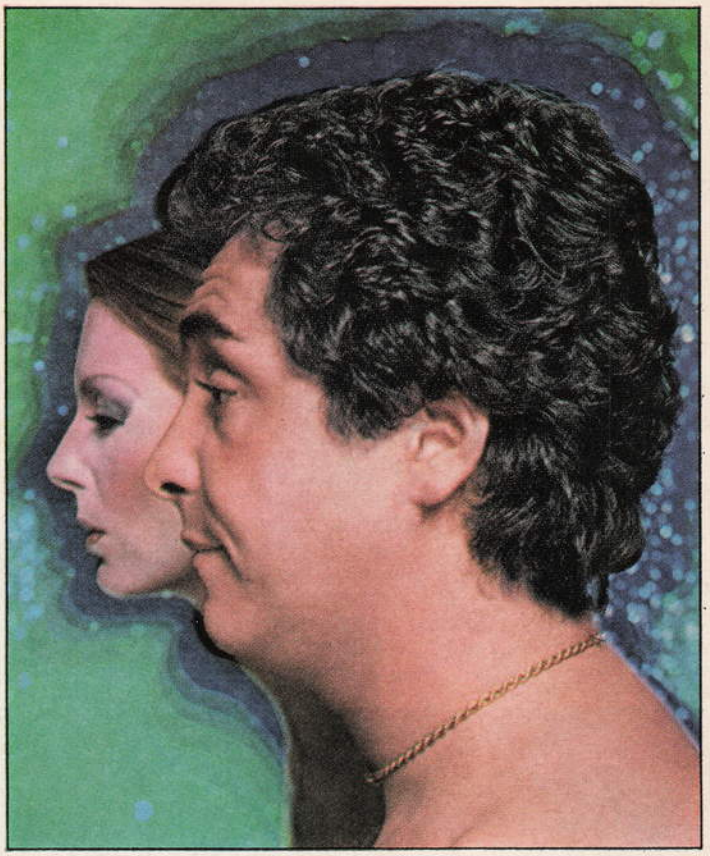
Dated_____ Signature_____

I am_____ years of age, (NOTE: this blank must be fully completed before the order can be filled.)

GROOM AT THE TOP

BY ED EMMERLING

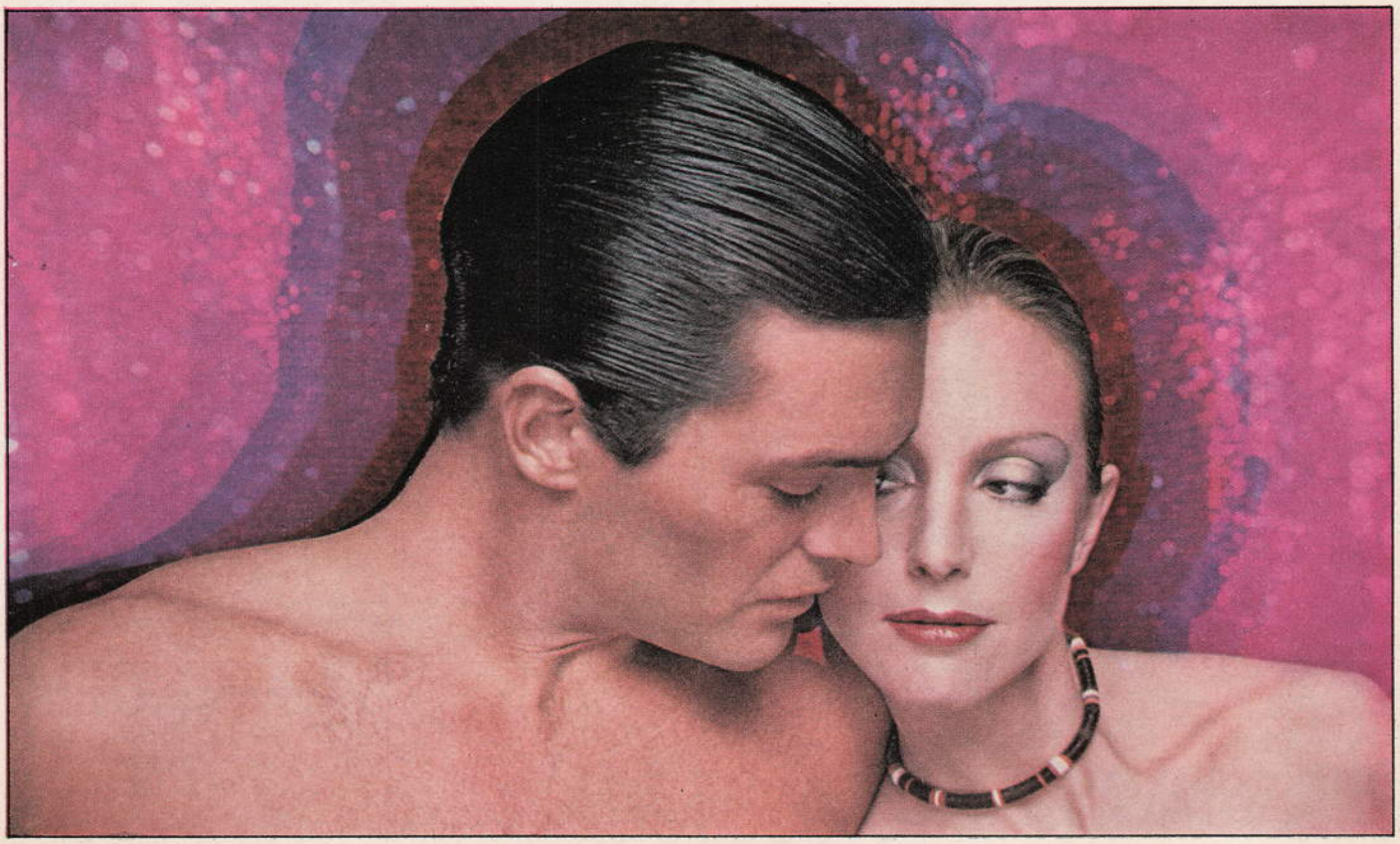
HEADLINES!!



The well-groomed male is becoming more a real commodity than just an oddity. Long gone are the shaggy, unkempt hairstyles associated with group protest, speaking out against Vietnam, and "doing your thing." Men's hair is getting shorter and neater. Styled hair is a must. Men are beginning to dress by what looks best on them, and—as extensions of their own personalities—hair-wise men can go the gamut from coloring to permanent waves and super-shaping. Here is what some experts say.

MAURICE MANN, HAIR AGAIN LTD., NEW YORK

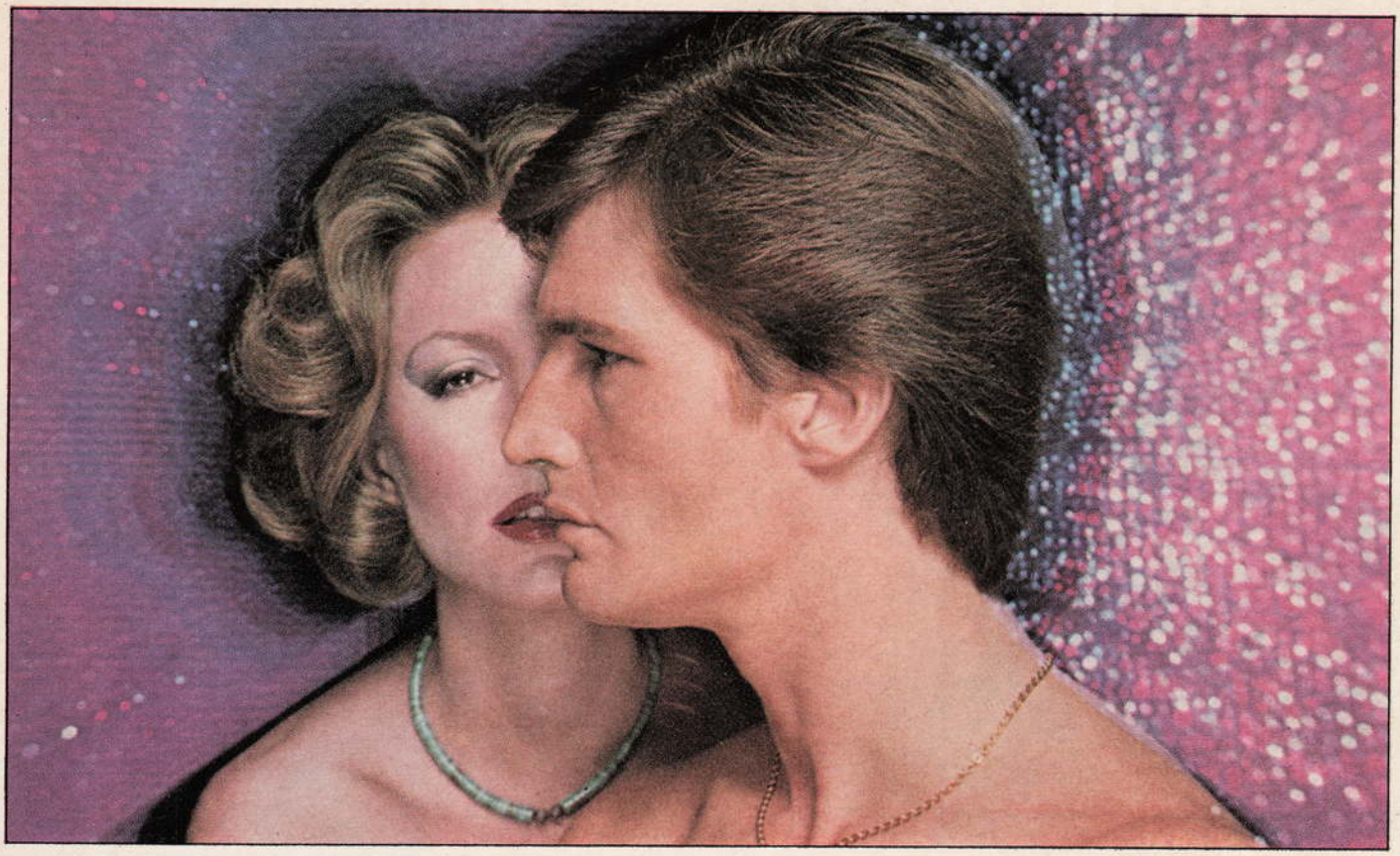
"Today's look is free and natural—it's the "tell it like it is" look. This shag hairstyle is different from yesterday's in that it is layered and decidedly neater, giving shape and a less cluttered look to the face. The cut can also be achieved with straight hair."



PHOTOS BY FRANCIS ING

RICHARD SOLA OF MAXIMUS, MERRICK, LONG ISLAND

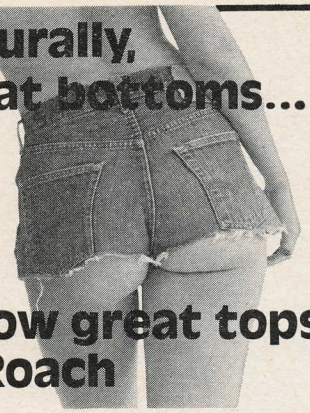
"The hair, severely parted and wet down, is easily the most trendsetting style to come. It is glamorous and high-fashion—meant for those who want to look just that way. Cutting every two to four weeks, depending on your hair's growth, is critical with this hair style."



VINCENT NARDI, NARDI SALON, NEW YORK
"Hair is still worn long, but going toward a shorter look. This style—the "wedge"—is all one length and easily managed—just wash and towel dry. The dark blond hair has been highlighted with a color brush, but only where the sun would naturally light it."

VIDAL SASSOON, THE PLAZA, NEW YORK
"Symmetrically heavy-layered hair is more masculine. Longer layers on top and shorter on the sides give the feeling of more hair, but without the "falling in the face" look, thus achieving a more precise, neat appearance. This hairstyle works in conjunction with today's layered look in fashion."

Naturally, great bottoms...



follow great tops by Roach

Every Roach design is in brilliant full-color, and available on a variety of shirt styles. Machine washable.

PermaGraph™ designs combine color art and photography.

5047

5094

5011

5004

5104

Glitter™ designs sparkle in the light.

4041 Silver

4044 Gold

4040 Green

4038 Silver

4016 Green

4032 Gold

ColorClassic™ design looks best on light color shirts.

M-615

M-523

M-604

M-605

M-566

M-529

M-621

M-664

M-626

M-627

M-682

M-563

TM trademark

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Iron-On Transfers
$1.50 ea. 3 for $3.00
Specify Design Nos

Design No _____

Design No _____

Specify Size _____ Design No _____

☐ Designs on both sides of shirt — $1.00 extra.

Enclose cash, check or money order. (Over $20, money order only)
Ohio residents add 4% sales tax. Canadian residents add 10%
Make check payable to ROACH. Add 35c per shirt for postage.
Please Allow 4 to 6 weeks for Delivery

☐ ROACH CATALOG .75
☐ WHITE T-SHIRT $3.50
☐ SWEATSHIRT $5.95
short sleeve S, M, L
☐ SWEATSHIRT $6.95
long sleeve S, M, L
COLOR T/ADULT $4.25
☐ Gray ☐ Red ☐ Purple
☐ Lt. Blue ☐ Maroon
☐ Orange ☐ Black ☐ Gold
COLOR T/YOUTH $4.25
☐ Gray ☐ Lt. Blue
☐ Red ☐ Gold
Adult Sizes S, M, L, XL
Youth 6-8, 10-12, 14-16
TRIM T-SHIRT $3.95
S, M, L, XL Adult Only
TANK TOPS $3.95
S, M, L, XL Adult Only
☐ Grey ☐ White
☐ Heather Blue

ROACH P. O. Box 182 PH 2-76
Worthington, OH 43085

GRANDMA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

Nor would drug addiction send the addict's family to the poorhouse. Narcotics were far cheaper than liquor in those days. A doctor estimated in 1889 that an addict could stay doped up for about two and a half cents a day, but that it could cost as much as twenty-five cents a day to stay boozed up.

Poor blacks in the South favored cocaine because it was the cheapest high they could find. Furthermore, many persons, both black and white, believed that cocaine imparted protection against bullets, and this led police in several Southern towns to raise the caliber of their pistols from .32 to .38.

If most people pitied "opium-eaters," there was one class that despised them: opium smokers.

Chinese immigrants brought the smoking habit to this country, and after the Civil War it spread eastward from San Francisco. By 1880, opium-smoking dens were reported to be operating in almost every town and city in the United States. (A den in downtown Chicago was charging "pipe hitters" twenty-five cents a pipeful in 1877.) Rich actresses, businessmen, and doctors in New York City were reported in 1914 to have elaborate rooms set aside in their homes for smoking opium with jeweled pipes.

Cowboys said that as late as 1910 they could ride anywhere in the West and find a smoking den wherever they stopped, without having to carry along a supply of opium and a pipe.

Smokers despised addicts who swallowed or injected the drug because they correctly considered those habits more difficult to break. When a smoker in a New York opium den discovered a man giving himself a hypodermic injection in the bathroom, the smoker stormed angrily into the manager's office and complained to him loudly: "There's a goddamn dope fiend in the can!" The troublemaker was immediately thrown out.

This feeling of contempt was returned tenfold by opium-eaters and the general public. A reformed opium-eater, who felt compassion and pity for most users, had this to say in 1895 about smokers: "Let there be full understanding. The opium-smoking habit comes of association with unholy persons. . . . The surroundings are always repulsive and the inmates of these resorts are criminals or petty offenders against police regulations. They are ignorant, illiterate, vulgar, brutal, and wicked. An insistence that a virtuous and good person could be led thither by any sort of influence . . . is a suggestion of absurdity. . . . The more depraved wretches of the sinful-female class resort to the pipe and their exit from this world is along a fast road that has no way stations."

Many Americans, once hooked on nar-

EXCITING SATIN SHEETS

OURS ARE MACHINE WASHABLE
NOW 18 LUSCIOUS COLORS
YES, THE SAME 225 X 78 THREAD COUNT
YOUR CHOICE in these great colors: New Dark Brown, Silver, Hot Pink, Navy Blue, Royal Blue, Powder Blue, Midnight Black, Honey Gold, Scarlet Red, Emerald Green, Mint Green, Canary Yellow, Petal Pink, Lavender, White, Florida Orange, Deep Purple & Bronze.
Each Entire Set includes:
1 straight top sheet
1 fitted bottom sheet
2 matching pillowcases
or
2 straight top sheets
2 matching pillowcases
All Tax, postage & handling is already included in the following prices:
Twin sets $20.00 Queen sets $26.00
Double sets $24.00 King sets $30.00
(For Full Size Beds)
Round 84" fitted, $45.00
Round 96" fitted, $50.00
Send check or money order
50% deposit on C.O.D.'s
REGAL SATINS, INC.
315 Hwy 35 Dept. PH
Eatontown, N. J. 07724
Retail Sales direct — Mon. thru Fri. 8-4:30

New Apostate Exotic Love Potion lets you...

MAKE LOVE TO ANYONE YOU DESIRE

and have her (or him) at your sexual command, anytime... ANYWHERE!!!

"IMPULSE" was created to sexually stimulate and excite the person you desire. Made from carefully blended erotic spices, 'IMPULSE' entices her (or him) to think of love and respond eagerly to your wishes.

If you've ever wanted to have intimate relations with a certain person but could not succeed, then you owe it to yourself to try this unique apostate love formula. IMPULSE mixes easily in all kinds of drinks and is completely safe and tasteless. It can be used on either sex and is mailed in a plain package complete with instructions. If not fully satisfied, return within 10 days for a complete refund.

ORDER TODAY

Send Cash, Check or Money Order to:
PROGRESSIVE SALES, DEPT. P-276A
Box 310, New Rochelle, New York, N.Y. 10804

☐ 5 Portion Size only $4.95
☐12 Portion Size only $7.95 (Save $3.93)
☐24 Portion Size only $11.95 (Save $11.81)

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State..... Zip.....

cotics, were horrified at their plight and spent the rest of their lives trying to warn others away.

"Better death or invalidism than the contraction of a habit that degrades, demoralizes, and finally kills," warned one despairing addict.

Nevertheless, frustrated medical men and addicts themselves tried everything to cure the habit that enslaved so many. Sober medical journals recommended cold baths, hot baths, and steambaths; frequent, vigorous shampoos of the addict's hair; administering electric shocks; drinking jugs of coffee and beef broth; giving addicts hypodermic injections of coffee, caffeine, cocaine, and codeine; and substituting claret for laudanum and brandy for morphine.

It was concern for the plight of the Chinese, who were imprisoned by an addiction foisted on them by India and England, that brought the first great international pressure for controls on narcotics in the early years of this century. American missionaries in China, appalled at what they saw, bombarded the American public and politicians with letters, articles, and speeches describing the condition of the people of China and demanding action. President Theodore Roosevelt swung his weight behind the movement and many in Congress followed him. As the international campaign developed, America slowly discovered that it had an enormous narcotics problem of its own, probably the worst in the Western world.

The first important step was passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act in 1906, which required labeling of patent medicines for the first time. No longer could a nostrum contain opiates, alcohol, or other dangerous ingredients without saying so on the label. The act stunned the charlatans.

A 1909 federal act prohibited importation of smoking-type opium.

In 1914, the Harrison Narcotics Act, the nation's basic narcotics law, was signed by Woodrow Wilson. It brought all opiates under strict federal control.

The *New York Times* reported in April 1915 that the police department's seventeen-man "dope squad" had dried up street sales of heroin and cocaine and that many addicts were appearing at police stations across the country begging to be supplied with narcotics or cured. Many despondent addicts had committed suicide, the *Times* said, and several others died after consuming other dangerous drugs and chemicals in a vain effort to head off the dreaded symptoms of withdrawal from narcotics.

Meanwhile, diplomats from the United States and other powers throughout the world were weaving a tapestry of agreements between 1909 and 1914 that they believed would lead to international control on the movement of opiates. "The great purpose" had been accomplished, announced a happy Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan.

Don't let bald spots make you look old!

Undetectable . . . Only your barber will know. Amazing TOP COVERAGE conceals bald spots in seconds . . . Just spray on, baldness is gone . . . Will not come off on fingers or pillows . . . will rinse off completely when hair is shampooed . . . completely safe. Tested for five years. Used by over 50,000 men . . . don't let creeping baldness make you appear old. TOP COVERAGE's unique formula conceals baldness. If You are balding, try TOP COVERAGE and be amazed. IT WORKS!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Try for 15 days . . . if not completely satisfied, return partly used can for full refund. 30 day supply $5.00 includes postage.

CLIP & MAIL *Today!*

TOP COVERAGE • P.O. BOX 1395 • STUDIO CITY, CALIF. 91604
Please send me a 30 day supply of Top Coverage . . . I need (✓ color needed by color of hair)
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown ☐ Grey
I have enclosed **$5.00** . . . If I am not completely satisfied I may return unused portion for full refund.

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____
Calif. residents add 6% for State Sales Tax.

SENSITIVE CONTRACEPTIVES ...for those in love

Thin, sensitive condoms designed for sexual pleasure ARE available . . . privately by mail at very attractive prices. Our large selection includes all Trojan products, the pre-shaped Profil, textured Näcken (available only from PPA), Fourex, Stimula and 25 other nationally advertised condoms—all available at our usual low prices.

Send just $3 for a sampler of 12 assorted leading condoms plus illustrated catalog or $6 for our famous deluxe sampler with 19 assorted condoms (7 different brands, plus skins). Send just 25¢ for illustrated catalog alone (satin sheets, posters, books on sex and birth control, vibrators, clothes and much more). All orders shipped promptly in plain, tasteful package. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded in full.

Population Planning Assoc., Dept. DPHZ-8
403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400
Carrboro, N.C. 27510
©1975 PPA

Population Planning Assoc., Dept. DPHZ-8
403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400
Carrboro, N.C. 27510

Please rush the following in plain package:
☐ Sampler of 12 assorted condoms, $3.
☐ Deluxe Sampler of 19 assorted condoms, $6.
☐ Super 100 Sampler of 100 condoms—includes every condom in catalog, $25.
☐ Illustrated catalog alone, 25¢.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
AMERICA'S LARGEST RETAILER OF CONTRACEPTIVE PRODUCTS

Is a super worth ten

That's what it costs to take out a year's subscription to FORUM, the world's most liberated magazine. In FORUM, you will find everything you'll ever need to know about giving and receiving total sexual satisfaction.

Optimum Sensual Pleasure

The techniques of giving optimum sensual pleasure to a woman must be learned. They are not instinctive, are not taught in school and the sad truth is that relatively few men are aware of all the sexual subtleties and nuances that ultimately compel women to desire certain men above all others. Becoming a superb lover (like becoming a superb artist or musician) requires wide ranging knowledge and experience, two areas in which FORUM excels—sexual knowledge provided by the world's top authorities and personal experiences related by thousands of readers whose letters provide more realistic and practical guidance than that found in any one or all of the hundreds of published books on love and sex.

Secret Sex Practices

In FORUM you will read articles on how to give an erotic massage; the arts of cunnilingus, fellatio, foreplay; how to make a girl say "yes"; how to prevent premature ejaculation; masturbation techniques; how to understand and enjoy many of the so-called secret sex practices; how men can become multi-orgasmic; male-female sexual fantasies; how women love to be loved; how to be a successful lover despite penis size; the truth about brother-sister incest; how to successfully use sex aids and where to purchase them safely and discreetly; how to increase a low sex drive; the joy of threesomes; how to make women orgasmic; the fact and fiction of penis enlargement; and much, much more.

Super Lovers

For nine years, FORUM has been instrumental in providing hundreds of thousands of men (and women) with the knowledge and self confidence needed to become Super Lovers. So, don't hesitate, fill out the attached coupon opposite and mail it immediately. See to it that 1976 is your own special year of sexual enlightenment and success.

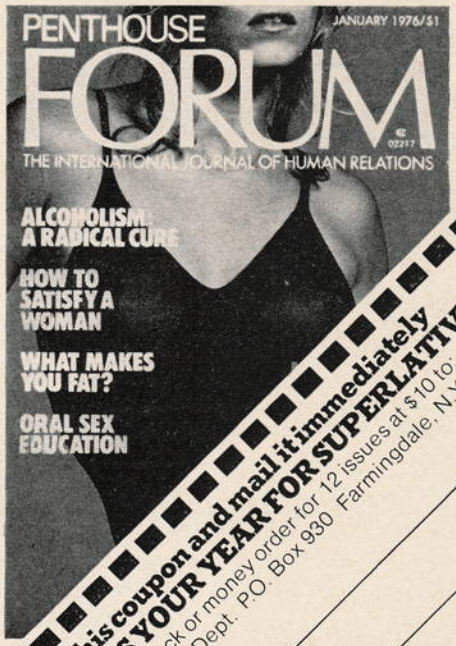
PS: Many Penthouse readers have been sending FORUM subscriptions to their wives and girlfriends because they have discovered that nothing improves a relationship faster than an open, honest, and informed attitude toward love and sex. FORUM provokes comment—tears down the barriers of guilt, fear and misinformation—creates exciting, new frontiers for sexual exploration and discovery—in short, FORUM opens up and sustains the vital lifelines of communication between man and woman. Try it. You have nothing to lose but your inhibitions.

sex life dollars?

Money-Back Guarantee

After reading the tens of thousands of enthusiastic letters received by Forum during the past nine years, we are so certain that Forum will dramatically enhance your sex life that we decided to make the following unconditional offer:

If your sex life does not improve substantially after reading Forum, the full cost of your subscription will be refunded!



Fill in this coupon and mail it immediately
SEE TO IT THAT 1976 IS YOUR YEAR FOR SUPERLATIVE JOY IN SEX.

Send your check or money order for 12 issues at $10 to:
FORUM Subscription Dept. P.O. Box 930 Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____
Zip _____ PF276

The most Sensuous Condom in the world

NÄCKEN, the sensuous condom from Sweden, introduces a whole new concept . . . NÄCKEN's unique feature is its delicately ribbed, lightly textured surface . . . designed to massage her for maximum sensitivity. NÄCKEN is formed to fit snuggly to body contours. Imported from Sweden, NÄCKEN meets the strictest government standards, yet is made from such sheer "nude" latex you hardly know it's there. Try NÄCKEN, the most sensuous condom in the world.

If your druggist is out of stock, please ask him to order immediately, or write to PPA, Dept. ZPH-1, 120 E. 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10022, and we'll inform you of where Näcken is available.

Save 50¢ on purchase of

Näcken™, PROFIL™, JADE™

condoms. Redeemable at your local drug store, or wherever contraceptives are sold.

Dear Vendor: PPA will redeem this coupon for 50¢ plus 3¢ for handling if you receive it on the sale of Nacken, Profil, or Jade condoms and, if, upon request, you submit evidence thereof satisfactory to PPA. Coupon may not be assigned or transferred. Customer must pay any sales tax. Void where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Good only in U.S.A. Cash value 1/20¢. Coupon will not be honored if presented through outside agencies, brokers or others who are not retail distributors of our merchandise or specifically authorized by us to present coupons for redemption. For redemption of properly received and handled coupon, mail to PPA, 120 East 56th St., New York, New York 10022.

50¢

Good only upon presentation to vendor on purchase of Nacken, Profil, or Jade condoms. Any other use constitutes fraud. Offer limited to one coupon per purchase

50¢

FLESH, PLEASURES OF THE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

That is the term, yes sir.

Turned on?

Turned on, yes, I suppose so.

And then they had sex?

And then Miss Cabot put a record on the phonograph.

She had a phonograph in her bedroom?

Yes sir. She put on a Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers record.

A record of dancing?

Of singing. Songs from their movies. By Jerome Kern, George Gershwin, Richard Rodgers, etc. I believe it was a rather rare recording, rather precious to Miss Cabot.

And then they had sex?

And then Miss Cabot talked to Mr. Flannery about the songs and the period they represented.

What was his reaction?

He wasn't interested in the songs. He became impatient.

I should say so. Did he express his impatience?

Physically.

You mean he struck her?

Oh no sir. I mean he fondled her.

In order to get things rolling?

Yes sir.

And did she respond?

She told him he had no soul.

Is that a quotation?

Yes sir. "You have no soul" is precisely what she said.

Did he take umbrage?

He continued to fondle her. She became excited.

And then they had sex?

And then she removed the record from the phonograph. She said, "All right, all right, but not in front of Fred and Ginger." And she got up to remove the record. In the process of lifting the needle—remember, she had smoked a large quantity of marijuana and was also rather aroused—she scratched the record badly. It made a terrible grating sound. She cried "Oh no!" and lifted the record off the turntable very delicately and examined the scratch.

It was bad?

The record was ruined, sir. At least the side she had been playing.

What was Mr. Flannery's reaction?

He said, "Never mind, never mind, come to bed."

Soothingly?

Gruffly.

And what did Miss Cabot do then?

She joined Mr. Flannery on the bed. First she put the record back in its sleeve and then she joined Mr. Flannery on the bed.

I see.

And then Miss Cabot began to cry.

Began to cry?

Yes sir. On Mr. Flannery's chest.

Did he try to console her?

In a manner of speaking.

You mean he resumed fondling her?

Yes sir.

And how did she respond?

Well, it's a curious thing. She became very powerfully aroused, but she continued to sob.

And then they had sex?

Yes sir.

Male superior?

Yes sir.

And Miss Cabot cried during the entire act?

Yes sir.

With tears and everything?

The whole works.

How long did the act last?

Approximately fifteen minutes.

Would you characterize it as passionate and vigorous?

Yes sir.

On both sides?

Yes sir.

Mr. Flannery did not find Miss Cabot's weeping to any extent dampened his ardor?

Apparently not.

Did both partners achieve satisfaction?

Orgasm.

I beg your pardon.

Both partners achieved orgasm.

Are you drawing a distinction between orgasm and satisfaction?

I . . . I'm not really sure, sir.

Well, all right. Then to be phenomenologically precise, both partners achieved orgasm?

Yes sir, they did.

Simultaneously?

Miss Cabot was a few seconds ahead of Mr. Flannery.

Did she then stop weeping?

No sir.

She continued to weep?

Yes sir.

What were Mr. Flannery's feelings about this?

He was perplexed.

But he was not at all moved?

Oh yes, of course.

He was moved?

That is correct.

Well, that's reassuring. Did he seek to console Miss Cabot?

He didn't know how to. He told her he was certain the phonograph record could be replaced, but this didn't seem to help. In fact, the very opposite. After that, he was afraid to say much of anything.

But she did eventually stop weeping?

Oh yes sir.

How long after?

How long after they had sex, do you mean?

All right.

I would estimate an hour.

An hour! She was crying for an hour?

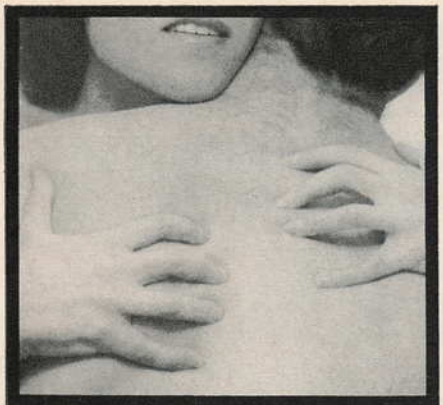
Yes sir.

What happened during that time? Did they both remain on the bed?

Mr. Flannery left the room once to uri-

TAKE YOUR POSTER MAGAZINE AND STICK IT.

Up against the wall! It's more than just another rock magazine, it's an incredible rock magazine that folds out into a glossy, full-color 36" by 22½" poster! On the newsstand now—Led Zeppelin. Yours for a dollar, your favorite superstars will hang around as long as you like. Coming up—Marvin Gaye and Paul McCartney and Wings. Look out for them. And if you missed Elton John, Stevie Wonder, The Rolling Stones, David Bowie, Gladys Knight, Muhammad Ali or O.J. Simpson, write PENTHOUSE POSTER PRESS, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Tell us who you want and how many. Enclose your check or money order ($1.25 including postage and handling) and we'll rush you the superstar of your choice. Be it rock, soul or sport—we've got what you want, and more. So get hold of a copy today and stick it—but not before reading it! It's crammed with facts, comment, and full-color pics. Penthouse Poster Magazines—the best of both worlds.



THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF A CLIMAX

And Passion Plus™ was in on the beginning of the arousal . . . gently and firmly stimulating the sensitive vaginal area . . . urging her to shivering new heights of response and pleasure.

Designed by experts in sexual techniques . . . this soft, flexible ring of stimulators slips around the penis . . . and can be adjusted to provide teasing arousal or full urging stimulation. It helps maintain an erection too . . . for longer, more satisfying lovemaking.

Each Passion Plus™ is hygienically packaged in a discreet, airtight container . . . small enough to carry anywhere. One size fits all . . . and it may be used with a prophylactic if desired.

ORDER YOURS—NOW!
Package of 6 *Only* $5.00
All orders "plain-wrapped" and include our Free Full Color Catalog.

Passion Plus T.M.

FEDERAL PHARMACAL, INC.
Dept. PH276P
6652 N. Western Avenue
Chicago, IL 60645

Enclosed is $_____(cash, check or money order) for _____ packages-of-6 Passion Plus™ Love Aids.
Ship to:

_____
Name

_____
Address

_____
City, State, Zip

nate.

But other than that?

Yes sir.

Did they both just lie there?

Miss Cabot just lay there. Mr. Flannery passed the time reexamining Miss Cabot's photograph album.

He did not say anything to her?

At one point he asked if there was anything he could do.

How did she reply?

She simply shook her head.

What happened when she stopped weeping?

She left the room. She was gone about fifteen minutes. When she returned, her eyes were still rather puffy, but she seemed much better.

Did Mr. Flannery contemplate leaving at any time?

Yes sir.

I thought he might have. What stopped him?

Well sir, it was after two o'clock in the morning, the bars were all closed, and he didn't like to go home to an empty bed.

All right. What happened after Miss Cabot returned to the bed?

He asked her how she felt. She said she felt fine and apologized for her emotional display. Then she leaned over and began to lick Mr. Flannery's penis.

She what?

She began to—

All right, I heard you, I heard you. Did this cause him to have another erection?

He already had one.

He already had one?

Yes, he had been studying her album, and for some reason . . . I don't mean to imply latent homosexuality; I think it was more the *idea* of the book. . . .

And so they had sex again?

Yes sir.

Male superior?

Rear entry.

How long did it last this time?

About twenty minutes.

Did they both achieve—?

No sir, neither of them. At some point during the act it became evident to them both that that certain . . . germ of something that makes sex pleasurable was no longer present.

Are you referring to a psychological attitude?

No sir, I'm referring to a specific, localized, physical sensation. At any rate, Mr. Flannery was inclined to keep plugging—it was his experience that that feeling sometimes could be induced to return—but Miss Cabot finally grew impatient or disgusted or exhausted, and she said, "Are you close?" And he said, "Not too much." And she wrenched herself away from him and collapsed on the bed. They both went to sleep soon after.

Was there any further conversation between them?

Not that night.

Not even to say good night?

No sir.

maintain maintain maintain™

Prolongs sexual pleasure.

Maintain Desensitizing Lubricant for men is effective in helping to control premature climax and therefore prolongs sexual pleasure for both partners. Maintain is colorless, non-staining, odorless and safe to use. Now you can be a more sensitive lover, by becoming less sensitive—no more fighting to control your natural response.

Available at your local pharmacy without prescription. *For free sample* send 25¢ (handling) to Box MT-5, Schmid Labs, Inc., Route 46 West, Little Falls, N.J. 07424.

Schmid Laboratories, Inc. Makers of Ramses® NuForm® Fourex® and other fine family planning products.

Crab Lice? Use RID™!

Kills Crab Lice and Their Eggs on Contact.

Special Comb Included.

Without a Prescription at Drug Stores.

RID™

Was there any further physical contact?

No sir.

And at what time the next morning did Mr. Flannery awake?

Approximately ten-thirty.

Was Miss Cabot beside him?

No sir. She was not in the room. He found her in the kitchen, in a "rather dumpy" housecoat as he described it, brewing coffee. She asked him if he wanted breakfast, he said no, but asked if he could use her shower. She naturally said yes.

How did he feel at this time?

Slightly groggy, slightly flatulent, slightly sore, with a very bad taste in his mouth. But he also felt rather . . . rather exultant in his body. It's a difficult feeling to describe. He enjoyed walking around the apartment naked. He liked looking down at his distended albeit detumescent penis.

And so he showered?

First he urinated and brushed his teeth.

Brushed his teeth?

He generally carried a little collapsible tooth brush around with him for just such an eventuality as this. After showering, he dressed, leaving off his jacket and tie, and joined Miss Cabot in the kitchen for coffee.

How much longer did he stay?

About twenty minutes.

Did any conversation take place?

He asked for and wrote down her phone number.

Did he actually intend to see her again?

No, it was a matter of etiquette.

And then—?

After finishing his coffee—she made very good coffee, he told me—he said he had to be going. They both rose, and she accompanied him to the door.

How did he take his leave of her?

He thanked her for a wonderful evening.

Did she respond in any way?

She said, "You're welcome." And then he kissed her.

On the lips?

On the cheek.

And then he left?

Yes sir, he got into his car and drove home.

And that was his last contact with Miss Cabot?

Yes sir, his last and his only.

How would you say he rated the experience?

He said it was pleasant, but in terms of its potential slightly disappointing.

That was all?

Yes sir.

He had absolutely nothing further to say?

Not that I can think of.

Well, I don't have any further questions at this time. Needless to say, you are as usual subject to recall should that become necessary.

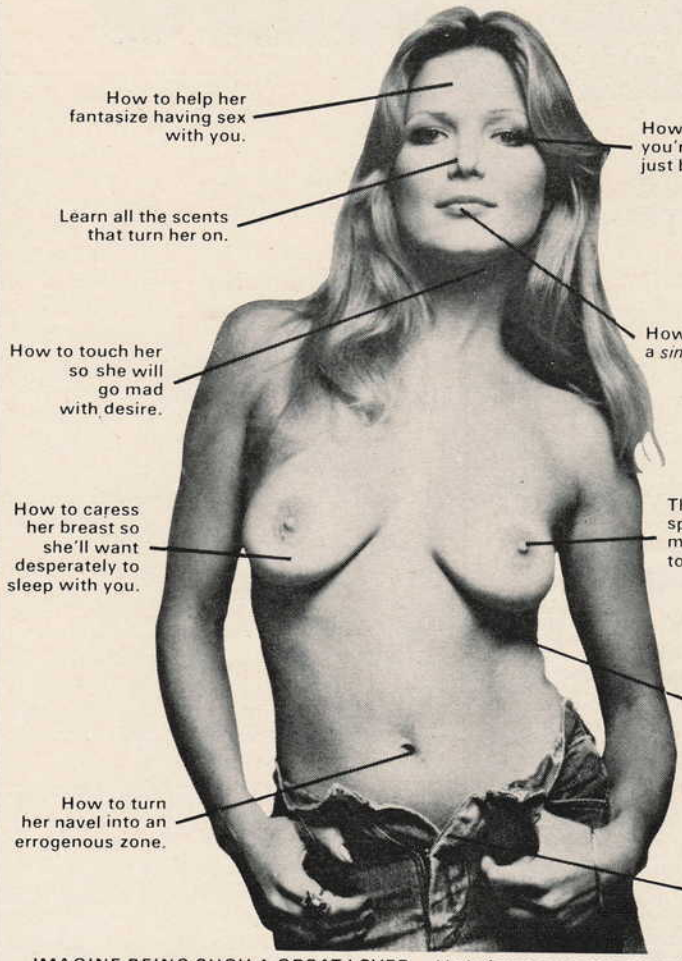
Yes sir, as usual. And you always know where you can find me.

Yes indeed. Well, thank you for your cooperation. You've been most helpful.

I've tried to do my best, sir.

And we appreciate it. We appreciate it very much. O+

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL!


How to help her fantasize having sex with you.
How to let her know you're a great lover, just by looking at her!
Learn all the scents that turn her on.
How to arouse her with a *single* kiss.
How to touch her so she will go mad with desire.
How to caress her breast so she'll want desperately to sleep with you.
This is one soft hot spot. She has two more she wants you to know about!
When to grip her here to bring her to climax!
How to turn her navel into an errogenous zone.
How to know exactly when she wants you to unzip her!

IMAGINE BEING SUCH A GREAT LOVER WOMEN CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES!

Here is a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover women will sense your sexual powers the instant you walk into a room. The book is called HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL And it's guaranteed to turn you into the kind of lover women just can't wait to go to bed with!

OVER 160 LUSCIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS!

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL contains over 160 luscious photos that show you—step by exciting step—how to turn on a woman. In these incredibly frank pictures you'll see an expert lover touching, holding, and seducing an unbelievably sexy-looking woman. Each of the more than 60 chapters tells you exactly what arouses a girl. You'll learn—in their own words!—women's most secret pleasures, the things they love so much from a man they can't resist him. In a single reading you can become the kind of man a woman recognizes on the street as a great lover. These are just a few of the fabulous techniques you'll learn and master:

• where to touch a girl first • how to make a woman "let herself go" • the aphrodisiac touch • the positions girls like best • how to get a girl out of her clothes • what's special about a single girl • how to excite a girl with just words • how to give a woman multiple orgasms • and hundreds of other fantastic techniques, most of them illustrated with exciting photographs!

Most guys think you have to be good-looking or rich to attract lots of women. Not true!! HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL will teach you overnight how to thrill women so intensely they'll see it in your eyes, recognize it in your walk. After you've read this book . . . and looked at the pictures . . . women will see you in a whole new, exciting way. Don't waste another day of your life. Order HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL today!

©Eric Weber, 1975

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

Pick up girls anywhere! In bars, buses, trains, even on the street! It's easier than you ever dreamed possible. **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS will show you, more than 100 surefire techniques, including:**

• How to make shyness work for you • Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking • Why girls get horny • 50 great opening lines • World's greatest pick-up technique • How to get women to pick you up • How to succeed in singles' bars.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS contains in-depth interviews with 25 beautiful girls. They tell you exactly what it takes to pick them up. Send for HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS today and pick up any girl you want. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS costs only $8.95. It makes picking up girls as easy as tying your shoes!

Mail to:
Symphony Press, Dept. P-C2
O Box 515
Tenafly NJ 07670

____ HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL
Only $12.95 plus $1.00 postage & handling

____ HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS
Only $8.95 plus 75¢ postage & handling

____ Both Books—Only $19.95 plus $1.00 postage & handling

Name

Street

City State

Books come in non-identifiable wrapper.

SEX LIFE BELOW PAR?

Feeling tired, sluggish, and unable to perform?

Try LITTLE DEVIL STIMULANT TABS

Here is a safe general cerebral and body stimulant. No longer need you let that tired rundown feeling ruin your sex life. If you are feeling sluggish, tired and worn out and performing your marital pleasures in a general lackluster manner, the stimulating qualities of Little Devil Stimulant Tablets may be just what the doctor has ordered. This tablet should help make one feel more stimulated shortly after taking. It is a product that we can highly recommend if a beat down feeling is interfering with your marital joys. It can be crushed and mixed in any drink.

Now Only $7.95

The Original STA-POWER CREAM

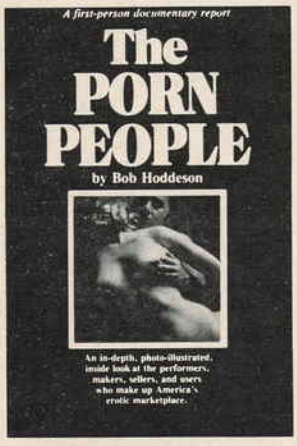
Does early climax stop exciting moments of sexual intercourse? This is a problem that Sta-Power can help you with. Sta-Power is an odorless, light, vanishing cream containing Benzocaine that can be applied directly to the penis without anyone knowing it is there. It is a topical anesthetic that is ideal to help stop premature ejaculation. It will help delay climax in order to coincide with that of your partner. You will feel and appreciate the improvement the very first time you use it.

Now Only $5.00

SKANDIA DISTRIBUTORS Dept. P-2
Box 430 Canal St. Station New York, N.Y. 10013

THE PORN PEOPLE

The Intimate Exposure of America's Living Fantasies


A first-person documentary report
The PORN PEOPLE
by Bob Hoddeson
An in-depth, photo-illustrated, inside look at the performers, makers, sellers, and users who make up America's erotic marketplace.

They're all here! The stars of X-rated films, the women who work in massage parlors, the artists, the writers, the publishers, the superstar hookers, the erotic revolutionaries, captured in revealing photos and candid interviews.

This is the first and only book of its kind, a hot, humorous, and human peek into the private thoughts and feelings of the people who expose their bodies and their most intimate acts to the public for money, fame and fun.

This unique book, (Publishers price $3.95) already a collector's item, is now yours for the special low price of $2.50 (plus $1.00 postage and handling).

Send check or money order to Penthouse Book Society, Dept. PH56, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

N.Y. residents add 8% sales tax.

NATO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

Warsaw Pact meetings and knew a great deal about KGB spy networks operating inside NATO. Acting on his information, the German security services were able to close the net around a number of KGB spies, one of the most important being Nihat Imre, a high-ranking Turkish official in the NATO finance department; and faced with this disaster, the KGB case officer in charge of the espionage assault on NATO set about devising a plan that would enable him to salvage what he could from his crumbling networks. His decision was to gain as much propaganda as possible out of the affair. If NATO could be shown to be riddled with traitors and KGB agents, it might have a disastrous effect on public confidence in the alliance and, more important, prove seriously detrimental to relations among the member countries. It was known in Moscow that the United States, as the country with the most military secrets to lose, was far from happy about the security risks posed by sharing these secrets with other NATO countries, especially West Germany.

The plan that evolved required the sacrifice of Hermann Luedke, but this was hardly a significant loss. It seemed likely that the admiral would, in any event, be detected quite soon as a result of Jan Senj's disclosures and, even if he did slip through the security net, his early retirement would soon make him useless to the KGB. By framing Luedke in such a way that the treason of a high-ranking NATO officer must become public knowledge, it was hoped that maximum political damage would be inflicted on NATO.

Luedke had been recruited into the KGB in 1966 via a "sexpionage" entrapment carried out in Paris. A married man with five children, his exuberant personality and youthful looks had gained him the nickname "Sonny Boy." He was popular amongst his fellow officers and attractive to women—an attraction he was happy to exploit, both by enticing them into his bed and by persuading them to pose for his camera. An enthusiastic amateur photographer, Luedke took his photographs with a secondhand Minox he had bought cheaply in 1962. His favorite subjects were nude studies of pretty girls.

Luedke had been in the KGB files as a potential spy for many years when, in the spring of 1966, the trap was finally sprung. In a Left Bank nightclub, Luedke was maneuvered into a meeting with a beautiful twenty-three-year-old French girl who was also a KGB "swallow," that is, a spy-prostitute. That same evening they went back to the woman's flat in the Rue St. Honoré, where he took nude photographs of her before they made love, and after that first meeting they saw one another regularly over a period of some weeks—the

"HANDS OF LOVE"

For Him — For Her

A truly unique expression of your love!

Made to sell for $9.95
Special introductory price **$4.95**

Actual Size — Eurasia

Antique gold or antique silver finish with 18" chain. Order one of each or 2 of the same finish for **only $8.95. Money back guarantee.**

To order enclose check or money order for $4.95 plus 50¢ for postage & handling. Specify finish and send to:

Eurasia Imports I
P.O. Box 6246
Providence, R.I. 02940

Cordless Electric Massager. Penetrating massage — gently and deeply like the touch of a million tiny butterfly wings working dexterously, expertly, excitingly to produce a variety of tension easing results! May use with cream. 7½". $5.95 ea., New World Co., 7247 Eccles, Dallas, Texas 75227, Dept. PH-26

SIZE 2¼" x ¾" x ½"

MICRO MINI MIKE
WIRELESS MICROPHONE

World's smallest; solid state, completely self-contained. Picks up and transmits most sounds without wires up to 350 ft. through FM Radio. Use as mike, ampf., alarm & alert sys., hot line, etc. Money back guar. B/A, M/C cds, COD ok. $14.95 plus $1.00 post. & hdlg. Calif. res. add tax. **AMC SALES, Dept. J, Box 928 Downey, Ca. 90241.**

FREE! Battery Operated Vibrator With Every Order! $2 Value!

TRY US FIRST! LOWEST PRICES IN THE U.S.A.!

WHY PAY MORE?

We Stock All Top Brands At Prices Way Below Retail!

Huge discounts by the dozen and by the gross. Our special sampler assortments give you much more for your money. We have them all: skins and latex...lubricated and dry...plain or nipple ends...in colors, textured, contoured...you name it, we've got it! Factory fresh stock of all name brands...Trojans, Naturalamb, XXXX Fourex Skins, Stimula, Tahiti, NuForm plus all others at DISCOUNT PRICES! We have our own computer for immediate order processing and shipment. All orders shipped in plain wrapper. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Our Giant Discount Catalog FREE With Every Order!

UNIQUE DISTRIBUTORS INC. Dept. PT-151
Box 1441, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

Gentlemen: Please rush me the following in plain sealed wrapper:

- ☐ 15 Assorted Condoms - 5 Different Brands - Sampler $3
- ☐ 25 Assorted Condoms - 10 Different Brands - Deluxe Sampler $5
- ☐ 50 Assorted Condoms - 15 Different Brands - SuperDeluxe Sampler $10
- ☐ 100 Assorted Condoms - 20 Different Brands - He-Man Sampler $20
- ☐ Condom Discount catalog - $1.00 (FREE With Order)

I have enclosed $ _____ ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
I have enclosed a $2 Deposit. Please Ship C.O.D.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(New York State residents please add appropriate sales tax)
SAVE MONEY! Enclose full payment SAVE Postage & C.O.D. charges!

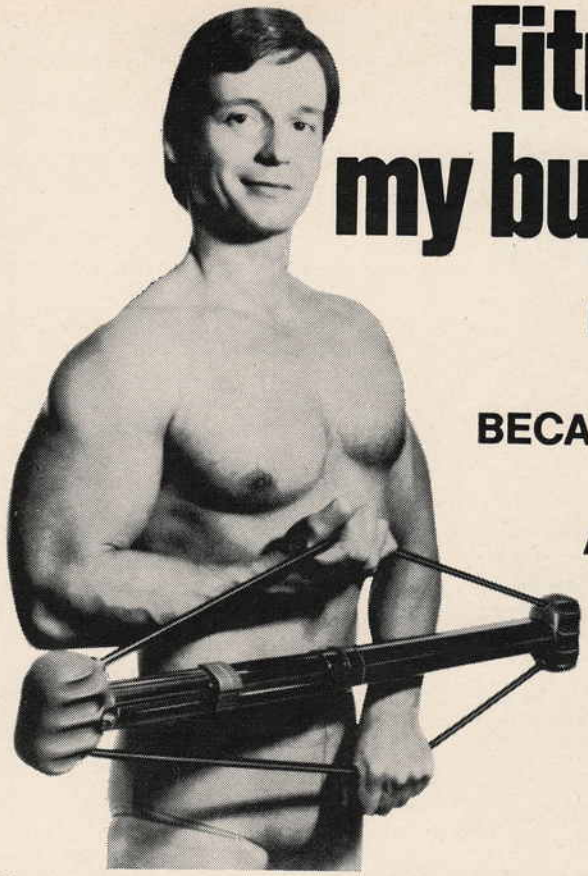
admiral building up an intimate portfolio of the girl in various suggestive nude poses. Finally the trap was sprung and the horrified officer confronted with a set of pictures he hadn't taken—a dozen glossy photographs of their lovemaking. The price asked for these pictures—pictures that could wreck his marriage and his career if made public—was intentionally modest. All that was demanded in exchange for the negatives were some classified documents of trivial importance. Luedke took what seemed the easiest way out, and supplied the material for copying. But this whole transaction was photographed too. Luedke was given the negatives of his love affair as promised, but he was then told that photographs of him handing over secret NATO papers would be on the desk of the Supreme Commander within the hour unless he cooperated. Miserably, Luedke agreed to spy.

At first, the Russians made only minor demands on their new agent, merely requesting sufficient secret information to leave Luedke in no doubt about their meaning business. Their reason for keeping the admiral on ice was simple. Once they had made full use of him, the surge of high-level military intelligence reaching Moscow was bound to be detected by Western security, as Soviet military tactics, troop dispositions, and contingency plans were adapted to fit the fresh information. And after a while suspicion was bound to fall on Luedke. Traps would be set and he would be detected. His life as a spy, even given all the luck in the world, was not likely to be a long one. So the KGB waited until the time arrived when they could make the best possible use of their uniquely placed agent. That moment came in April 1967, following the transfer of SHAPE headquarters, along with the rest of NATO's command structure, from France to Belgium. The pressure on Luedke abruptly increased. In addition to photographing top-secret documents, he was ordered to subvert suitable members of his own staff and other NATO employees, through either bribery or blackmail. He had no choice but to obey.

Luedke's health deteriorated rapidly under the strain. The high-living officer of Paris days vanished, never to return. From being a cheerful extrovert, he became irritable and withdrawn. Although he still enjoyed photographing pretty girls in the nude, he spent most of his free time watching television or reading in the bachelor officers' quarters. On free weekends he would either drive up to Bonn to see his wife and children or else go hunting in the Eifel forests. And on some of these trips he would meet his KGB controller to hand over rolls of microfilm, shot with his Minox, or receive orders.

On September 1, 1967, his importance to the Russians was increased because of structural changes inside NATO. The Production Logistics and Infrastructure Division in which Luedke was employed be-

Fitness is my business



I RECOMMEND BULLWORKER BECAUSE IT'S FAST, IT'S EASY AND IT REALLY WORKS!

Aside from keeping many of the stars you see in the movies and on television in top shape, Mike Fretault, at 40, is still one of the most sought-after stunt men in the business.

Most men know they're not getting enough exercise to keep their bodies in shape.

Twenty years as a fitness coach has taught me one important fact: most men will not stick with a training program long enough for it to do them any good, unless the training is fast, easy and shows results right away.

Bullworker gets a top score on all three counts:

—it's fast: each exercise takes only 7 seconds and the complete workout can be done in about five minutes

—it's easy: any man between 15 and 65 in good general health can perform the full program without getting tired

—you see your results right from the very first day on the built-in Powermeter gauge. After two to three weeks of regular training, most men can expect to measure an extra inch or two of muscle on their shoulders, chest and biceps—and an inch or two less flab around the middle.

And that's just the start: there are specialized exercises for building-up or trimming-down any part of your body you want to. What's more since Bullworker training is progressive, you perform better each time. Yet the training always seems easy since with every workout your strength increases by about 1%—that's an increase of up to 50% in just three months, and I've seen many men go on to double and even triple their strength. For my money, Bullworker is the most advanced home trainer on the market. I use it and recommend it to any man who wants to get back in top shape fast.

For free details about Bullworker Fitness Training, recommended by fitness experts, champion athletes and nearly two million enthusiastic users the world around, mail coupon for FREE BOOKLET today. No obligation, no salesman will visit.

BULLWORKER SERVICE, 201 Lincoln Blvd., P.O. Box 20, Middlesex, N.J. 08846 239

FREE BOOKLET

24 pages of action photos in full color show you how to build a powerful body in just five minutes a day

BULLWORKER SERVICE, Dept. BW2240
201 Lincoln Blvd., P.O. Box 20, Middlesex, N.J. 08846

Please send me my FREE full color brochure about BULLWORKER 2 without obligation. No salesman will visit.

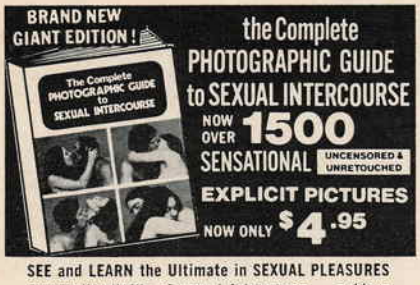
Name_____ Age_____
please print

Street_____ Apt. No._____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Canada: Home delivery duty paid. Ask for FREE booklet.


BRAND NEW GIANT EDITION!
The Complete PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE to SEXUAL INTERCOURSE
the Complete PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE to SEXUAL INTERCOURSE
NOW OVER 1500 SENSATIONAL
UNCENSORED & UNRETOUCHED
EXPLICIT PICTURES
NOW ONLY $4.95

SEE and LEARN the Ultimate in SEXUAL PLEASURES

Regain the thrills of sexual intercourse . . . achieve greater heights of sexual enjoyment and eliminate bedroom boredom forever! You'll find all the answers in words and pictures for a more fulfilling and satisfying sexual relationship in the new enlarged "COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE". In addition to the straightforward and honest text you'll see over 1500 explicit pictures of sensual young couples photographed in actual positions of sexual intercourse.

Originally made to sell for $12.95, this new and outstanding achievement is now available through the mail (save $8.00 if you order now)! only **$4.95**

(NOTE: Please add 30¢ for postage & handling)

You must state you are over 21 to receive this merchandise.

PHEONIX DIST. BOX 320—PN-276
Murray Hill Sta., New York, N.Y. 10016

DELUXE VIBRATOR MASSAGER!

Everyone can use this cordless health and beauty aid! Gentle, relaxing massage . . . perfect for every part of the body: scalp massage, facial toning, penetrating spot massage. Unique tubular shape with smooth contours relaxes muscles and relieves tension! Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

☐ DELUXE Model—7½" x 1¼". Complete assortment of attachments, battery included, $9.95.

☐ ECONOMY Model—7" x 1½". Operates on flashlight battery (not included), $3.

Send this order to: ADAM & EVE, Dept. DPHZ-9, 403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400, Carrboro, N.C. 27510

©1975 PPA

CARRY ALL YOU NEED FOR THAT PLANNED OR UNPLANNED WEEKEND

In the PENTHOUSE Quick Trip Tote. Made of strong but lightweight denim with double zippers and is completely vinyl lined. Carry it by its handle or the removable heavy webbed shoulder strap.

The Tote is marked with the distinctive PENTHOUSE logo and it has its own brand of un-self-conscious status chic.

Slip the PENTHOUSE Tote in the trunk of your car or slide it under a plane seat to make it through your weekend wanderings.

Order your Tote today. Send $25 to PENTHOUSE Products, Dept. GRO1-75, 909 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Add $1.75 postage & handling. New York Residents add 8% tax.

came the Defense Support Division and widened its activities to include weapons research.

Luedke was forced to photograph an increasing number of documents, and his health began to go downhill fast. In January 1968, the doctors advised an early retirement, and he thankfully used this as a way out of the nightmare. He announced that he would leave the service at the end of September. In those final few months the KGB's determination to extract the last scrap of value from their victim led to almost impossible demands being made on him. On one occasion he was ordered not to photograph but to *steal* parts of the guidance system of a Hawk missile. At first Luedke angrily protested that it was an impossible assignment; still, he finally managed to obtain the equipment.

The Hawk (its name taken from "Homing All the Way Killer") is a solid-propellant, surface-to-air missile for use against low-flying aircraft and ballistic missiles. It is equipped with a high-explosive blast fragmentation warhead and homing radar. At that time the homing device was still top secret and the Russians very much wanted to examine this equipment. After Luedke obtained the device, he transported it to the meeting place in the Eifel hills, where it was photographed by his KGB controller and a Soviet electronics expert.

The plan to deliver Hermann Luedke to German intelligence involved the KGB in no real difficulties. An agent working at SHAPE obtained some year-old documents that were still classified Cosmic Top Secret and these were photographed with a Minox camera. The agent then took a number of close-up pictures of Luedke's Ford in the SHAPE car park. This was done to positively link the film to the admiral. Next came the only really risky part of the entire operation. A KGB technical expert broke into Luedke's apartment in the officers' quarters and switched their film for the one already in his camera. Luedke never noticed the substitution and went on to use up the roll in taking some nude studies and finally some family snaps during his next visit to Bonn.

Shattered by the inexplicable pictures, Luedke seems to have gone to ground. During the next week he must have tried desperately to contact his controller for assistance, but the KGB man refused to see him. On October 8, however, Luedke finally did get an invitation to a meeting in the Immerath hunting preserve in the Eifel hills. He dressed in his olive-green shooting clothes and slung his Mauser rifle into the backseat of his car. Then he drove off to the meeting and his death.

At around three o'clock that afternoon a shot was heard by nearby villagers, and some ninety minutes later a farmer found Luedke's body slumped beside his car on the outskirts of the wood. He had been killed by a soft-nosed bullet from his own rifle. It had entered his body at the base of the spine and traveled diagonally up-

REMOVE HAIR FOREVER

Perma Tweez electrolysis safely and permanently removes all unwanted hair from face, arms, legs and body. No-puncture safety feature—clinically tested and recommended by dermatologists.

14 DAY MONEY BACK GUAR.

$16.95—send check/M.O.

Good Housekeeping PROMISES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND IF DEFECTIVE — LIMITED WARRANTY TO CONSUMER

☐ I enclose $4.00 deposit and will pay balance COD plus extra COD postage.

☐ I enclose $16.95 in full payment.

☐ BankAmericard/Master Chg. #

Expiration date

GENERAL MEDICAL CO., Dept. P-7
5701 W. Adams Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90016

Shark Jaws

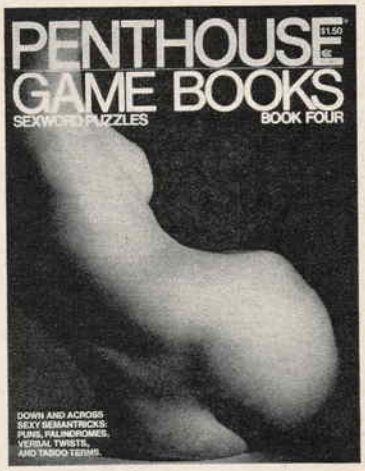
Lifelike in every detail!

Lifelike! Every detail simulated in sturdy plastic. Nine inches wide! Satisfaction guaranteed.

VAN ALLEN, INC.
Dept. P, Route 1, Box 86
Palm Harbor, Fla. 33563

$8.95 EACH POSTPAID

PENTHOUSE GAME BOOKS



BOOK FOUR will be on sale in mid-November at your local newsstands for $1.50 or send $1.50 plus 25¢ postage and handling to the Penthouse Book Society, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

wards before reaching the chest. A doctor called to the scene ruled out any possibility of suicide, and the local police agreed. Even so, the post-mortem finding was that Luedke had killed himself or shot himself accidentally. A police spokesman told the press, "It appears he flung his hunting rifle into the back of the car without fixing the safety catch. When he climbed into the car the rifle must have gone off, shooting him in the back."

In tests using a similar type of rifle and car, it proved impossible to duplicate the kind of accident situation that is claimed to have cost the admiral his life. Even if the Mauser *had* discharged accidentally, the bullet couldn't have entered Luedke's body in the way it did. In fact, it is most unlikely that he would have been hit at all. Bearing in mind the fact that Luedke was an experienced hunter and an expert on firearms who was hardly likely to treat his rifle in the casual, amateurish way described by the authorities, it seems that the accident theory must be totally discredited. And the idea that Luedke would commit suicide in such a highly involved and difficult manner is equally improbable.

We are left with murder—the deliberate slaying of the officer in order to silence him. If this is indeed what happened, then Luedke must have known and trusted his killer enough to allow him to get into the back of the car beside his loaded rifle.

The obvious suspect is the KGB, which —having set up Luedke's betrayal—would seem to have decided to silence him before he could give too much away to German counterintelligence. In fact, the first rumor was that he had been "terminated" by a Soviet hit man. But if the Russians did silence Luedke, why did they wait so long before doing so? Obviously, it was very much in the interest of the KGB that Luedke should be arrested and put on trial, so all the horrifying security weaknesses of NATO could be brought into the glare of international publicity. A far more likely explanation of the shooting is that some Western security service—possibly the CIA or the BND—decided to silence Luedke and thus avoid an embarrassing trial.

Luedke's death was among the earliest in a series of inexplicable fatalities that occurred during the next two weeks, but it was not the first. Some three hours before the admiral was killed, another high-ranking German officer died of gunshot wounds. This time it was certainly suicide. The victim was fifty-six-year-old Major-General Horst Wendland, deputy head of the BND. A dedicated and long-serving counterintelligence officer, Wendland had been under political and professional pressure for some time.

The discovery of Luedke's treachery and the knowledge that General Jan Senj's disclosures had revealed major KGB infiltration of NATO were the final blows. At nine o'clock on October 8, General Wendland kissed his wife good-bye and drove from his house to the headquarters of the

SEXUAL BEST SELLERS

Now Available Conveniently By Mail!
C.O.D. ORDERS ACCEPTED!

EUROPE'S BEST SELLING SEX MANUAL
THOUSANDS SOLD AT UP TO $12.95!

THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

FEATURING *OVER 100 LARGE FULL PAGE, FULL COLOR, UNCENSORED and UNRETOUCHED PHOTOS*

This is Europe's best selling sex manual! Now, you can obtain it in the U.S.A. It combines no-punches-pulled straight talk about sex in all its pleasurable variations with clear, full color photographs of live models—nude men and women—graphically demonstrating numerous techniques of sexual love. Almost overnight, you will learn how to transform dull, routine sex into exciting episodes of satisfaction and gratification beyond your fondest hopes. And it's all so incredibly easy to follow because the color photographs show you precisely what to do, every step of the way.

Special Deluxe ALL COLOR — Perfect Bound Edition 224 Pages

NOW ONLY - $4.95

OVER HALF MILLION COPIES
SOLD AT UP TO $14.95!

THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE

NOW! *A SEX MANUAL THAT TELLS IT AND SHOWS IT...LIKE IT IS!*

WHAT TO DO...HOW TO DO IT...WHEN TO DO IT! No dry theory...no boring philosophies...this book deals with lovemaking techniques far more completely and clearly than any book has ever attempted to before. Its 320 dynamic, bold and adventurous pages of text and its over 196 actual photographs of revealing, unashamed and unafraid live couples boldly demonstrating sexual lovemaking positions and techniques, will teach you all you will ever need to know to satisfy your love partner completely and totally.

The complete uncensored and unabridged $14.95 edition; 196 actual photographs; in paperback—320 pages

NOW ONLY - $2.95

OVER ONE MILLION COPIES SOLD AT
UP TO $12.95 Per Copy NOW ONLY $2.95

The New PHOTOGRAPHIC MANUAL OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

FEATURING *OVER 750 FULL COLOR AND BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS AND ILLUSTRATIONS*

Here it is new and revised, one of the all-time greatest and best selling sex manuals ever published! It's been translated into five foreign languages. It's been used in sex courses by such Universities as Johns Hopkins. It's been acclaimed by psychiatrists and members of the medical profession. Many have called this book "America's Advanced Sex Course" and for you and your mate, that's exactly what it will be!

The complete uncensored and unabridged $12.95 Edition complete with FULL COLOR Photographs, in paperback — 264 pages

NOW ONLY - $2.95

Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Money Refunded Within 10 Days!

SPECIAL LIMITED TIME OFFER TO READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE! BUY ALL 3 SEX BEST SELLERS FOR ONLY $9.95 and SAVE $1.00!

(NOTE: Please add 30¢ per each book for postage & handling)

Medi-Data, Inc. P.O. Box 4399 Dept. PT-711
Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017

Please rush me in plain sealed wrapper, the books I have indicated below as per your 10 day money back guarantee!

☐ I have enclosed $ _____ in full payment. ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O.
☐ I have enclosed a $1 deposit. Please send C.O.D.

☐ PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE — $4.95
☐ PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE — $2.95
☐ PHOTOGRAPHIC MANUAL OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE — $2.95
☐ **ALL THREE FOR ONLY-$9.95**

SIGNATURE _____
I hereby represent that I am over 18 years of age.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SAVE MONEY! Enclose full payment & SAVE Post Office C.O.D. charges!

BECOME AN ARTIST OF SEX

These books will give you the tools!

SEX DEVICES and PENIS ENLARGEMENT TECHNIQUES

SEX DEVICES is a complete guide to the full range of erotic aids available to you. With more than 210 explicit photos showing couples reaching intense, prolonged orgasms using a variety of more than 100 different devices, this exciting catalogue includes 4-way electronic stimulators, dildoes, water pillows, and vibrators of all types.

Its companion book, **PENIS ENLARGEMENT TECHNIQUES** is a definitive manual of methods and devices to increase the size of the penis. With more than 60 how-to photographs depicting naked men and women using these techniques both for enlargement and for pleasure.

UNAVAILABLE IN BOOKSTORES. These two exciting books are yours for just $7.95 each. Or save $3.90 by ordering both at the fantastically low price of $12.00. Send to Evelyn Rainbird, Ltd., P.O. Box 548, F.D.R. Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

SENSUOUS CONTRACEPTIVES BY MAIL!

TODAY'S ULTRA-THIN CONDOMS PROVIDE A SENSUOUS EXPERIENCE AND PROTECTION TOO!

Today a man just doesn't have to tolerate a sensation-deadening condom when he wants protection. Now there are ultra-thin supremely sensitive condoms that have been designed for **sexual pleasure**, while still providing the most reliable protection of any non-prescription birth control method. And now you can buy these sensuous condoms without embarrassment...by ordering them through the privacy of the mail from Population Planning.

Our illustrated 20-page catalog describes the wide selection of condoms we offer...all nationally advertised brands...the popular Trojan...the pre-shaped Conture ...super-sensitive skins that conduct body heat...new JADE (available only from PPA). All orders are shipped promptly in a plain package to assure privacy. Why not send for a sampler today? Receive our illustrated catalog offering satin sheets, posters, books on sex and birth control, clothes and much more. And if you do not agree that PPA's sampler packages and overall service are the **best available anywhere**, we will refund your money in full — no questions asked.

Population Planning, Dept. DPHZ-10
403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400
Carrboro, N.C. 27510

©1975, PPA

Population Planning, Dept. DPHZ-10
403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400
Carrboro, N.C. 27510

Please rush me in plain package:

☐ Sampler of 12 assorted condoms (4 different brands) plus catalog, $3.
☐ Deluxe Sampler of 19 assorted condoms (7 different brands) plus catalog, $6.
☐ Illustrated catalog alone, 25¢.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS!
CONDOMS BY MAIL!
SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED WRAPPER.
Including STIMULA that's "like thousands of little fingers urging a woman to let go." Now at last you can achieve a level of sexual pleasure that until recently was unheard of.
End using sensation deadening condoms. Get gossamer thin supremely sensative condoms designed for sexual pleasure. W.P.C. offers reliable nationally advertised brands of condoms including Torjan products. Fourex, Featherlite! Order from your own home without embarassment. Shipped within 24 hours. ☐ 12 condoms (4 different brands) only $3. ☐ Deluxe package (6 different kinds) 24 condoms $6. ☐ Super Deluxe package 100 condoms (8 different kinds) $20. ☐ EXECUTIVE PACK-3 each of the top TEN most sensuous, gossamer thin condoms $10. Fourex, Natural-Lamb, Sheik Sensi Creme, Guardian Lubricated, Nuform, Ramses, Featherlite, Fiesta, **STIMULA**, Lubricated Trojans). For air-mail add $1 postage.
☐ 12 for $3
☐ 24 for $6
☐ 100 for $20
☐ 30 Executive Pack $10

World Population Control, Dept. 105
P.O. Box 90, Newark, N.J. 07102
Sold on Money Back Guarantee

BEAT THE DICE TABLES
Make Dough . . . Like a "PRO" in all Legalized Casinos
Double-Your-Money-Back-Guarantee!
Place only 5 bets. All numbers are in your favor, including 7 . . . 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
You win every roll!—Free details
M. C. CORBIN CO., Dept. PH-2
P.O. Box 869, Radio City Station, N.Y. 10019

SPURIOUS
LOVE STIMULANT
Use it yourself, or give it to a friend. Man or woman. And be prepared for fast-acting results. Make him or her love you more. **New World**, 7247 Eccles, Dallas, Texas 75227 Dept. P-B26
25 capsules
$6.00

THE PERFECT PACIFIER

Witty, chic, attractive, this superbly crafted penis cast in solid sterling silver makes an ideal relaxer, something to replace your cigarette or thumb. A fetching piece of jewelry that lets people know where you're at.

The penis alone or the chain alone are $29.95. Or save $5 by ordering both at the economical price of $55.00 (please add $2.00 for postage and handling). Send to Evelyn Rainbird, Ltd., P.O. Box 548, F.D.R. Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

BND. He attended a conference, read and corrected some documents, and then told his secretary that he was not to be disturbed for the next few minutes. At about 11:50 A.M. he took a pistol from his desk drawer and shot himself in the right temple. His body was discovered by his secretary at 12:07 P.M.

The deaths of Wendland and Luedke—one suicide, the other almost certainly murder—were sensational enough. But they were followed in rapid succession by *ten* other deaths. Some were suicides unconnected with espionage, which would have passed almost unreported under normal circumstances; others involved agents recruited by Luedke who killed themselves rather than face arrest and disgrace. It is often hard to distinguish between the two, because of the tight security screen thrown around the whole affair, but the most likely contenders for the espionage-suicide combination, despite official denials, seem to be, in date-of-death order: Frau Edeltraud Grapentin, fifty-two, a divorced file clerk who had worked in the Federal Press and Information Office since 1952, died from an overdose of sleeping tablets on October 14. (Personal problems were the official explanation for her death.) Lieutenant-Colonel Johannes Grimm, fifty-four, a staff officer in the logistics and war mobilization department of the Ministry of Defense shot himself at his desk on October 18 and died three hours later in the hospital.

Next, on October 21, the police announced the death of Dr. Hans Heinrich Schenk, forty, a senior official in the economics department, who had hanged himself in his Cologne apartment a week earlier. (All reports of his death had been kept secret before this announcement.) And three days later the body of Gerhard Boehm, sixty-one, an employee of the Ministry of Defense, was dragged out of the Rhine. His briefcase, hat, coat, and a suicide note to his family—"I am sorry to go this way"—were all found by a Bonn bridge on October 21 following an anonymous tip.

No less than six high-ranking East German agents, all of them scientists who had come to West Germany some years before as refugees from Communism, took advantage of the confusion to return home. One who did not make it was Dr. Harald Gottfried, thirty-three, a physicist at the Karlsruhe Atomic Center. He was arrested and is said to have confessed to passing atomic secrets to the East Germans. The prosecution claimed that more than 800 photographs of classified documents had been found at his home.

While all this was going on, SHAPE headquarters was the scene of frantic activity as officials tried desperately to minimize the damage to Western defenses. Some 16,000 tactical nuclear warheads were re-sited, supply dumps were moved, ciphers and codes changed, and the "Strike Plan"—NATO's overall contingency strategy against a Warsaw Pact attack on the West—was reviewed.

From all points of view, the KGB spy ring inside NATO had been staggeringly successful, causing both short-term security damage and incalculable long-term harm to the delicately balanced relationships among the member nations. Perhaps, however, the success of the operation becomes decidedly less surprising when we discover that behind the whole affair was one of the most skilled and experienced masters of subversion in the history of espionage, the former British double agent Kim Philby.

Philby was born in India on New Year's Day, 1912, the son of a government official. Although christened Harold Adrian Russell Philby, the boy soon came to be known as Kim after Rudyard Kipling's fictional hero. In 1924 his parents returned to England where Kim won a scholarship to Westminster, his father's old school. From the start, he was a boy of exceptional promise, fluent in several languages, intelligent, hardworking, tidy, and obedient.

Westminster is one of Britain's oldest schools. Standing in the shadow of the Houses of Parliament it is very much a part of the Establishment—its students play a part in the ritual of a coronation and six seats are permanently reserved for them in the public gallery of the House of Commons. As a boarder, Philby slept in one of forty tiny bedrooms and ate his meals in the fourteenth-century dining hall. At Westminster, Philby underwent two experiences of some significance to his future development. First, his father, a religious skeptic, had brought his son up in a tradition of agnosticism, but Westminster, like most British public schools, was strongly religious. Philby, an obedient child, felt his loyalty torn between father and school, and eventually this led to a nervous breakdown. Then, as in many single-sex boarding schools, homosexuality was rife at Westminster and Philby took part with the other boys. He would later talk openly of having "buggered and been buggered" at school. The result of these experiences, perhaps coupled with his formative years having been spent abroad, was to make him an outsider—within the British Establishment but not a part of it. He was a man who felt no real loyalty towards his country and what it stood for. From Westminster he went on to Trinity College, Cambridge, to read history, and there his political awakening took place. Among the students in his year were a number of ex-miners who had made the daunting journey from pitface to university by means of funds provided by a workers' educational association. From these men Philby absorbed grass-roots socialism. He became a political activist with leanings further and further to the left. Eventually, he joined the Communist party of Great Britain, although he never held a party card, a fact that was to prove important when—probably in 1934—he was recruited by Soviet

They both hated to exercise or diet...

5 The Original Scientifically Tested minute Body Shaper Plan
DEVELOPS A MORE REGAL POSTURE
FIRMS FLABBY ARMS
FIRMS, BEAUTIFIES YOUR BUSTLINE
SHAPES...FIRMS... STRENGTHENS YOUR TOTAL FIGURE
CREATES SUPER LEGS
SHAPES YOUR HIPLINE
SLIMS YOUR WAISTLINE

...but lost 28 lbs., 10¾ inches off waists... shaped up in 14 days while watching TV!

NO RIGID DIETING...
NO COMPLICATED EXERCISES.

This ingenious '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan, designed for busy people like you, has you starting to lose inches and pounds immediately....in the privacy of your own home. It's Safe...Medically Approved...and Guaranteed!

Here are the 6 reasons why this plan works fast to start you looking years slimmer...in 14 days!

1. It Concentrates Its Slimming Action On Your Fatty Areas—Waist, Hips, Upper Thighs—that give you an aging look. Because it works most of your muscles gracefully at one time—not body part by body part—the Plan stimulates faster slimming action to help you start fashioning a more youthful looking figure in 14 days.

2. Simple to Use. No disrobing. Attach it to any door knob, stretch out comfortably on the floor. Do one '5' Minute continuous, rhythmic, enjoyable exercise, twice daily, whenever you have the time, even while watching TV.

3. Designed to Slim Fatty Problem Areas. Choose 4 different '5' Minute exercises, each created to help slim down the problem fatty deposit areas of your figure in 14 days.

4. No Rigid Dieting. We suggest you temporarily eat 20% less until you reach your normal weight, without giving up any of the foods you love — eat Ice Cream, Cakes, Pasta, whatever! (It's all in the guide.)

5. Safer and Saves Time. No more running to gyms for complicated, exhausting workouts that can strain you. This simple '5' Minute Plan, that you do at home, leaves you refreshed.

6. Weighs Only 10 Ounces. Fits any wallet size case. Stores anywhere. Travels with you so you never have to miss a slimming session. Remember, it's the daily sessions that firm, shape, and fashion you a more youthful-looking figure.

It's Fun With Results....."5" Minutes And Out.

The Secret Why It Beats Fasting Alone, Making Your Figure Look Years Younger.

Fasting programs, when causing weight loss, unlike our Plan usually burn off more active tissue (muscles) which can cause your skin to wrinkle, muscles to sag, and create dragging fatigue. Our Plan increases active tissue growth—through the use of the '5' Minute exerciser—while concentrating greater fat loss (by exercise and temporary 20 percent food reduction), making you look years younger as you slim. Within the first '5' minutes you use the exerciser, you start burning off fat, speeding up your metabolism to help burn up stored calories, releasing excess water. Helps curb your appetite without suppressants. Increases energy and well-being. It's so simple and enjoyable a plan to follow, we guarantee you can stay with it, remaining slim without regaining those inches and pounds. It can put an end to your "gain-and-loss-cycles."

Use Our "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan And We Guarantee These Results:

"Do one "5" Minute Exercise twice daily, eat anything you like (JUST 20% LESS), you'll lose pounds and inches, improve vitality, fitness within 14 days — or your $7.98 will be refunded."

EXPERTS AND CUSTOMERS AGREE:
It's the no-nonsense way to shape up fast!

Scientific reports and many of our 600,000 customers inform us that sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and other 'effortless exercisers' are of little or no value in firming, shaping and beautifying your figure. "YOU MUST WORK OFF THE INCHES," experts say. We believe, and results prove, ours is the simplest, safest, most enjoyable Plan to do it.

Here's a sampling of what the customers who have shaped up on our Plan tell us happened to them: **"I lost 25 pounds, 5¾ inches off my waist in 14 days,"** G. C. **"Lost 32 pounds, 6⅜ inches off my waist in 24 days,"** M. F. **"I lost 7 pounds and 5¾ inches off my waistline in 9 days,"** L. S.

START SHAPING UP NOW!

It is America's most successful body slimmer and shaper. 600,000 customers have purchased our '5' Minute Plan to slim down fast. Results are proved and some notarized. Our guarantee to you is in writing. Experts agree our plan works—and works fast. Now, can you think of any reason for not ordering your '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan and start slimming down today?

Satisfaction Guaranteed!!!

"Use our improved '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan for 14 days! See what it can do for you! If it is not what we say it is, simply return it to us, in good condition, for your $7.98 refund."

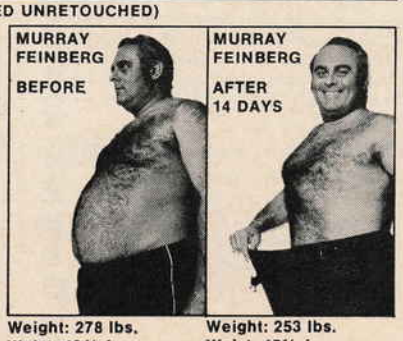
TM

Weighs 10 Ounces

(PHOTOS CERTIFIED UNRETOUCHED)

Weight: 134 lbs. Waist: 36½ in. | **Weight: 131 lbs. Waist: 30 in.**

Case #R-051



Weight: 278 lbs. Waist: 49½ in. | **Weight: 253 lbs. Waist: 45¼ in.**

Case #R-027

Joe Weider! Dept. AU/NW
Builder of Beautiful Bodies since 1936
21100 Erwin Street
Woodland Hills, California 91364

I have a lot of pounds and inches to lose. You promise that I will feel glorious and begin to look slimmer in just 3 days.

☐ **I am enclosing $7.98 plus $1.00 for shipping and handling.** California residents add 6% sales tax. ☐ Check, ☐ Money order.

Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery.
Rush '5' Minute Body Shaper and Illustrated Guide to...

Name.....Age.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....Zip.....

Another Fine Product By Weider Health and Fitness

© Joe Weider 1975 PATENTED

Also Available At Better Beauty Salons

IN CANADA: 5 Minute Body Shaper, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec.

intelligence. It meant that although he was a dedicated Communist, so far as the British authorities were concerned, he was politically clean.

Later, soon after World War II started, Philby was recruited into British intelligence by Guy Burgess, a homosexual, a Soviet agent, and a trusted member of the British secret service. In this way Philby's extraordinary double life as a British agent and Soviet spy began. With his quick mind, dedication, and attractive personality, Philby rose swiftly through the ranks of the Secret Intelligence Service (SIS).

One of his most important functions was to warn the Soviets about counterintelligence operations planned against the KGB networks. One example will demonstrate how effective he was in this role. Soon after the war, a top KGB agent in Istanbul, Konstantin Volkoff, who had been operating as a "legal" attached to the Soviet consulate, contacted the British with a request for political asylum. In exchange for a new life in the West, plus more than $100,000, he was prepared to give the British a list of all the Soviet agents in the area and—far more important—the names of three high-ranking Soviet agents operating inside British intelligence organizations. The British consul general sent a top-secret cable to London asking for instructions; the case was passed to the SIS for attention; and the file dropped onto the desk of Kim Philby. A few days later a Soviet military aircraft landed at Istanbul airport, and before astonished Turkish officials could make any move to approach the plane, a Russian car screeched across the runway right up to the aircraft. A stretcher carrying a heavily bandaged figure was dragged from the car and hastily pulled aboard. Moments later the plane lifted from the runway, carrying the unfortunate Volkoff back to a grim fate in Moscow.

Philby was able to remain an active double agent until 1963 when he thought it wiser to defect to Russia. In Moscow he was hailed as a hero and provided with a large flat in addition to a second home in the country. When he first arrived in the Soviet Union, Philby's health was poor, aggravated by the tensions of his last months in the West and by a drinking problem. The Russians restored him to health, dried him out, and put him to work as a consultant in a comfortable office at KGB headquarters. His chief target was NATO.

The North Atlantic Treaty Organization had been born on April 4, 1949, when twelve Western countries signed a mutual defense pact called the North Atlantic Treaty. In 1955 the Federal Republic of Germany had become a member. Although an essential addition to NATO from a strategic point of view, West Germany's membership produced security weaknesses which the Russians were quick to exploit. Ever since the end of the war, West Germany has had the unhappy distinction of being one of the most spied-upon countries in the world. A report published in 1966 by the Rome Ministry of Defense estimated that by the end of 1959 there were 6,000 full-time Eastern bloc agents operating from secure cover in the republic—backed up by 10,000 "visiting" agents. Six years later the figures appear to have stabilized at around 8,000 full-time agents and 12,000 migratory spies sent over on specific missions! "We've got spies like other people have mice," a German official admitted grimly.

The assault on NATO directed by Kim Philby involved techniques of both classical and electronic espionage. Professional agents, planted in lowly positions in the Alliance were to be allowed to grow into positions of power before starting serious work for Moscow. Amateur spies, like Luedke, were recruited through bribery or blackmail.

Despite the attraction of operating through West Germany, however, Philby's first thrust was made from the south via Turkey. In 1964 he sent out orders to KGB agents in Ankara to discover a suitably placed national who could be persuaded to spy for them. Within a matter of months they had done so.

The man's name was Nihat Imre and he was a high-ranking official in NATO's finance department. Imre was either bribed or persuaded to spy for Russia on ideological grounds, but his activities were kept at a low key until 1965 when he was appointed an A7 official (the highest administrative rank in NATO) as chief financial controller. Imre had access, of course, to all top-secret documents, for no project could receive financing unless the documents had his signature.

Imre proved a valuable agent and the KGB rewarded Philby for his success by awarding him one of the highest Soviet decorations, the Red Banner of Labour.

With Imre working efficiently for them, Philby turned his attention to Germany. Luedke was recruited, along with a number of other agents and a vast range of secrets began to flow back to Dzerzhinsky Square. The mid-sixties was a time of confusion for NATO and of opportunity for the Soviet Union. In March 1966, President De Gaulle announced that France intended to withdraw from the alliance and ordered his former allies to remove the international headquarters outside Paris, as well as all military bases and installations not coming under direct French control, from French territory. As a result, NATO was thrown into confusion and security, always weak, became even more vulnerable. New headquarters for SHAPE were established near Mons in Belgium, where a vast, modern complex was hastily constructed on flat marshy countryside. Other buildings in and around Brussels, forty miles from Mons, were taken over to house NATO's massive bureaucracy. In the autumn of 1966 the first of hundreds of heavily guarded military convoys set off from Paris carrying secret documents and files, and

Yes, you can have a FULL COLOR POSTER blown up from your color photo or slide at a fraction of the price. All color posters printed on Kodak paper. Great gift idea!

BLOW YOURSELF UP

into a FULL COLOR POSTER at Unbelievable low Cost!

LOW COST FULL COLOR POSTERS
20"x24" only $8.50
14"x17" only $5.50
24"x36" only 13.50

BLACK & WHITE BLOWUPS TOO!
2 ft. x 3 ft. $4.00
1 ft. x 1½ ft. $2.50
1½ ft. x 2 ft. $3.00
3 ft. x 4 ft. $8.00
Laminated Posters up to 3ft. x 3ft. $3.00 add'l.

For every color poster ordered, add $2.00 and get a black & white same size. Black and White Duplicates 50% off. Add 50c each item, handling. For prompt delivery put name & address on back of photo. Send check, cash or M.O. N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax. If you send slide or negative, add $1.00 for each size. Insured U.P.S. delivery $1.50 per item.

Congers Color Labs Dept. P-26 Congers, N.Y. 10920

PROBLEMS IN SEX?

- ☐ No Pep at Night
- ☐ No Vim or Vigor
- ☐ Poor Marital Relations
- ☐ No Sex Desires
- ☐ Incompatibility

You too may need more advice on these subjects — Which are yours? Confidential — No obligation.

GOOD SAMARITAN
P.O. Box 313-W Woodbury, N.J. 08096

NOW YOU CAN PROLONG SEXUAL RELATIONS AS LONG AS YOU WISH

A learned sexologist has discovered an easy to use, uniquely new sex miracle that instantly allows you to maintain the male erection as long as you want... while completely eliminating premature and untimely climax.

When you apply "ULTRA-STALONG" you are immediately ready to begin...and continue the sex act with any partner, the way you want—at any tempo you want...without ever losing control.

"ULTRA-STALONG" is completely non-detectable so she'll never know you're using it. It's also greaseless, odorless, non-toxic and 100% safe. No more "straining" or "holding back." "ULTRA-STALONG" will never let you down.

For your privacy, "ULTRA-STALONG" is mailed in a plain envelope, complete with instructions. If not fully satisfied, simply return the label within 10 days for full refund. NOTE: NOT available in stores. Sold only through the mail. (No prescription needed.)

Do not accept immitations. "ULTRA-STALONG" is the only genuine potency product.

ORDER TODAY

Send Cash, Check or Money Order To:
SHORE PRODUCTS, Dept. P-276
Box 427, Bronxville, New York 10708

30-Day Supply Only $5.95
60-Day Supply Only $8.95 (SAVE $2.95)
90-Day Supply Only $10.95 (SAVE $6.90)

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State ..... ZIP .....

on March 30, 1967, the flags of the fourteen member nations were lowered for the last time at Rocquencourt, outside Paris, to be raised the following morning at Mons. On the surface the changeover had been a smooth, precise operation. In reality it had been a period of hectic muddle in which the KGB spies flourished.

The information provided by General Jan Senj was the first major blow to Philby's smoothly functioning NATO networks. Imre was identified and then filmed by a hidden television camera as he photographed secret documents in his Brussells office. He was allowed to return to Ankara where he was arrested and tried by a military court.

But before the collapse occurred, the KGB were able to pull off at least one other coup against NATO. Although it may not have been the most serious from a security point of view, it was certainly the most dramatic. In an operation that combined nerveless impudence with high comedy, three Soviet agents managed to steal a complete guided missile and then drive it halfway across Germany disguised as a roll of carpet!

The operation was carried out by a three-man team led by a German architect, Manfred Ramminger, a thirty-year-old playboy spy with a Walter Mitty complex. A man of private means, Ramminger's favorite hobby, until he met a Pole named Josef Linowsky, was racing Ferraris at the Nuremberg track. Then he was introduced to another way of living dangerously—espionage—as an employee of the KGB.

Josef Linowsky had been born near Warsaw and trained as a master locksmith. In 1941 he was rounded up by the Nazis and sent to Auschwitz concentration camp. By a miracle he survived, emerging from the experience with such a deep loathing of Germans and Germany that, when his twenty-seven-year-old Polish wife, Helena, asked for a divorce, he refused telling her: "I will never take the risk that you might marry a German and our son would have to call some German swine daddy."

In 1951 Linowsky applied to the Polish Military Mission in Berlin for permission to visit relatives in Warsaw. This was granted, and while in Warsaw he was recruited into the Polish intelligence service, and sent back to West Germany. He was never more than a low-grade agent, sending in what snippets of information he could glean in return for a few hundred marks a year. After his arrest, Helena recalled that, although often penniless, Josef always seemed to get hold of money when he really needed it. He also received a great deal of mail from abroad. "Once I had opened some of his letters out of curiosity—when he found out he beat me up," she said.

In 1958 Linowsky met Manfred Ramminger and was impressed by his lifestyle and obvious wealth. Ramminger had just divorced his wife and was living alone in a

I TOLD YOU THESE CONDOMS WERE DIFFERENT

...and that your lovemaking would be sexier than ever this way. When your mind is free...the action gets heavier ...and you can reach depths you never felt before. These "love aids" are so fine, all your warmth and sensitivity responded immediately. Now, you've got to admit it's really more like a sensuous "second skin" than a condom, isn't it? And isn't it nice not to have to worry about anything anymore. I appreciate that. And to show my appreciation, I'll help you come up with some new little pleasures we haven't explored before...

How about you? Have you discovered the very real difference our "love aids" can make in your sex life? Well, don't put it off any longer...put it on. There's a very special one to suit every sensuous mood. Be creative. Select an Introductory Sampler and see how much more persuasive your action can be.

PROTEX MAN-FORM PLUS
Movement never felt so good! It's definitely the shape of things to come ...with new contours that stimulate like never before. Reservoir end. Lubricated with our unique Sensi-lube.

PROTEX MARDI-GRAS
Express your love in throbbing color! ...an exciting new turn-on! Jewel tones for your "Master Gem" include Coral Caress, Emerald Haze, Golden Touch & Black Erotica. Reservoir end. Invisibly lubricated with our Sensi-lube.

PROTEX TOUCH
Closest thing to nature's way yet—remarkably transparent and created for nature lovers who want optimum naturalness. Lubricated with Sensi-lube. Reservoir end.

$2 DISCOVERY SAMPLER
2 Man-Form Plus, 2 Touch, 2 Mardi-Gras & 2 Passion Plus Sex-Aids.

$5 VARIETY SAMPLER
14 brands, 25 condoms—including our 3 Protex brands & Passion Plus Sex Aids.

$10 BONUS SAMPLER
27 brands, 50 condoms—including our 3 Protex brands, Passion Plus Sex Aids & Linger Prolonging Creme. $20 value.

All condom products are electronically tested to assure your complete satisfaction—and come with a money back guarantee. Shipped in plain wrapper with our Full color catalog.

FEDERAL PHARMACAL INC.

FEDERAL PHARMACAL INC.
6652 N. Western Ave., Chicago, Il 60645
Dept. PH276

Please send
- ☐ **$2 Discovery Sampler**
- ☐ **$5 Variety Sampler**
- ☐ **$10 Bonus Sampler**
- ☐ **FREE CATALOG only**

Enclosed
_____ **Cash** _____ **Check** _____ **M.O.**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ **ZIP** _____

Federal Pharmacal Inc.
—trusted and respected by millions of people for over 30 years.

CONTRACEPTIVES by mail

SAVE UP TO 50% PLUS FREE BONUS

- All famous, nationally advertised brands - Ramses, Fourex Skins, Trojans, Naturalamb, Sheik, Fiesta, NuForm.
- Guaranteed factory fresh.
- Buy in privacy, no embarrassment.
- Save money. • Fast, efficient service.

We have established this service to provide you with the finest male contraceptives manufactured in the U.S., delivered in a plain package to respect your privacy. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Send check or money order to:
POPULATION LTD., INC. DEPT. P-26
P.O. BOX 963, WEST CALDWELL, N.J. 07006

☐ Enclosed - $3.00 for Sampler Pack of 12 plus **FREE BONUS - 3 EXTRA**

☐ Enclosed - $5.75 for Sampler Pack of 24 plus **FREE BONUS - 6 EXTRA**

☐ Enclosed - $8.25 for Sampler Pack of 36 plus **FREE BONUS - 9 EXTRA**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Offer void where prohibited

TURN ON CAN PUT BOTH OF YOU IN THE MOOD!

Use it yourself, or give it to a friend—man or woman. Turn 'em on and watch them go-go-go. Be prepared for fast acting results. Completely safe. Lasts for hours. Adults only!

one box TURN ON $5 ● SPECIAL 2 boxes $9

Send to: Miss LINDA Suite 6 Dept.PN 2
7251½ Owensmouth, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303

Perform a death-defying act.

Have your blood pressure checked.

Give Heart Fund

large house at Ingolstadt in Bavaria. Linowsky, who had left his wife and son, was looking for somewhere to live. He and Ramminger became friendly and the architect offered to let him move into his home. There is no suggestion that a homosexual relationship developed; it was far more a master and servant relationship, with Ramminger glad to have somebody to handle the tedious chores of managing a household and Linowsky pleased to share the architect's fast-moving lifestyle. In order to earn a few marks, Linowsky filed a routine report to Polish intelligence about his new friend.

At his trial Ramminger claimed that he had been recruited into the KGB in 1967 when he visited Moscow in order to negotiate a contract for the design of an animal-fodder factory. During his visit, he claimed, he was told by the KGB that the contract (worth some $50,000) would be his provided he became a Soviet agent. Other evidence, however, suggests that Ramminger was recruited into the KGB as early as 1963 and was trained in Moscow.

In February 1967, Ramminger made a vital contact. While playing cards in an Ingolstadt club he met Wolf Diethard Knoppe, a thirty-three-year-old pilot attached to the 74th Starfighter squadron at the nearby Zell air base. At the time the Starfighter, with a high record of crashes, was regarded as an unreliable and dangerous aircraft to fly. A popular German joke of the period asked, "How do you get hold of a Starfighter?", to which the answer was, "Buy half an acre of land and wait a week." Despite the hazards of his profession, Knoppe still found life too tame. During his off-duty periods, he liked to drive fast cars (he owned a twelve-cylinder Maserati) and ride spirited horses. Like Ramminger, he was constantly looking for ways of making his life more interesting and exciting. The men soon became great friends. When Knoppe complained that he had failed to be elected secretary of his local riding club, Ramminger set up a rival club and made him president. During their meetings Knoppe would often joke about the lack of security at the Zell air base. "You could walk in and steal a Starfighter any night of the week," he told Ramminger. This interesting information was sent straight back to Moscow.

In addition to fast cars and horses, Knoppe's main interest was women, especially long-legged, fair-haired girls. Ramminger, ordered by Moscow to encourage his friend in this pursuit, was given funds to rent Knoppe three luxurious apartments in Neuberg, which the pilot later described to friends as "my love nests." This was a sexpionage ploy with a difference. Knoppe needed no help in finding and seducing pretty girls, nor was there any need for entrapment. The pilot was only too willing to cooperate with Ramminger and Linowsky in any scheme which offered excitement and helped him maintain his lavish standard of living.

By the spring of 1967, the time had come to put Knoppe to his first test. A great deal of both effort and money had been spent on him and Ramminger was keen to show some spectacular results.

Knoppe obtained a set of passes which enabled Linowsky to get inside the Zell base. Using his lock-picking skills, the Pole entered a top-security store and managed to steal a Litton LM III navigation box, claimed to be the most sophisticated instrument of its kind in the West. This equipment was smuggled to Moscow in a consignment of miniskirts. The next coup was the theft of an inertial navigation platform worth more than $100,000 from the Hanover industrial fair. Once again Knoppe's contacts and Linowsky's skill with locks proved a perfect partnership.

After this the KGB were confident that the group could achieve their greatest triumph to date, the theft of a complete Phantom aircraft. Eighty-eight of these aircraft had been ordered by the Luftwaffe and were due to arrive within a few months. Moscow told Ramminger to lie low and wait his chance. Then Knoppe suggested an alternative weapon which could be stolen with little difficulty and, he believed, without prejudicing the aircraft theft. Ramminger agreed and decided to steal a Sidewinder AIM 9E air-to-air guided missile on his own initiative.

After news of the theft had become public, Western intelligence leaked a series of stories to the world's press claiming that it was a stupid robbery of no value to the Russians, since the mass-produced missile could be bought almost across the counter from any arms dealer. What this "disinformation" story did not add was that the AIM 9E was fitted with a sophisticated secret homing device which greatly improved its low-altitude performance. It was this system, rather than the bulky rocket itself, which was of value to the Soviet Union. Ramminger, lacking the necessary expertise to remove the homing system, decided to take the complete nine-foot-long, 160-pound rocket. Knoppe carried out a careful reconnaissance of the storage sheds and supplied Linowsky with details of the locks. After studying the air station security schedules, the pilot suggested October 7 as the most suitable date. The base was infested with rats, and the commander had given orders for vermin exterminators to lay down poisoned meat during that night. Because of this, the civilian dog-handlers had been ordered to keep their animals caged. It was a stroke of fortune that removed the last serious obstacle to success.

Knoppe gave Linowsky a pass to enter the base and, after he had done so, hid him until nightfall. A few hours before the theft the pilot walked to a selected spot at the perimeter fence and cut out a large section of the steel mesh, fixing it back loosely so that it would pass a casual examination. Soon after midnight he fetched the Pole from his hiding place and they made their

muscle up!

AT LAST...Here's the "MUSCLE MAKERS" you need to muscularize your body INSTANTLY!

crash weight-gain

FORMULA #7 "DRINK-ON" UP TO A-POUND-A-DAY!

This new Joe Weider *scientific weight-gaining breakthrough* puts *an end to the skinny body!* Now, you can "drink-on" a powerful pound every day until you've reached your most muscular and virile, he-man weight! Thousands of men are doing it every month! Why not *you*? Enjoy this totally new breed of nutritional WILDCAT —guaranteed to put an end to your muscle-starved, hungry looking body FAST! Tastes like a milk-shake; fills out your body and face for a fresher, more exciting, fun-going you!

14-DAY SUPPLY $16.98
***FREE* "VALUABLE WEIGHT-GAINING AND MUSCLE-BUILDING COURSE" INCLUDED!**

"power-X"

UPPER BODY BUILDER

Actually two exercisers in one! Unique design of sturdily-built "Crusher/Puller" builds your entire upper body to powerful, muscular proportions. "Crush It" for a massive, muscular chest! "Pull it" for strengthening arms!

$14.98 ILLUSTRATED COURSE TO MUSCULAR BODY

the panther suit

ORIGINAL "FLAB FIGHTER!"

Unique workout suit with built-in slimming power! Personally created by Joe Weider to turn even the simplest movements into effective slimming exercises. Works even faster when worn during workouts or sports! Made of tough, *odor-free* Neoprene rubber with sturdy *over-size zipper* for ease of use. A *must* if you want to muscularize your body *fast!* Look slimmer the minute you put it on!

$31.98 COMPLETE

karate krusher

POWERIZES HANDS AND FOREARMS!

Builds bulging crushing power into your forearms and grip! Just five minutes a day is all it takes to develop the powerful finger, hand and forearm muscles needed for karate, judo, many other sports and work activities. Use it anywhere, anytime to build sledge-hammer power into your grip. Weighs just 6 ozs.

$9.98 COMPLETE WITH "KILLER KARATE" SELF-DEFENSE COURSE & INSTRUCTIONS

Let Joe Weider — Trainer of "Mr. America" and "Mr. Universe" since 1946 — help you become a powerful, muscular virile man with these exclusive "WILDCAT POWERIZERS!"

fitness jogger

LIKE AN "INDOOR TRACK!"

Slim down, trim up! Lose pounds and inches from your waist, hips and thighs by jogging in your own home! Just 6 minutes daily gives benefits of two mile jog! Improves stamina, heart and lung action. Heavy-duty coil springs in thick poly-urethane cushion simulate actual road conditions. Lightweight, compact.

$12.98 COMPLETE WITH "AEROBIC/CIRCUIT TRAINING" COURSE!

power twister

MUSCULARIZES UPPER

The upper body muscularizer used by top athletes and bodybuilders to add powerful inches to arms, chest, shoulders and back—then *keep* them there *for life!* Unique "Continuous Tension/Ultimate Muscle Contraction" feature also insures power growth. Just 10 minutes a day and you are on your way to a powerful, muscular upper body! Durable chromed steel with "No-Slip" rubber grippers.

$9.98 COMPLETE WITH DETAILED UPPER-BODY-BUILDING COURSE

waist shaper

FOR SLIMMER WAIST, HIPS!

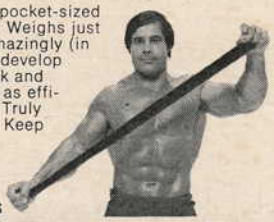
Look instantly slimmer the moment you slip it on. Helps "reduce" flabby pounds and inches off your waistline and hips while you exercise. Included is 10 minute exercise and nutritional guide that can help you lose 2-3 inches off your waistline in 2 weeks. Flesh colored and a *full 12 inches wide*, it may be worn under regular street clothes! Miraculous aid to slimming and firming!

$11.98 COMPLETE WITH ILLUSTRATED "WAIST SLIMMER" COURSE

pocket jiffy gym

COMPACT UPPER BODY EXERCISER

Our most portable, pocket-sized upper body builder! Weighs just 4 ounces! Works amazingly (in your *spare* time) to develop powerful chest, back and shoulders. Doubles as efficient leg exerciser. Truly the "Mighty Mite!" Keep one at the office... another at home.



$3.98 COMPLETE WITH COURSE OF INSTRUCTIONS

MR. JOE WEIDER Dept. AU/N2
"Trainer of Champions Since 1936"
with over 2,750,000 successful students
21100 ERWIN STREET
WOODLAND HILLS, CALIF. 91364

Dear Joe, I want a more powerful, virile and muscular body. Please ship me the equipment and courses checked below. Also, the FREE $2.50 value muscle-building/virility magazine. Full payment enclosed.

☐ Crash Weight-Gain Formula #7	$16.98
☐ "Power-X"	14.98
☐ "The Panther" Suit	31.98
☐ Karate Krusher	9.98
☐ Fitness Jogger	12.98
☐ Power Twister	9.98
☐ Waist Shaper	11.98
☐ Pocket Jiffy Gym	3.98

TOTAL $_____

California residents add 6% sales tax. _____

*Add $1.00 postage for each 14 day supply. _____

AMOUNT ENCLOSED $_____

Name_____ Age _____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery.
No COD's please.

FREE!
$2.50 WORTH OF POWER-PACKED MAGAZINES!

Jammed with complete courses on muscularizing & shaping your body! Specific tips to build bigger arms, broader shoulders, deeper chest, slimmer waist and powerful legs. Sex appeal and virility-building information, too! ALL FREE with with any purchase!

THESE MAGAZINES AVAILABLE AT NEWSTAND AT $1.25 EA.

Patent Pending © Copyright Joe Weider, 1973

IN CANADA: WEIDER SPORTS, 2875 BATES RD., MONTREAL, QUEBEC

IN THE FEBRUARY VIVA ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

SUPER MEDIA MEN—ARE THEY OVEREXPOSED?

TV's Dan Rather gets lots of fan mail; Tom Ellis just signed a $650,000 contract; and Jim Bouton—as *everybody* knows—had a vasectomy. These are just a few details from Joyce Wadler's investigation of TV newsmen and what makes them tick.

HOW TO WRITE A LOVE LETTER

You think it's easy to compose purple prose? K. T. Maclay provides hints on every kind of love note imaginable.

COCAINE CULTURE

Hollywood 1976 isn't all sunshine and being discovered at some drugstore soda fountain. Lucian K. Truscott IV reveals the new status symbol for everybody from starlets to rock stars: how big your "stash" of coke is. Some of the best houses in Beverly Hills are that way because the ladies are snorting.

ALL ABOUT AN ALL-GIRL RODEO

Lynn Sherr reports on all-girl rodeos in Nevada and discovers why women *want* to ride bucking broncs and wild bulls.

THE BEST VACATION SPOT FOR SINGLES—MARRAKESH

If you want to swim and ski on the same day—and then go native in a caftan—try Morocco's Marrakesh, the most "in" spot for hippies and millionaires. By Dena Kaye.

PLUS:

Everything you've ever wanted to know about women photographers and cameras; how to feel healthy all over; and what it's like to be twenty-three and incurably romantic in Paris.

COMING IN THE MARCH PENTHOUSE ON YOUR NEWSSTAND FEBRUARY 10

ON HER MAJESTY'S SEXUAL SERVICE

One of the classic weapons of intelligence services—East *and* West—is sex. British journalist David Lewis reveals how some of the most astonishing techniques of "sexpionage" reached into the British cabinet—and exploded into the notorious Profumo scandal.

LIVING WITH THE CONCORDE

Should we allow the Concorde to land at American airports? Journalist James Haggerty examines both sides of a controversy that has involved everyone from the State Department to local environmental groups—and comes up with some surprising conclusions.

HE CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

An exclusive *Penthouse* interview with Gene Roddenberry, the creator of "Star Trek," one of the most popular television series of all time. Roddenberry explains why he believes that television is "one of the most dangerous forces in our lives today" and why "Star Trek" is not just a good adventure story, it's an all-American cult.

THE VIETNAMIZATION OF LIEUTENANT HARGROVE

Vietnam left its mark on all Americans, but most indelibly on the men who fought there. In a story that has a better than even chance of coming true, Rob Grant follows an American officer through his tour in Nam and then back to the States. And while many veterans found themselves out of work, Lieutenant Hargrove knew just where to go to get the job he wanted—to the voters.

PLUS:

The new look in loungewear . . . Xaviera's timely tips on the erotic universe . . . Wicked Wanda in a brand-new adventure series . . . and a trio of sumptuous *Penthouse* women!

way to the missile store. Linowsky got inside without difficulty. With equal ease he released a Sidewinder missile from its locked mounts and helped Knoppe place it on a two-wheeled barrow. The tires squeaking loudly, the men then retraced their steps, closing and relocking the doors behind them.

The missile was lifted out through the perimeter fence and into a nearby lane where Ramminger was waiting beside Knoppe's Maserati. The missile was so long that they had to break the rear window to get it into the car at all. To cover up the protruding snout, Knoppe took a length of old carpet from the trunk and wound it around the six-inch diameter missile. They then drove over 200 miles across Germany to an apartment in Krefeld which Ramminger had rented for the operation. There they unpacked the missile from the car and managed to split it into two parts which were crated up and labeled "business samples." While Knoppe made the long trip back to Zell, Ramminger drove with the crates to Düsseldorf airport and freighted them via Copenhagen to Moscow. The cargo manifests identified the contents as "samples."

With his crates safely loaded aboard the aircraft, Manfred Ramminger bought a ticket on the same flight. When he landed in Moscow some hours later, however, a shock awaited him. The crates and Sidewinder had vanished. Without leaving the airport terminal, Ramminger flew back to Europe to find out what had gone wrong. In Düsseldorf he discovered that the crates had been returned from Copenhagen because of an error in the documents which accompanied them. He was politely asked to fill in the missing details. Coolly Ramminger did so and the crates went to Moscow without further trouble. For their efforts Ramminger and his associates received nearly $34,000.

Ramminger's network was destroyed by its own lack of security. An air force sergeant, sent by his wife to pick parsley in their back garden, wandered along the boundary fence and discovered the gaping hole in the wire. A quick investigation revealed the theft of the missile and the trail led straight to Knoppe and, through him, to Linowsky and Ramminger. They were arrested, tried, and found guilty of espionage. Linowsky was sentenced to four years, Knoppe was given a three-year term. Ramminger, as the leader and a suspected professional KGB agent, was jailed for seven years. But he served only part of that sentence. If the Russians had been annoyed that, by stealing the Sidewinder without orders, he had probably cost them a Phantom, they clearly did not harbor a grudge. In August 1971, during one of the biggest spy-swaps ever, some twenty East German agents were exchanged for six West Germans serving long sentences. High on the list of those swapped was the dashing architect Manfred Ramminger.

"The trick of Desert Sailing on the Baja's snow-white sands is not to end up black and blue."

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1975.

"The difference between this 'ship of the desert' and the kind you'll find in caravans is that you can whip along at speeds up to 60 miles an hour. And that's where the danger lies!

"It's virtually impossible to keep your careening craft on a straight and steady course. We were just at the point of capsizing . . .

". . . when I shouted to Jim, 'Throw your weight on my side!' Defying gravity and the gusting winds, we managed to get upright. From then on, it was smooth sailing.

"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at the Hotel El Presidente in San Quintin."
Why is C.C. so universally popular? No other whisky tastes quite like it. Lighter than Scotch, smoother than vodka . . . it has a consistent mellowness that never stops pleasing. For 117 years, this Canadian has been in a class by itself.

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

Why is Tareyton better?

Charcoal is why. Charcoal filtration is used to freshen air, to make water and other beverages taste better. It does something for cigarette smoke, too.

TAREYTON has two filters—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. [illegible] other filters they reduce tar and nicc[illegible] the charcoal does more. It bala[illegible]ths—gives you a taste no plai[illegible] white filter can match.

"That's why us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch."

King Size: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

DETACH HERE AND MAIL TODAY

Yes, I'd like to hear more about Bell & Howell Schools' fascinating home learning adventure in electronics. Please see that I get...

full details!

(Check one or more boxes): 1 ☐ Audio Electronics 2 ☐ Home Entertainment Electronics

name _____ (Please print)

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

phone _____ age _____

180S2

Taken for vocational purposes, this program is approved by the state approval agency for Veteran's Benefits. Check here for information. ☐

1-6B0109

An Electronics Home Study School
DeVRY INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
ONE OF THE
BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS
4141 Belmont, Chicago, Illinois 60641

A

Penthouse

First Class
Permit No. 4148
Chicago, Ill.

Business Reply Mail
No Postage Stamp Necessary if Mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

DeVRY INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
ONE OF THE
BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS
4141 Belmont Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois 60641

DETACH HERE AND MAIL TODAY

B

PENTHOUSE
FORUM
Subscription Department
P.O. Box 930, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

Please enter my subscription to Penthouse Forum.
I am enclosing my check or money order for
$10.00 for 1 year subscription ☐
$18.00 for 2 year subscription ☐

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____ PF276

Please Print Clearly
PENTHOUSE Magazine

12 ISSUES FOR $10
SAVE $6.00
OFF NEWSSTAND PRICE

PENTHOUSE
Subscription Department
P.O. Box 900
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

Yes, I want to save $6.00. Please enter my subscription to PENTHOUSE for 12 issues at $10. I enclose my Check ☐ Money Order ☐.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____ PP276

Print clearly please. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for processing.
Rates for U.S., Canada, APO and FPO addresses.

VIVA

Subscription Department
P.O. Box 920 Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

Yes, I want to save $3.00. Please enter my subscription to VIVA for 12 issues at $12. I enclose my Check ☐ Money Order ☐.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____ PV276

Print clearly please. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for processing. Rates for U.S., Canada, APO and FPO addresses.

PENTHOUSE Magazine

12 ISSUES FOR $12

SAVE $3.00

OFF NEWSSTAND PRICE

PENTHOUSE

FORUM

Subscription Department
P.O. Box 930, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

Please enter my subscription to Penthouse Forum.
I am enclosing my check or money order for
$10.00 for 1 year subscription ☐
$18.00 for 2 year subscription ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____ PF276

Please Print Clearly
PENTHOUSE Magazine